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**THE
REMILITARISATION
OF JAPAN**

Keith D. Suter

**THE END OF THE
SECOND WORLD WAR**

Philip Towle

**POLITICAL VIOLENCE
IN ANIMAL
LIBERATION**

G. Davidson Smith

**SIR KEITH AT THE
RAMPARTS**

John Elsom

and other articles together
with a twelve-page
Literary Supplement

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Contents

Page

The Remilitarisation of Japan	Keith D. Suter	1
The Balkans Bloc and a Peace Zone	Mladen Gavrilovic	6
The End of the Second World War	Philip Towle	10
India: the Threats to Rajiv Gandhi's Inheritance	Anatol Lieven	15
Sir Keith at the Ramparts	John Elsom	22
Political Violence in Animal Liberation	G. Davidson Smith	26
The Bull Fight	Arthur McHugh	32
Significant Subjects in Art	Tim Newark	36
Degas: the Painter as Printmaker	Philip Vann	39
Correspondence: Why Close a Colliery?	S. J. White	43
A Different Slant on India	A. L. Rowse	

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Quarterly Fiction Review	Rosalind Wade	45
Non-Fiction Reviews		50
Paul Rose, Esmond Wright, John A. Loraine, Mark Cook, Della Couling		

SHORTER REVIEWS

55

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THE REMILITARISATION OF JAPAN

by Keith D. Suter

216

FORTY years after Japan's defeat in World War II, there is now a determined effort to once again make Japan a major military power.

This time, ironically, the initiative is coming from some World War II enemies, while many Japanese themselves remain opposed to the new military role.

The issue of Japanese rearmament has not arisen suddenly. The nation has been rebuilding its military capacity for several years. What is new, however, is the amount of public debate which is now being engendered and the speculation over the full potential of the remilitarisation. The Japanese who are resisting President Reagan's pressure are, I believe, acting wisely. His fixation with the Soviet Union could lead to adverse consequences for Japan and her neighbours.

Japan was hit harder by World War II than was Germany. In 1946, Japan's industrial output was only a third of its 1937 output. It had no factories overseas and, because of demobilisation, it had extensive unemployment at home. Its demobilisation was, in effect, staggered over two years because such had been the destruction of Japanese naval and civilian shipping, there were no Japanese vessels on which to repatriate them while the first Allied shipping priority was to feed Europe and repatriate Allied forces.

The nation was occupied by the Allies (in effect, the US). Its 1946 constitution, drafted by the US, renounced not only the use of war but even the maintenance of armed forces. Its 28 wartime leaders were put on trial, some of whom were executed. The population accepted this as a symbolic punishment for the crimes committed by its forces.

The compulsory demilitarisation worked, ironically, in Japan's favour.

Freed from the burden of military expenditure, Japan could devote its resources to growth in the civilian sector. With so much destroyed, it could begin afresh in its industrial development. Japan Incorporated, like the previous Japanese revival, began by looking at the best around the world and copying it. This time, however, instead of becoming the Prussia of the East, it set out to become the Switzerland of the East.

It was the US which, ironically, led the way to a small scale remilitarisation. The US-USSR cold war, the communist victory in China and the outbreak of the Korean conflict, resulted in the US encouraging Japan to establish what is now known as the Self Defence Forces (SDF). The SDF, the Japanese Government has argued, is not unconstitutional since it is only for Japan's defence and contains no offensive capability. SDF expenditure has over the years been pegged at around 1 per cent of Japanese GNP. Although Japan spends far less than almost any other developed country on defence, the fact that its economy is the second largest in the western world results in an absolute expenditure on defence that ranks about eighth, behind France. While the size of Japan's defences ranks far behind those of a number of advanced countries, it has one of the most modern armed forces and a commitment to upgrade its equipment.

Incidentally, defence expenditure is not an accurate assessment of military power. It is only an 'input' and not an 'output'. A motor car company, by contrast, is not assessed according to how much it spends on manufacturing—but on what it actually produces and at what unit cost. As the US found out in Vietnam and as the USSR is finding out in Afghanistan, military expenditure is not necessarily a key factor in winning conflicts.

Throughout the 1950s and 1960s, Japan was satisfied with its defence arrangements. It had a sense of combat fatigue at home by which most Japanese were opposed to a fresh round of militarism. It was still seeking to obtain a better reputation overseas as a friendly trading nation which had foregone earlier militaristic habits. Meanwhile, with the US as a major Asian continental power, it could rely upon the US for its defence. The pacesetter, in various ways, for Japan's rearmament has been the US. It encouraged the creation of the SDF; but this venture was kept at a modest level for many years as it was agreed by Tokyo and Washington that the US had principal responsibility for Japan's defence. In return, Japan provided territory for US bases. Although these were vital for the US effort in the Korean and Vietnam conflicts, Japan got the better end of the bargain.

Meanwhile, the US became increasingly bogged down in the Vietnam conflict. The US experience had two impacts on Japan. In July 1969, President Nixon announced the Nixon Doctrine which said, in effect, that the US would continue to protect its allies and other important friendly nations against possible attacks from other nations. But this would henceforth be done via air and sea-power, rather than with ground forces as happened in Vietnam (western Europe and South Korea being

two evident exceptions). Consequently, the US expected its allies to be far more self-sufficient in their own defence. Asian nations could no longer hide, at minimal cost, under the US defence umbrella.

The final collapse of US policy in Vietnam, on 30 April 1975, stunned Japan. It was yet another reminder of how vulnerable Japan might prove to be if its principal ally could be so dramatically defeated.

Japan's first deployment of armed personnel overseas began unobtrusively. In October 1978, the Government announced that 25 'security officials' were to be sent to guard Japanese embassies against terrorist attacks by the Middle East-based *Sekigun* (Red Army). This was in reaction to a 1977 terrorist incident in Dacca where the Japanese Government felt it had no choice but to give in to Sekigun demands.

The recent major factors have been both the increased Soviet military presence in the region and the Reagan Administration's strategy to achieve naval superiority in the region. As with most other super-power jockeying for power, it is difficult to determine which is the action and the reaction. The northern Pacific is the only region in the world in which the vital interests of the four major world powers—US, USSR, Japan and China—are directly engaged. The USSR is continuing its eastwards drift. Over the centuries, Russia's industrial and strategic centre of gravity has gradually moved eastwards; it is now beyond the Urals. Siberia has half the UK population. It is largely urbanised, carrying out modern occupations. Siberia is the USSR's new frontier. Its potential mineral wealth probably exceeds that of Canada. There is tremendous scope for Japanese economic and technological co-operation with the USSR. But this is currently overshadowed by military concerns.

Since the end of the Korean War in 1953, the region has remained relatively stable. The strategic situation is, however, changing significantly. Soviet military capabilities in the region have been substantially improved, with the introduction of sophisticated weapons such as the Backfire strategic bomber and the mobile SS-20 intermediate range ballistic missile. Ground troops have been deployed and bases established in Kunashiri, Etorofu and Shikotan Islands which form part of the Northern Territories traditionally claimed by Japan. The USSR is also up-grading its Far East Fleet, and has the use of air and naval facilities in Vietnam. The Soviet Union has a force of 40 divisions, with a total of 370,000 troops, 825 naval vessels (1.7 million tons in total) and 2,220 aircraft, in its far eastern area. In contrast Japan has 13 divisions with 155,000 troops, 167 naval vessels (242,000 tons) and 350 aircraft. (The US has 24,000 troops in Japan and 180 aircraft.)

President Reagan came to power convinced that virtually everywhere the USSR was getting stronger and the US was getting weaker. The 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the first major military intervention outside its immediate sphere of influence for a generation, was perceived as a warning that the USSR was becoming still more adventurous. Thus, Reagan embarked upon an unprecedented US peacetime military build-up.

Japan has an enlarged military role in the Reagan grand strategy and

THE BALKANS BLOC AND A PEACE ZONE

by **Mladen Gavrilovic**

FOR years the Balkan countries have been striving to establish relations between themselves in a manner which would enable them to organise their bilateral and multilateral cooperation on a longer term. Yet their relations remain limited to more or less close ties and collaboration, principally on a bilateral basis. In this way, they reflect a state of relations which has prevailed for more than a decade in Europe and in the world at large.

Over the past few years, there have been intensified contacts between Balkan government experts on a multilateral plane, and a number of bilateral top-level or high-level meetings. The talks remain confined to particular aspects of everyday cooperation—water management, cross-border traffic and industrial cooperation. Only now and then does the idea of a 'peace and cooperation zone' crop up at multilateral gatherings. The creation of a 'peace zone' in an area including countries affiliated with one or the other bloc, non-aligned Yugoslavia and uncommitted Albania (which continues to live within the walls of its self-imposed isolation, much to its own disadvantage), has been discussed for years now.

Thus, during the past five years there have been a number of more or less successful multilateral meetings which, true enough, have not dealt with issues of a global strategy in the region or outside it, but have considered matters of practical everyday interest which depend on the level of bilateral relations and cooperation. The wider issues of peace and political relations have remained within the exclusive competence of foreign affairs ministers, governments or states. So far, it has not been possible to convene a multilateral meeting to review these issues. Yet they have received some consideration in bilateral talks, and a new sounding of a platform for a more important meeting seems to be underway. Of course, everything will depend on the general disposition of the countries concerned, which still hold different views on the key question of setting up a 'peace and cooperation zone' in a region in which most of the states are members of rival blocs and economic integration systems. At this moment it is difficult to tell which countries possess nuclear arms. There are many indications of the existence of weapons with nuclear warheads or sites for their installation on both sides. One thing is certain: Bulgaria and Romania are protected by the atomic umbrella of the Warsaw Treaty Organisation, while Turkey and Greece are under the protection of NATO. The only atom-free zone is that comprising Yugoslavia and Albania.

The hypothetical question being asked is: can the Balkans in the prevailing conditions in Europe and in the world at large be drawn out of the orbit of the two bloc system when it is a well-known fact that the strategies of both military organisations are concerned with consideration of how to defend the south-eastern wing of Europe which constitutes a natural link between the old continent and the Middle East or, better said, the Arab

countries of Asia and North Africa, countries rich in a strategic raw material—oil!

It seems that we are living in an era in which the Balkans are trying to find a way of becoming an atom-free zone in circumstances of political divisions which are not only a European but a Balkan reality as well. Any solution in these circumstances would be a 'small step' towards a possibly more significant answer to the question of how to create a world free from destructive nuclear weapons on the earth or in space. What can be said about the time distance which separates the world of our age from the realisation of such a project? It seems to us that rather than try to answer this question it would be more realistic to think about an approach which would ensure the opening of negotiations, no matter how long they might last.

After taking a closer look at relations between the Balkan countries, virtually any analyst is bound to realise that Balkan differences continue to block any positive initiatives for making this region a zone of peace and cooperation.

Yugoslavia and Romania have succeeded over the years, through numerous top-level meetings and also through dialogues at the levels of prime ministers, foreign affairs ministers and heads of other government departments, to raise their bilateral relations to a high level of political cooperation in efforts to improve conditions in this region. On the other hand, Yugoslav-Bulgarian relations are still marred by a number of open issues, despite a dialogue at the levels of both prime ministers and foreign affairs ministers. The deterioration of relations with Albania in the past two years has arrested certain efforts and initiatives reflecting a readiness on the part of Yugoslavia to overcome the present static state of affairs and to encourage a rapprochement.

In Yugoslav-Greek relations, which have a long tradition of friendship, there is never any doubt as to whether or not agreement will be reached on initiatives for improving overall circumstances in the Balkans. Yugoslavia and Turkey are cooperating ever more successfully and the recent visit of the President of the SFRY Presidency to Ankara confirmed the existence of many points in common in political, economic and cultural life.

Greece has been making active efforts in the past two months to overcome the adverse state of relations with Albania. The deputy foreign minister, Mr. Papulias, visited Tirana where in less than 48 hours he signed a number of agreements on road traffic, postal services and telecommunications, on economic and cultural cooperation and on the opening of a new frontier crossing point. Tirana's opening up to Athens is a novel and specific element, particularly in view of the fact that Greece still maintains the state of war—declared in 1939—with Albania. But things are changing for the better. In contrast to a previous statement by Prime Minister Papandreu, Mr. Papulias declared on this occasion that the position of the Greek national minority in Albania was quite satisfactory. A year ago, as the Athens paper *Katimerini* noted recently, Prime Minister Papandreu had declared, *inter alia*, in Yanina: 'The Albanian Government should be told

that there is an 'umbilical cord' between Greeks in Greece and all other Greeks who live in different parts of the world. We will not tolerate violations of human rights of Greeks in Albania.'

However, during their talks in Tirana, Mr. Papulias and his hosts found a solution by avoiding a dialogue on the position of the Greek minority. In this way, the question remained unanswered which, judging by the reports of a section of the Athens press, had been expected by the Greek public.

Greco-Turkish relations are not good. The Aegean has become a kind of 'crisis-zone' in the Balkan region, although the parties involved are two neighbouring countries, both affiliated with NATO. Their bilateral relations have been adversely reflected by the strategic plans of the Atlantic alliance in the 'south-eastern wing of Europe.' The Greek socialist government considers that 'Turkey is the only potential enemy of Greece' and that 'Greeks are only threatened by their eastern neighbour.' That this is not pure rhetoric is confirmed by reports that Greece has moved some of its troops from the border with Bulgaria to the border with Turkey. The official spokesman for the Turkish Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Erlep, has characterised this move by Athens as 'artificial creation of fear among the Greek public from an alleged danger from Turkey.'

Greece and Turkey also approach differently the idea of setting up an atom-free zone in the Balkans. Whereas Athens advocates the holding of a Balkan summit meeting, Ankara stresses the need for long and constructive preparations, which should relieve the Balkan countries of the burden of mutual misunderstanding and mutual recriminations, in order to ensure the success of a summit meeting or at least a meeting at a high government level.

The volatile situation in the area of the Eastern Aegean testifies to a crisis in relations between the two neighbouring countries. To a certain degree, it is also a question of a crisis on the south-eastern wing of the Atlantic defence system. For the United States, Turkey is a very important lever of this defence system. The United States and NATO have their military bases in Greece as well as in Turkey. But the socialist Papandreu is making it clear that Athens is going one way and the Atlantic Alliance is going another.

It was announced in Washington a few months ago that the Turkish Prime Minister, Mr. Ozal, would visit the United States at the invitation of President Reagan. That will be the first meeting between the Prime Minister of Turkey and the President of the United States in this decade. Having constantly in mind the American assessments of Turkey's military and political significance, Prime Minister Papandreu recently visited several West and East European countries and several Arab states. 'Greece is on the political map of Europe, of the Mediterranean and the Balkans,' he declared. This was Athens' answer not only to Ankara, but to the Atlantic Alliance as well.

Turkey made an adequate response. If Ataturk's Turkey was characterised by a linking up with European states, post-war Turkey has increasingly been turning to its neighbours in the Arab East, but it has not wished to

lose touch with the Soviet Union, whose Prime Minister Nikolai Tikhonov visited Ankara in December last year. True, Tikhonov's visit to Ankara ensued after a 'reasonable time distance' of two years, having met and talked with Prime Minister Papandreu in Athens in February 1983. And so while the Soviet Union is establishing a certain 'balance' in the Aegean area, the United States is still wrangling with its ally Papandreu.

However, the political presence of the great powers in the Balkans is not confined to the member-countries of the two blocs, but is also making itself felt beyond their boundaries. On the occasion of the recent celebrations of Albania's national holiday, both Washington and Moscow made conspicuous gestures. While the President of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR sent a message of congratulations to the Presidium of the National Assembly of Albania saying that the Soviet Union is working to promote friendship and cooperation with Albania, the Americans chose to take a different step. But their move, too, was an indirect offer. In an interview broadcast by the Voice of America's Albanian service, a senior US diplomatic official, Mark Palmer, declared that the United States continued to take a keen interest in the wellbeing of the Albanian people, although the Albanian government had unilaterally decided that the two countries should not have diplomatic relations. This is merely proof that the great powers are developing the Balkan dimension of their global approaches on the principle of a strategic balance in the south of Europe and in the area of the Eastern Mediterranean, the Near and the Middle East.

It is too early to assess what effect the new Albanian Head of State, Ramiz Alia, will have on this troubled area following his succession to the late Enver Hoxha. Sufficient to say that the new leader, a former Freedom Fighter, has not so far demonstrated any change in the Hoxha regime.

Against this background of bloc and big-power interests, the Balkan countries are compelled to search in their own labyrinth for ways of establishing a broader platform of coexistence which would open up the prospect of greater security, peace and cooperation on this 'small stage' of international political life.

[Mladen Gavrilovic is Diplomatic Editor of *Tanjug*.]

THE END OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

by Philip Towle

EVEN on its 40th anniversary it was impossible to discuss the end of the Second World War without reviving many of the old controversies; should the Allies have tried to undermine the Axis regimes by offering peace terms other than unconditional surrender? Were the Poles and other East Europeans betrayed to the Russians at Yalta and elsewhere and what could the Allies have done to improve their position? Should the atomic bombs have been dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Were relations between the Soviets and the West bound to deteriorate and, if not, who was mainly responsible? There is no sign that arguments about these questions are abating.

The Allied demand that the Axis should surrender unconditionally undermined what resistance there was to Hitler in Germany and encouraged the German and Japanese leaders to fight for as long as they had any strength to do so. However, any other policy would have forced the Allies to define their peace terms even more closely and discussions about such terms would have widened the divisions between them. The alliance between the democracies and the USSR was never more than a marriage of convenience and Hitler rightly prophesied that his enemies would fall out amongst themselves. But for the policy of unconditional surrender these disagreements might have become public even before the Nazi regime was destroyed. On the other hand, in some ways the policy exacerbated problems after the end of the fighting. The more complete the victory in warfare the more choices statesmen and diplomats have to make in working out a settlement and thus the more scope there is for disagreement. In the event the constraints on the leaders of the democracies were imposed by the attitudes of their own peoples towards the defeated enemies and most importantly by the coalition partner, the Soviet Union, not by any residual strength of the vanquished.

Partly because of the depth of allied disagreements, Hitler's overthrow was not followed by a general peace conference. There was no equivalent to the Vienna conference after the Napoleonic Wars or to the Paris conference of 1919. Allied leaders met occasionally whilst the fighting continued but the smaller powers were never given the opportunity to make their views known as they had been after the earlier wars, hence General de Gaulle's complaint that 'the fate of Europe was decided without her' (France). It was not until 30 years after the war that the Americans and Canadians came together with the Europeans at Helsinki in the Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe—the nearest we have had to a general peace conference, severely limited though it was in comparison with the great conferences at Vienna and Paris. Some would argue that this delay mattered little since even at a general peace conference it is the Great Powers which determine the outcome. It was Tsar Alexander, Metternich of Austria, Castlereagh of Britain, Hardenburg of

Prussia and Talleyrand of France who counted at Vienna, just as it was Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Orlando and President Wilson who dominated the Paris conference in 1919. Far more important than the formalities is the extent to which a settlement reflects political realities and this is determined by the presence and agreement of all the Great Powers, not of the minor ones. It was the absence of Germany and Russia and the dissatisfaction of Italy and Japan which was the most important aspect of the Paris conference, rather than the presence of the Czech or Arab leaders. Similarly, the presence of all the major countries in Vienna helped to preserve that settlement.

The Congress of Vienna left Europe dominated by five Great Powers; Russia, Austria-Hungary, Prussia, Britain and France. In other words the vanquished nation was immediately restored to its place in society because it was the French Revolution which was blamed for the dislocation of the previous decades not the French people themselves. Revenge was not exacted; Napoleon was not tried for his disruption of Europe's peace, grievous though that disruption had been for a longer period than the two world wars combined. Instead, he was exiled to Elba and then to St. Helena. Relations between the victors were sometimes so bad during the Vienna meetings that at one stage it seemed as if they might go to war with each other, yet there was to be no fighting between them until the 1850s. Crises were resolved by the Congress system of meetings between statesmen and subsequently by less grandiose meetings convened when emergencies arose. If longevity is the test of a settlement then the years of peace produced in part by the statesmen at Vienna were a notable achievement.

The victors in the First World War were more reluctant to readmit the vanquished to the international system than their predecessors had been 100 years before. French fear of Germany was justifiably greater in 1918 than the allied fear of France had been in 1815 because all were aware that Germany would continue to be potentially the most powerful state in Europe. Moreover, the whole problem of peacemaking was complicated by the division of Europe into the various nations which spoke the same language following the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the re-emergence of Poland. Since the nations had mixed with each other for centuries any settlement was likely to be unsatisfactory for some and particularly for the defeated. Its unfairness has, however, been exaggerated for political purposes; in every way that the 1919 boundaries have subsequently been changed—the absorption of the Baltic republics into the USSR, the disappearance of East Prussia, the movement of Poland westwards—the new frontiers have been blatantly less fair than those established after the First World War. 1919 did on the other hand see a half-hearted effort to try the Kaiser and others considered responsible for the war—as public opinion demanded. Fortunately, the German Emperor escaped to the Netherlands before retribution could be exacted.

Reparation for the damage caused by the war was also to be paid by the vanquished, though it quickly became obvious that no real recom-

pense was possible. All reparations did was to anger the defeated nations and to damage the international economy without satisfying the victors. Millions hoped that peace would be maintained by the newly-established League of Nations but within two decades the world was to be plunged into another war. What undermined the settlement was the isolation of the Soviet Union and the USA, the determination of Germany, Japan and Italy to change the settlement by force if necessary and the weakness of Britain and France, the only two Great Powers which tried to preserve the status quo.

In 1945 some believed that three Great Powers had emerged from the fighting. When the American scholar, William Fox, coined the term 'Super Power' before the end of the war, he meant the USA, USSR and the British Empire. Even more unrealistically the Charter of the new United Nations Organisation provided for five Great Powers with permanent seats in the Security Council—USSR, USA, China, Britain and France. In the event China rapidly collapsed into a civil war from which Mao's unpredictable and unstable communist regime emerged, whilst Britain and France were terribly weakened by the war and bogged down, until the 1960s, in debilitating and divisive wars of decolonisation. Thus it was clear that the USA and USSR were the only real Super Powers. The defeated nations were not readmitted to the system for several decades and, even after 40 years, Germany and Japan do not play a part in international affairs commensurate with their strength. In the German case this is partly the result of the partition of the country but German and Japanese leaders are still inhibited by the fears of the countries which surround them and by their own feelings of insecurity.

After 1945 democracy had its way and those German and Japanese leaders who were not already dead were tried for their crimes. There was probably no alternative, given the popular fury against them and the nature of their actions—the murder of Europe's Jews and gipsies, the deliberate mistreatment by the Japanese of prisoners of war and the use of chemical and biological weapons in China. Trials for such offences were justified in international or domestic law but it was perhaps a mistake to try statesmen and military officers for planning to wage aggressive wars. The legal basis for such accusations was disputable. Moreover, the trials could not deter future aggressors—as some claimed at the time that they would—because no one enters a war expecting to lose and trials only occur in the event of defeat.

Another attempt was mistakenly made to exact reparations. At the end of a long war the defeated are likely to be in no position to pay and later, when they can afford to pay, the demand for reparations will have declined amongst the victors and another generation will have grown up in the vanquished nations without any responsibility for the actions of their parents. Thus there can be no adequate recompense for modern warfare though the Allies gained some minor technical benefits from taking over enemy plans for rockets, cars and tape recorders. Furthermore, the British and Americans had unfortunately agreed that some reparations from

the Western zones of Germany should go to the Soviets. They quickly appreciated that such measures would only lead to starvation and destitution and delay the recovery of the international economic system but their cessation exacerbated relations with Moscow.

The fate of Eastern Europe was a much more important cause of the Cold War. The long debate began about whether the imposition of communist regimes in the area was the first stage in a plan for world conquest or an attempt to create a bulwark against further attacks from Europe. In any case there was nothing which the Western countries could do to help the Czechs, Poles and other East Europeans. They could only hope that time would loosen their bonds. Soviet forces dominated the area at the end of the fighting just as the Tsar's forces dominated it in 1815. Thus Castlereagh failed at Vienna to establish an independent Polish state as he had hoped and 140 years later the democracies had no means of persuading Stalin to withdraw his men if he did not wish to do so. Progress could only be made along the lines laid down 30 years afterwards in the Final Act of the Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe. In 1975 the Western leaders agreed that they would not use force to change the frontiers imposed on Europe after the war. It had long become obvious that such action was unthinkable in the nuclear age but the clear statement appeared to reassure the Soviets. The Final Act also encouraged economic, cultural and political co-operation between the two halves of Europe. Only time and the gradual working of such low-key measures can heal Europe's wounds.

One test of any settlement is its ability to withstand gradual changes without collapsing into a catastrophic war. Thus after 1815 the Netherlands and Belgium split into two countries without a war, thanks to the good sense of the leading statesmen such as Palmerston and Talleyrand. On the other hand the efforts by the Austrians and other East European leaders to repress all disturbances meant that, when unrest did break out in 1848, it swept across Europe in a series of violent revolutions. Even then this did not lead to war but the changes in the 1919 settlement permitted to Germany and Japan in the 1930s did make war more likely. German reoccupation of the Rhineland encouraged Hitler to believe that the democracies would not resist the absorption of Austria into the Reich and the destruction of Czechoslovakia. Similarly, the Japanese were not satisfied with turning Manchuria into the colony of Manchukuo but attempted the conquest of the whole of China and subsequently of South-East Asia.

Since 1945 changes have occurred peacefully in peripheral areas. The European colonial empires have been replaced by the Third World, though the process caused considerable friction between the Great Powers over the Suez Crisis, the Vietnam War, Soviet intervention in Afghanistan and on many other occasions. However, in more sensitive regions history has been frozen; Germany and Korea remain divided and Europe is still partitioned roughly along the line where the Allied armies met in 1945. Only now is change beginning to occur in Eastern Europe as the Soviet

grip upon the area slackens. The danger is that repression may be followed by tumult and chaos as it was in Europe in 1848. Already some of the historic rivalries are re-emerging; the Hungarians complain about the Romanians' persecution of Magyar-speaking minorities within their territory, whilst the Turks criticise the Bulgarians for repressing their Moslem subjects. It is quite possible that more changes will occur in this region between 1985 and 1995 than in all the previous 40 years. It is to be hoped that the changes will be just without being destabilising.

Despite its iniquities—the division of Korea and Germany, the destruction of the Baltic Republics, the repartition of Poland—the 1945 settlement has already lasted twice as long as the 1919 treaties. Its longevity is not a reflection of its superior justice or even necessarily of the skill with which Roosevelt, Stalin, Truman and Churchill brought the fighting to a close. But it is in part a reflection of the fact that none of the Great Powers found the settlement so unacceptable that they were prepared to risk a major war to change it. It is also the result of the exhaustion produced by six years of fighting even more devastating than the Napoleonic and First World Wars and of the fear that nuclear weapons might make another great war mankind's last. It is a sobering thought with which to celebrate 40 years of unquiet peace.

[Dr. Philip Towle has worked for the Foreign and Commonwealth Office and for Reuters News Agency. He taught at the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth and was a senior research fellow at the Australian National University from 1978 to 1980. He is currently deputy director of the Centre of International Studies at Cambridge University and a fellow of Queens' College. His publications include *Estimating Foreign Ministry Power* (1982) and *Arms Control and East-West Relations* (1983).]

INDIA: THE THREATS TO RAJIV GANDHI'S INHERITANCE

by Anatol Lieven

NINETEEN eighty-four was the worst year for India since Independence and Partition in 1947. For the first time since then members of an important minority community sought separation from the Union by force of arms; for the first time since the death of Mahatma Gandhi an Indian national leader was shot down by fellow countrymen; and a flood of communal massacre threatened to overwhelm the capital itself. How has India weathered the storm, and what are the threats to the country's unity and internal peace? How much hangs on the personality and survival of Rajiv Gandhi?

In fact, considering the size of India and the number of its linguistic nationalities, and by comparison with other Third World countries movements for secession have been extremely rare. At the moment there are only three elements pursuing this goal: various tribal groups on the North-East frontier with Burma have been in armed rebellion virtually since 1947. They still regularly ambush police and army patrols, but are very small and peripheral to Indian political life as a whole. More dangerous, if only because they could help cause a new Indo-Pakistan War, are the groups of pro-Pakistan Muslims in Indian Kashmir. (General Zia, actually conscious of being sandwiched between the Indians and the Russians in Afghanistan has avoided giving any public encouragement to them in recent years.) Their main body, the Kashmir Liberation Front, has the covert support of many Islamic clergy in Kashmir. However, the main Kashmiri Muslim party, the National Conference, under its founder Sheikh Abdullah, the 'Lion of Kashmir,' always rejected Pakistan, while calling for special status for Kashmir within India. Abdullah's faith in secular democracy never faltered, and he insisted on being buried wrapped in the Indian tricolour. His son, Farooq, succeeded him as Chief Minister in 1982 and was overthrown in June of last year by Mrs. Gandhi's hand-picked Governor in a flagrant breach of legality. Farooq reacted not by calling for revolt but by appealing to the Indian national opposition parties in the name of Indian democracy. (The near-rebellion in Assam in 1983 was directed against Bengali immigrants, and was not for independence.)

That leaves the Sikhs, by far the most formidable threat although the Sikh 'nationalist' party, the Akali Dal, has never called outright for independence from India. The Anandpur Sahib Resolution of 1973, still the basis of their demands, demands only a greater autonomy and a 'special status' for Punjab. Other demands are for the cession of the city of Chandigarh and small portions of neighbouring Indian states to Punjab and an official role for the Sikh religion within the state. Another expectation, now forgotten, was that Sikhs should be guaranteed their disproportionate share of recruitment to the Indian Armed Forces (7.5%

in 1970, compared to 2% Sikhs in the Indian population). This statistic and demand illustrates the fact that Sikhs have in fact done very well out of India. They have 8% of Central Government employment, 6.25% of the Indian Administrative Service and very large shares in modern industry and finance throughout India. The President, Zail Singh, and the head of the Air Force, Dilbagh Singh, are both Sikhs. Such posts and statistics may mean nothing to the poor, illiterate peasant or the Sikh emigrants abroad who support the Extremists, but they mean a great deal to the Sikh elites within India, who consequently detest the idea of an independent state, Khalistan. This largely accounts for the gap between the extreme fervour of many Akalis' commitments to the idea of 'Khalsa Raj', and the trivial content of many of their demands—for example, the re-naming of a train the 'Golden Temple Express'.

The reasons for the fervour and potential violence of commitment to the Sikh identity lie largely in history. Emerging under Guru Nanak in the late 15th Century as a synthetic religion between Islam and Hinduism, monotheist and theoretically at least casteless, Sikhism avoided being smashed by the Moghuls or gently re-absorbed into Hinduism by developing into a solid fighting community, drawn chiefly from the warlike Jat peasant caste. In 1699 they gained their five distinguishing marks, including uncut hair and beard. In the early 19th Century the Sikh ruler Ranjit Singh conquered the whole of Punjab from Delhi to the Afghan border. After his death the Sikhs fell to fighting amongst themselves and were conquered by the British, but have never forgotten that once they ruled the entire 'Land of the Five Rivers'. Furthermore, after their service in suppressing the Indian Mutiny, the British treated the Sikhs with special favour. The newly-irrigated 'Canal Colonies' were settled with them, up to 25% of the British Indian army was drawn from them, and the 'Martial Races Theory' encouraged them (as well as the Hindu and Muslim Punjabis) to see themselves as racially superior to the smaller, darker peoples of the rest of India. The Viceroy, Lord Wavell, once wrote in exasperation during the Partition negotiations that the Sikh representatives were virtually saying that they 'ought to count double because they were such fine fellows'.

But in the deadly numbers game that was Partition, the Sikhs, only 14% of the population of pre-'47 Punjab, stood no chance. Their richest lands, and some of their holiest shrines, were lost to Pakistan. Half the community lost their homes, thousands were massacred; and yet in Indian East Punjab they were still a minority. Only in 1966, with the division of that State into three, did they get a Punjab 'of their own' and even there, their majority was only 56% against 44% Hindu and 'other'. 20% of Sikhs now live outside Punjab in other parts of India or in the West.

The Akalis originated in the 1920s as a movement to save the Sikh identity by 'purifying' Sikh religious institutions. Although they played a leading part in the Partition negotiations, their claim to speak for the whole Sikh community as a quasi-nation has always been questionable.

Many Sikhs supported the Congress movement against the British. In 1947 Sikhs and Hindus fought together against the Muslims and Sikhs were idolised as heroic defenders of Hindu families. The legacy of bitterness between Muslims and Sikhs is one reason why most Sikhs do not want Khalistan, which might fall under Pakistani control. The old practice in some Hindu families of bringing one son up as a Sikh persisted, as did the frequency of Hindu-Sikh marriages.

In the 1952 and 1962 General Elections the Akalis got no more than 20-24% in Sikh majority areas. They formed a government in the new state of Punjab in 1967 but were defeated by Congress(I) in 1972. Happy enough with the existing system when in office, when out they raised a muted cry for a Khalsa Raj. Exactly the same thing happened after 1980 when, after several years in office during the Janata period, they were slung out again by Congress(I) under a Sikh, Durbara Singh, in 1980. This time however the men of violence were waiting, always ready to wreck any compromise and blackmail or threaten the moderate Akalis into taking up more and more extreme positions. At first they were even encouraged by Mrs. Gandhi in order to bring down the Akali government.

At first sight, despite the past, Punjab in the early '80s should have been the last place in India for a terrorist fanatic like Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale to appear. For a variety of reasons Punjab became the great success story of the 'Green Revolution' in India in the late '60s and early '70s. Agricultural production in the State increased six-fold between 1961 and 1981. An industrial boom followed and by 1980/81 the average annual per capita income in Punjab was Rs.2,768 to a national average of Rs.1,571. It is actually the boom that has created the present extremist problem. On the one hand there is the classic resentment of a rich area at having to pay taxes to subsidise poor and 'lazy' ones. Then there is the Central Government's pegging of food prices, and thereby Punjabi farmers' profits, in the interests of cheap food. The Green Revolution is also very thirsty for water, especially when the land has been damaged by wrong use of fertilisers. One of the Akalis' chief demands is that Punjab get much more than its present 24% share of the water of the rivers which flow through it on the way to Pakistan. The Central Government could hardly concede this without ensuring its own electoral defeat in the neighbouring states of Haryana and Rajasthan. After land, water is the stuff of which most village murders and family feuds are made in North India.

The main supporters of the extremists are of course those who have failed to benefit from the economic revolution while seeing their neighbours grow rich, above all poor peasants in the countryside and, to a lesser extent, some artisans in the towns. These also feel threatened by the influx of cheap labour from other parts of India which by 1980 had reduced the Sikh majority in Punjab to a bare 52%. As important as the fear of demographic 'swamping' in explaining current Sikh extremism is a fear of loss of cultural identity from within. Increasing wealth and

the number of Sikhs living in the West naturally means abandonment of the old forms by many young people; and a Sikh who shaves his beard and abandons his turban becomes to a great extent culturally indistinguishable from a non-religious Hindu Punjabi. For the Sikhs religion and 'national identity' obviously have to be one. It is this which adds a bitter irony to the sight of shaven, turbanless 'Sikh' youths demonstrating for Khalistan in London. Rootless and homeless in the West, they yearn for a cultural and 'national' community which they do not understand and have already betrayed.

Actually, the Sikhs of India, even the educated ones, are in no great danger of losing their sense of identity as was shown by the horrified reaction of a patriotic, cultivated and tolerant figure like the writer Kushwant Singh to the Indian army's attack on the terrorists in the Golden Temple complex last June, during which parts of it were badly damaged. While it is true that it was largely Mrs. Gandhi's fault that matters were allowed to drift into crisis, it is also true that by last June she had no choice but to order the attack, which was carried out with exemplary discipline and restraint. The outrage spread to the Sikhs of her bodyguard, and was responsible for her death. This, and the massacres of Sikhs that followed, temporarily destroyed hopes for a Government-Akali compromise. Now these are growing again following the release of the moderate leaders, agreement to an independent enquiry into the riots, and lifting of the ban on the Sikh Students' Federation. The Government continues, however, to refuse to agree to any special status for Punjab, and the Akalis, hopelessly divided among themselves, keep changing their ground under extremist pressure. The latter, for their part, will not be able to get a mass guerilla war going in Punjab; but by continuing acts of terrorism they will be able to wreck any compromise and by deliberately provoking Hindu backlashes will seek to persuade more Sikhs outside Punjab that their only safety lies in a Sikh homeland. The strength or even the truth of the recently reported plot to assassinate Rajiv Gandhi when visiting the United States cannot as yet be assessed, or general rumours of insurrection.

The ruling Congress(I) has itself been far from blameless in the current rise in Hindu communal sentiment in North India. The Congress local bosses in Delhi who encouraged murder and looting last November were certainly not acting on higher orders and after an interval of chaos Rajiv and the Army acted firmly to restore order. Nevertheless, the role of such bosses and the cover-up which has followed does form part of a recent Congress tendency in the North to supplement the by now wholly unconvincing *Gharibi Hatao* (Eliminate Poverty) and '20 Point' party programmes with increasingly Hindu-biased nationalism. The policy of Mahatma Gandhi and Nehru was strictly non-communal, and since their day Mrs. Gandhi's Congress(I) built its majorities largely on a patchwork of religious minorities and lower castes. The official ideology of the party remains strictly secular. Since her return to power in 1980 Mrs. Gandhi, seeking to consolidate her shattered mass base and distract attention

from her own failings, referred more and more often to the role of a 'Foreign Hand' in India's internal troubles. Decoded, this means that Pakistan is responsible for stirring up Hindu-Muslim and other clashes in India, which implies that Muslims must be the initiators although they are actually almost always the worst sufferers. Farooq Abdullah and the Akalis could be playing Pakistan's game and so unwittingly could the main opposition parties.

This has brought Congress(I) a certain amount of local electoral success, especially in the elimination of the traditional Hindu communalist party, the BJP, from several areas. But it also tied Mrs. Gandhi to the unnecessarily 'tough' stand on Punjab that helped cause her death, while Hindu extremist societies which she sponsored did their bit to wreck the chances of peace. Moreover, apart from the fact that Rajiv is the son of a Parsee, married to an Italian, Hinduism is simply not the strong political card which the 80% or so of Hindus in the Census might suggest. It is not a religion like Christianity or Islam, with an organised priesthood and universal dogma. It is split into innumerable castes, of which the lower ones have precious little reason to believe in the vision of an ideal Hindu society in the past, preached by upper-caste zealots. The recent savage caste-riots in Gujarat are yet another example of this. 'Hindu sentiment' as a political force remains restricted to religious issues like cow-slaughter, to elements of the higher castes or to areas with strong Muslim minorities or 'threatened' Hindu ones. South India remains almost entirely untouched. There, language-resistance to the attempt to impose Hindi has caused the most violence.

Culturally, however, Hinduism remains the single greatest guarantee of Indian unity. From the Himalayas to Cape Cormoran, Sanskrit is the language of ritual; the same great Hindu myths are taught and the same major pantheon of gods is worshipped. The prophets and mystics of the past preached throughout the Subcontinent and the appeal of Mahatma Gandhi was universal. Hinduism, Islam and Christianity (where it exists) have all influenced each other; and in matters like caste, local saints or gods and devotional traditions overlap to a considerable extent. Thus, for at least 2,500 years India has been a recognisable cultural unity and since the British conquest this has been supplemented by a universal English-speaking, whisky-drinking upper class.

This underlying cultural unity is one reason why none of the regional parties has made a push for separation. Regional pride is certainly strong: Mrs. Gandhi's public kicking around of Southern Congress(I) Chief Ministers helped convert Andhra and Karnataka from Congress(I) bastions a few years ago to opposition. In Madras, the Tamil 'nationalist' party (now split in two) has essentially converted itself into the natural party of government like Congress(I) (with which it is in alliance) at the Centre. The Opposition leaders in the South are interested in more constitutional power *vis-à-vis* the Centre but they are also interested in milking it for as much aid as possible for their states and in using their bases as stepping stones to Delhi, like Rama Rao of Andhra, who is now

trying to turn his Telugu Desam into a *Bharat* (National) *Desam*.

The truth is that any sane Indian realises that a break-up of the country would be an utter catastrophe for almost everybody. This explains why people such as the local power-brokers giving the orders quite deliberately vote one way in national elections and another way in state ones—a tendency very apparent in the last few months. In the General Elections in December 1984 Congress(I) virtually obliterated the national parliamentary opposition, winning 401 of 508 seats, though just under 50% of the vote. (India, like England, has a first-past-the-post system.) The only exceptions were Andhra Pradesh and Kashmir, in both of which states Mrs. Gandhi had recently made crude and bungling attempts to overthrow popular opposition governments. Even in Karnataka, where Janata was in power under the able and 'clean' Ramakrishna Hegde, Congress won in the national elections, and Hegde resigned to fight new state ones.

In the Assembly Elections for twelve states this March the picture was quite different. Hegde swept back to power in Karnataka with a greatly increased majority and overall Congress(I) lost in seven states compared to its results in the Assembly Elections of 1980 and gained in only five. Fears that the country might be splitting into a Congress-dominated Hindi-speaking North and an Opposition South were partly allayed by the fact that in four major Northern states the two most 'Hindi' opposition parties, the BJP and the 'big peasant' DMKP of Charan Singh, both improved their positions and Congress(I) dropped from a total of 864 seats to 816. What this illustrates above all is the parlous condition of the local Congress(I) when separated from the prestige of the Gandhi-Nehrus. The massive vote for Congress(I) in December was a sympathy vote for Mrs. Gandhi's son; it was also a vote for the unity of the country in the face of separatist attack, but above all it was a recognition of the fact that Rajiv, being Prime Minister, could hold out the hope of strong and effective government at the Centre, unlike the Opposition parties, offering half a dozen Prime Ministers and no joint candidates. For exactly the same reason people voted against a faction-ridden Congress(I) and in favour of a more united Opposition in Maharashtra, Karnataka and Andhra. Thus, despite India being both more united and more politically sophisticated than often appears, the elective monarchy of Rajiv remains vital because of the institutional weakness of the political structure and above all of his own party.

The British-created army and higher Civil Service are still effective institutions covering all castes, religions and languages and may presumably one day play a key role if political disintegration proceeds further. It took the needs of the National movement against the British to create a real 'cadre' party spanning caste, linguistic and religious divisions. The Communist parties tried to create such organised mass movements across the country but failed and the prospect of revolution in India is now extremely remote.

The Congress Party before Independence possessed at least respectable elements of organisation and discipline, with elected officials and councils

and regular meetings of local committees possessing real disciplinary powers and at least pretending to exercise them according to a formal code of rules. Nehru won his battle with the Hindu conservatives within the party in 1949-51 along such lines and in 1964 the structure retained enough strength for Lal Bahadur Shastri to be chosen by agreement between the leaders. On his premature death in 1966 they elected Mrs. Gandhi as a figurehead. Unwilling to play that role, she broke with the 'Syndicate' in 1969, taking the masses with her. They carried the organisation with them and the old party was ruined. The new Congress (Indira) has always been based on a mixture of personal charisma and a shifting patchwork of alliances with local bosses, princes, castes and interest groups. She and her son have appointed Chief Ministers at will, but have usually had to choose them from among the strongest local faction-chiefs and have then got rid of them by playing off another faction against them. This has encouraged the decline of the Congress (I) in many areas into a state of howling chaos. The wreck was completed by the Emergency and its aftermath when several of the ablest Congress leaders abandoned Indira Gandhi, thereby encouraging her ingrained tendency to surround herself with insignificant Yes-men who could not possibly become rivals. Rajiv's Cabinet is not much better. He has, however, been making a real attempt to improve the organisation and morale of the party.

When the eight-party Janata alliance united to defeat Mrs. Gandhi and take office after the Emergency, they seemed to hold all the cards. Yet within two years they had reduced the Government to a shambles and 'Madam' swept back to office. Janata failed not just because of the lack of a common ideological base or the conflicting greed and ambition of too many leaders but because of the perennial problem of Indian politics. Their day-to-day running depends above all on patronage (just like 18th Century England) and in a poor country, there is not enough patronage to go round.

The Opposition at the Centre is still utterly divided. Rajiv's rebuilding work in Congress will take time and the rot may already have gone too far. Meanwhile, the Congress bosses in many states have shown themselves incapable of combining to support a candidate for Chief Minister even when he has had Rajiv's backing. The Indian system, which to date has proved relatively successful at providing a framework within which groups can compete without coming to Civil War has proved pretty bad at providing effective and dynamic government. The real danger to India is not so much deliberate attempts, like the present one in Punjab, to break off bits of the country; it is far more of paralysis of central government leading indirectly to chaos. For this reason Rajiv's survival is crucial to the future of the Indian State.

P 4474

SIR KEITH AT THE RAMPARTS

by John Elsom

ON May 23, 1985, Sir Keith Joseph came to re-open Gresham College in one of the glass-and-concrete towers of the Barbican.

There are those who declare that Gresham College has never been closed, for its spirit has been alive for nearly five centuries. Free public lectures have been given in the City of London by Gresham professors, while in the nineteenth century a music library was established in Sir Thomas Gresham's name. But the building which once housed the College fell down or was pushed in the mid-eighteenth century, since when the academic body has floated like ectoplasm from place to place. Now once more there is a physical presence bearing the name Gresham College, a landing on the twelfth floor of Frobisher Crescent, easily found by following those yellow lines provided by the Barbican authorities to check on who's sober; and it was this sleek semicircle of offices, seminar rooms and resources centres that Sir Keith came to launch.

Sir Thomas Gresham was a merchant and Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Elizabeth I, who knighted him. In a sense, his monument is the whole of the City of London, for he founded the Royal Exchange. In 1858 H. D. Macleod borrowed his name for an economic law to the effect that 'bad money drives out good', Gresham's Law, and the City derived its strength from the soundness of its currency. It seemed wholly appropriate that a minister from a monetarist government should open a college dedicated to Sir Thomas Gresham. But Sir Thomas was a Renaissance man and perhaps a lover of Elizabethan ambiguities. Surmounting his crest, crouched a grasshopper, feasting on an ear of corn. It is assumed to be a symbol of prosperity, but what is prosperous for the locust is famine for the farmer, which is not another Gresham law.

Sir Keith had had a hard day with the teachers, who were asking for more money; and the graceful diffidence of his entrance, flanked by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, suggested that he feared for the consequences of opening yet another college at a time like this to cause trouble to his successors. He began with a few modest remarks about the nature of his office. His tealady had seen fifteen Secretaries of State for Education and Science come and go. There is nothing permanent about office. Far too much is expected from governments. He learnt that lesson from Lord Alport in his early parliamentary days as a PPS 'or, in school parlance, fag'. What really matters is not what governments want to do, but whether they have any money to do it with. All ministers like to be loved, but whether they can afford to spend more money on higher education depends on the health of the economy. 'How many people here,' asked Sir Keith, 'contribute to the trading base of the British economy?'

It sounded as if Sir Keith were asking us whether we earned our livings, which of course we all did, in our various ways, or so we thought, even the Lord Mayor. If he meant, of course, how many worked in

shops or factories, then the answer would have been 'Very few'. Alternatively, if Sir Keith were talking about commerce on a wider scale, then we could have provided him with several captains of industry, not to mention bankers, financiers, chartered accountants and brokers, for this was the City, which prides itself on being more central to British commercial life even than Whitehall. But the answer to Sir Keith's question depended upon what was meant by 'trading base', which was why we all hesitated before answering, thus allowing him to develop his theme without the confusion of facts.

It transpired that he thought that most of us were academics, that academics by definition were in the professions not trade and that therefore we were not wealth creators, but wealth consumers. He explained how universities were paid for out of taxation, which has to be raised from the more productive parts of society and that until Britain becomes rich academics have to be satisfied with what society can afford to give them, which wasn't going to be much from this government, not that governments have much power anyway, at which point the Vice-Chairman of Gresham Council got up and thanked Sir Keith warmly and said that we were all behind him in his battle against inflation, and at 6.20, according to schedule, the Lord Mayor and his Sheriffs departed for another engagement and Gresham College was duly launched 'with all who sail in it', as Sir Keith gracefully quipped.

It was kind of Sir Keith to come at all, and we were left with the impression that he must be a very nice man, underneath it all, but I couldn't help feeling that his little talk was tactically unsound, philosophically dubious, economically unreliable and politically inept, which helped to explain why, if that form was anything to go by, his talks with the teachers had reached deadlock. It was tactically unsound because he was not just talking to academics but to financiers as well, whose support for Gresham College would be needed if it were not to turn to the government for help. It's bad enough for academics to be told that they're just parasites feeding on the wealth that others have created, but they have received worse insults in their time. To inform the so-called wealth-creators that higher education is parasitical is to invite an immediate cessation of funds, which cannot have been what a Minister for Education intends.

It was dubious philosophically because higher education and the production of wealth are more closely interknit than Sir Keith seemed to suggest. Our universities are full of academics complaining about the bright ideas which industry has ignored or discovered too late. We are supposed to have invented the computer, but we certainly didn't start to produce or market it until it was too late. Academics may be philistine sometimes when they demand more money for their pet projects which others have to find, but equally industry is philistine to ignore what the universities have to offer. Of course, Sir Keith would acknowledge that technological discoveries should be taken up and commercially exploited, but not all research leads to such immediate gains, not even in scientific fields. His remarks suggested that universities have to prove their useful-

ness before they can expect more money, but unfortunately the application of a discovery has to wait upon the first Eureka, the discovery itself.

Not all research, of course, leads to useful applications. Is it therefore wasted? Sir Thomas Gresham evidently thought not, for otherwise he would not have lent his name and bequeathed his money to establish professorial chairs which seem to have so little relevance to trade—Chairs of Divinity, Astronomy, Law, Music, Geometry, Physic and Rhetoric, four layabout arts subjects to three of abstract science. What were his motives? Was he a Monsieur Jourdain, easily impressed by Culture? Or was he a true believer in Renaissance enlightenment which stressed that the good order of society, within which merchants like him could flourish, depended on finding the harmonious structure of a Golden Age, where the music of the spheres and the metrical stresses in a well-written verse both reflected a pattern deriving from our intimations of Divinity? What has happened to us in the intervening 500 years, so that we are even tempted to accept the notion that the voice of industry is the voice of God—or that Ministers for the Arts should suggest that artists would be well-advised to seek commercial sponsorship and turn their skills to the practical usefulness of advertising.

This insensibility to what used to be called higher matters has devastating consequences. Even among artists, the word aesthetics has a dubious ring, suggesting an indifference to the world as it is, a lack of common sense and social conscience. But what will damn our age in the eyes of generations to come, if there are any, is its lack of aesthetic judgement. We have lost the knack of taking well-tempered decisions. Across Europe and the States, we have built new cities that are already becoming uninhabitable. Tower blocks are crumbling, lifts vandalised, gas mains cracked, purpose-built playgrounds have become rubbish dumps and flats have mushrooms in the bedrooms. It may have been politically tempting to opt for factory building in the post-war years, but it is still not easy to understand why there are quite so many blots on the landscape. Why did an architectural fashion (more indebted to science-fiction movies than the Bauhaus) catch on, with so little opposition? We all have our doorstep Brazilias. The reason is simple. We lost the means to query styles and fashions and to look for more aesthetically pleasing solutions. The artists were at the mercy of the industrialists; and they saw no need to fight against them.

Architecture is one example of the bias against harmony, a puritanical dislike of what is pleasing; and the Barbican itself provides a model of what to avoid. The planners of the Barbican were not anti-art. On the contrary, they made what they regard as a more than adequate provision for the arts—a large concert hall, two theatres, a cinema, a conservatory, an art gallery and several exhibition spaces. Embossed in the pavement along one of the long grey corridors is a plaque, with the legend, 'Heritage Walk'. Since it's a little too soon for the Barbican, less than ten years old, to be part of our heritage, this must refer to the broken down fragments of the old City wall, or perhaps

the preserved Church, by the rectangular lake with its regimental fountains. But the overall impression is that various places have been found for the arts to decorate a scheme which is not itself guided by such humanistic concerns. These additives do nothing to mitigate the barrack-like piles of grey flats, the cold unwelcoming walkways, the freezing squares and overall dimensions of the place, at the same time finicky and overbearing. The Barbican has been constructed without regard for individual human wishes or needs. It cannot adjust to the shifts in life and ideas. It remains as its name suggests, a fortress. It proclaims and defends the power of mass money.

The catch in Gresham's Law is one which all monetarists should note—in that it is not always easy to tell the difference between good and bad money. Bad money presumably is a currency which has lost its original value, as through inflation, so that the language of transactions no longer relates to that which is transacted. Good money on the other hand retains its power to provide an easy means of swapping goods and services. The monetarists believe that too great an increase in the supply leads to inflation, hence the devaluation of the currency and so to bad money. But it is not just the supply of money which leads to devaluation, but the way the money is used. The supply is simply something which the government to some extent can control. A government cannot control the wasteful use of the existing money, which can also lead to devaluation of the currency, or the way in which money ceases to represent anything in terms of human needs and wishes. Mass money rapidly loses its contact with human transactions, which is why the Barbican tries so hard to humanise itself while remaining an artificial construction.

The original Sir Thomas Gresham understood this very well, which is why he wished to secure the trading base of the City economy by attaching it to a platform of humanistic values; and if we try to reverse this early monetarist position, by making humanistic values dependent upon our trading base, the result is a kind of commercial anarchy in which nothing is of much value, certainly not money. The establishment of Gresham College within the Barbican makes sense if it breaches the fortress of mass money. It can only do harm if it remains there as just another adjunct to the trading process, something else which mass money can buy.

But the lingering impression of Sir Keith's speech is that he himself was not convinced by it. It was as if he were trying to overcome a prejudice from childhood, that trade was bad and abstract intellectual thought was good, being disinterested and impartial; and that he had just recognised how snobbishly British society used to treat the traders and industrialists. And so he wanted to reverse the process. Trade is good, abstract thought and university life are an indulgence. He was fighting an old battle and the sad fact is that such soldiers never die, they only become cabinet ministers.

POLITICAL VIOLENCE IN ANIMAL LIBERATION

by G. Davidson Smith

THE current successful exportation of British fashion design is well-deserving of national pride. Less worthy of note is the importation of a 'new look' in the nature of political expression. Witness the recent behaviour of animal rights activists which emulates the style and method of terrorist violence as practiced by many foreign revolutionary or anarchist groups. Even the name of the leading militant animal rights organisation in Britain, the Animal Liberation Front, suggests overtones of political rationale frequently associated with subversive movements. We now know that something rather more sinister lurks behind the façade of a supposed genuine interest in animal welfare: human beings are potentially expendable in the interests of the cause.

The 'Mars Bars' episode in November 1984, trailing on the heels of more serious events in St. James's Square and Brighton, shocked a nation that had known more than its fair share of atrocious politically-motivated violence within the year. For some of those who had eaten suspect bars it was a terrifying experience, followed by a period of considerable anxiety until the passage of time revealed no ill effects. The fact that the threat ultimately proved to be a hoax did nothing to excuse or ameliorate the grave nature of the act or its underlying disregard for human rights.

Yet the alleged poisoning of candy bars was not the first instance of this type of attack upon consumer products in the United Kingdom during 1984. Similar incidents preceded it: an early example occurred in London, in May, when five supermarkets received warning of possible poisoning of battery eggs and farm produce. Then followed claims of bleach contamination of shampoo on the shelves of shops in Leeds and Southampton. Less than a month prior to the Mars Bars assault came a threat of bleach having been placed in bottles of baby oil 'somewhere in the Solent area'. In all cases the actions were heralded as the work of members of the Animal Liberation Front.

The approach of Christmas brought a spate of poisoned turkey threats in England that quickly spread across the Irish Sea to shops in Dublin, Cork and Limerick. As late as Christmas Eve the BBC *Breakfast Time* television programme carried a warning of further Animal Liberation Front claims of contaminated turkeys, advising people to return any bird thought to have been tampered with. The festive season was not a time of 'peace and goodwill amongst men' for the militant wing of animal rights activists.

The turkey campaign climaxed a busy year for the Animal Liberation Front. In late November the *Sunday Times* quoted the organisation as saying that in the previous five months it had made over five hundred attacks on targets ranging from butchers' shops to fish farms and medical laboratories. In a move that took matters an alarming step onward, the Animal Liberation Front released a bulletin in which the context stated

that members 'may arm', ostensibly to protect themselves from retaliation. This development represented an entirely new dimension in the operation of 'issue groups' in Britain, bringing an ugly look to extremism and prompting police to consider seriously the establishment of a special squad to counter the increased depredations.

Positive support for the well-being of animals is not a novel departure in Britain or elsewhere in the world. The prestige and influence of the 150-year-old RSPCA and its sister organisations in many nations amply testify to that fact, as do current government efforts to improve laboratory animals protective legislation, first brought into law in 1876. Organisations such as the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection (BUAV) have openly lobbied for years to bring about changes in the methods of the use of animals for scientific experimental purposes. Anti-blood-sport campaigners have attempted to make a prohibitive nuisance of themselves to participants at least from the time of the turn of this century. What is different is the rise of violent militancy evident over the past decade.

Critical to an understanding of the serious trend in the activities of the animal rights movement, and perhaps a clue to some of the fringe motivation, is a realisation that extremist elements are actually indulging in acts of terrorism. 'The use of violence for political ends, and . . . any use of violence for the purpose of putting the public or any section of the public in fear', is the official Whitehall definition of terrorism. Terrorism, as opposed to other forms of violence, is the systematically-applied threat or use of illegal force with the designed intent of achieving a goal by means of such a method of coercion. It is violence used as a policy.

There can be little doubt that animal rights activists have used violence as a policy with the expressed intent of coercing the government to act in a certain manner: that is to say, to enact particular legislation. There can be little doubt, also, about the fear engendered by claims of poisoned candy or other consumer goods, by abusive and threatening telephone calls, by the posting of letter bombs, the destruction of property, or even slogans painted on walls. By definition valid not only in Great Britain, such actions are deemed to be acts of political terrorism; they are no less so than similar activities of the IRA, the INLA, the Angry Brigade, or other terrorist groups elsewhere in the world.

For those who would disagree on the basis that the movement does not wish to overthrow the government, the answer is that elements of it do seek to change government policy by violent, undemocratic, and illegal means. The methodology employed is terrorism. Despite claims to be non-violent, the Animal Liberation Front has steadfastly adhered to a policy of coercive intimidation, of which law-breaking has been an unavoidable consequence.

To suggest that one narrowly-based militant minority could seriously threaten the political stability of a nation such as Great Britain would be both falsely alarmist and irresponsible. Nonetheless, political violence of any sort must always be a source of concern in a liberal democracy. The true dangers are less obvious. During an interview conducted at the

University of Aberdeen, Professor Paul Wilkinson, an internationally recognised authority on political violence, pointed to the more immediate and perhaps most serious potential outcomes.*

Animal welfare is a popular cause; there are few who would appear so heartless, inhumane, or indifferent as to fail to espouse its general aims. For that reason there exists wide-spread supportive consensus in any community and of the sort to stir co-operative effort similar to that encountered in the midst of a national disaster. Animal welfare has strong voter appeal; at least 9% of the electorate will support a party that indicates a willingness to do the most for animal rights, and both the Labour and Liberal Parties include the issue in their platforms.¹ Currently a certain 'chic' atmosphere surrounds the movement, and it represents an exciting outlet for the trendy types who are bored with their tame lifestyle.

Unfortunately, the movement also provides an avenue for those who do seek to disrupt the stability of the nation. Clothed securely in the guise of a popular cause, they are able to surreptitiously pursue their ideals with impunity. Established bodies of 'respectable' animal rights activists frankly admit that extremists and radicals have infiltrated their ranks. Interviewed recently on the subject, Mr. Richard Course of the League Against Cruel Sports stated in part that 'There is a hard core who have turned their back... [on the parliamentary process]... and they are anarchists. They see the animal rights issue growing and regard it as fertile, attractive ground.'²

It is instructive to take a closer look at the functioning of the extreme animal rights activists, using the Animal Liberation Front as one example of the militant faction. As mentioned earlier, the group's title itself is suggestive of radical political tendencies of the type usually found on the Far Left or amongst anarchist organisations. A boast of the Front is that it has no official headquarters, no president or ruling committee, and that its actions are spontaneous. Yet the Animal Liberation Front is carefully structured on a network of cells, each independent and in contact only by a liaison representative. Contrary to the behaviour of their more respectable peers who generally adopt at least a quasi-legitimate method of operation, the Front is secretive and conspiratorial.

The style of dress worn during raids, the hoods and camouflage smocks or coveralls, and the use of pick-handles and other hazardous items clearly visible in photographs points to an emulation of 'urban guerrillas'. This affectation is fostered by the employment of terror tactics: the threats, the breaking-and-entering in a violent manner, the blatant flouting of the law which is carried a derisory step further by the dispatch of video films which advertise the contraventions of authority and hint of raids to come. Similarly, the use of phrases such as 'economic sabotage against animal exploiters' or 'ultimate victory for animal liberation' counterfeits the polemics typical of propaganda disseminated by recognised terrorist groups.

To date the militants have managed to avoid causing serious injury

to persons, although they have come perilously close on occasion. The fact that they have endangered or created distress for many of the animals they profess to seek to aid gives even more reason to be suspicious of their true intentions. Of greater worry, however, is the apparent willingness to expand the limits of extremist behaviour despite adverse publicity attendant upon such actions. Granted, the outrages bring media attention and most probably encourage some recruiting . . . as well as support from like-minded radicals or revolutionaries. The crucial reality is that frustration evoked by perceived public apathy or revulsion could prompt the more militant fringe to opt for a campaign of spectacular excesses, attacks and raids that could spell tragedy in terms of human lives.

Two frightening off-shoots loom as an outcome of this extended approach. One possibility involves the individual who does not have a formal association with the movement, but simply carries out illegal acts similar to those undertaken by the membership. Such people are 'thrill-seekers' or suffer from an emotional or psychological problem. They are particularly dangerous because they see their aberrant behaviour as justified by the actions of others, yet they are not guided in any responsible manner.

A second hazard could originate through the enthusiastic motivation of an 'amateur' member of the movement, a novice wishing to prove dedicated allegiance to the 'cause'. In a like fashion is the individual who acts rashly merely on the basis that 'righteousness' of the cause permits it. Whatever the sponsorship, be it irrationality or ignorance, the result could be disastrous and especially horrific if explosives were chosen as the means of protest.

A disturbing indication has appeared in the wake of the desecration of the Duke of Beaufort's grave which occurred in late December 1984. Resultant publicity demonstrated little aversion to a resort to violence amongst various groups of the animal rights movement. Some, like the Animal Liberation Front and the Hunt Saboteurs' Association, openly favoured vandalism and violent behaviour. Perhaps the most astounding revelation came from a member of the RSPCA governing council who remarked that the Mars Bars scare was 'understandable' because 'accepted methods' of pushing for reform had not worked. Even tacit support of that nature from persons who claim 'we would not do it ourselves' is a sad and dismaying commentary on the in-roads of misguided extremism within the movement.

The police and government have shown commendable restraint in their attitude toward the provocations of the militants, although those persons directly affected have undoubtedly called for sterner measures to be implemented. The media, too, deserve congratulations for the relatively low-key manner in which they have treated the outlandish activities of the animal rights movement. Hopefully that attitude will prevail.

While not wishing to cry 'wolf' by attaching too great a significance to the developing problem of militancy, the point must be made that it should be regarded seriously. The public must be apprised of what it

actually represents, that is, incipient terrorism, as well as the dangers that are inherent within the motivating philosophy and an incautious response. The fact that it is the police, not the government, who will decide what initial steps to take is an admirable and welcome decision. Obviously the Home Secretary will be closely following developments as it was he who requested that the police increase their operations against the extremists. It is essential, however, that the government carefully monitors the procedure to be followed and the results that are achieved.

A well-informed public is one means by which the necessary calm, reasoned approach may be conducted. The urgent need is to avoid over-reaction or the reaching for extra-constitutional resources. There must be no stampeding into rash behaviour, and it is particularly important that 'vigilante' groups do not form in opposition to the militants. The public must be encouraged to provide every assistance to the law enforcement community, and the best method of doing so is through readily provided information.

A corresponding effort should be made to convince at least the less militant membership of the animal rights movement to whole-heartedly denounce the work of the extremists. Condemnation as provided by the League Against Cruel Sports illustrates what is required, whereas the equivocal response of the BUAV or the outright approval of the Hunt Saboteurs' Association should be censured by all responsible democratic authorities, leaders, and citizens.

Slow and ponderous as the parliamentary process may appear to be, it is the very basis of this democratic society, and it represents centuries of striving for freedom and human rights. It is only through the legitimately expressed grievances of the public that changes may be effected, not through violent confrontation. The outrageous behaviour of the extremist fringe of the animal rights movement must be recognised for what it represents: political terrorism. It must be treated accordingly.

* In an exclusive interview for *Contemporary Review* Paul Wilkinson, Professor of International Relations at the University of Aberdeen, and an authority on terrorism has made the following comments.

If ever the use of terrorism by cause or issue groups became a routine feature of democratic life the effects on law and order and the quality of life would indeed be grave. Policing in a democratic society is based on the principle of very widespread social consent and co-operation in the observance of the law. We assume that in our open and pluralist political systems the overwhelming majority of individuals and groups will express their interests, demands, protests and political opinions by non-violent means. The substitution of normal democratic political lobbying and debate by violence and intimidation would confront democracy with challenges which its legal and police systems could not cope with, a

situation of virtual anarchy.

Yet we do not have to imagine this worst case situation in order to identify dangers in the growing use of terrorism by issue groups. Even when we are faced with a relatively small number of extremist groups using such methods, there are serious dangers to democracy involved.

There is the 'contagion' effect; the well observed sociological phenomenon that individuals and groups tend to copy methods which they see presented to them on TV and in the press as ways in which others can gain publicity or achieve some other goal. Well known examples are the rash of political kidnappings that occurred in Brazil and other Latin American countries between 1968 and 1971, and the aircraft hijacking plague in the USA between 1969-72. We know that professional terrorists study the details of previous incidents closely and learn to modify their tactics accordingly. Carlos 'the Jackal' is reported to have told the Iraqi Chargé d'Affaires who acted as mediator in the 1975 OPEC siege in Vietnam, 'tell Kreisky... I know all the tricks'. The South Moluccan terrorists in their last hijack in May 1977 in Holland provide another example: they deliberately toughened their approach in dealing with their hostages and the official negotiator in order to counter the authorities' previous tactics.

Often one of the main aims of the terrorists in mounting a spectacular incident is to inspire emulation among their potential followers. This was, for example, an explicit aim of the Japanese terrorists responsible for the massacre at Lod Airport in 1972. It is a worrying probability that issue group terrorists will also inspire emulation. Secondly, there is the danger of 'vigilantist terror', the resort to counter-terror by groups claiming to be defending themselves against diametrically opposed issue groups. For example, in the winter of 1984-85, several pro-abortion groups in the US threatened a terrorist campaign against supporters of anti-abortion terrorist groups such as the self-styled Army of God. A spiral of terror and counter-terror of this type would pose awful problems for the authorities.

Last, but not least, there is always the risk, inherent in escalating terrorism of any type, that government and security agencies may over-react, threatening or damaging basic civil liberties and the quality of life in an open society irrevocably. Fortunately, there is little evidence that this has happened in the United States or Western Europe generally, but it is a danger to be feared.

NOTES

1. *Times*, 22 November, 1984, p. 4.
 2. *Sunday Times*, 25 November, 1984, p. 7.
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[Lt. Colonel G. Davidson Smith (retd.) is a senior research officer at the University of Aberdeen, Department of International Relations.]

THE BULL FIGHT

by Arthur McHugh

‘WHEN I was in Madrid, I went to the bull-fight.’ The reaction of most people here at home to that simple statement varies from mild disapproval to vehement disgust. ‘How could you?’ ‘Wasn’t it awful?’ ‘They only put it on for tourists these days, don’t they?’ Questions of this kind become monotonously predictable, and if I reply ‘Well, it’s not like you think . . .’, the conversation tends to peter out as the questioner loses interest.

The idea that bull-fighting is a cruel and bloodthirsty spectacle—and no more—is firmly embedded in our Northern European consciousness. This was exactly my own opinion until recently. But I like to test my preconceptions against experience so, when I was in Madrid, I went to the bull-fight. Not without some trepidation, I admit: queasy feelings assailed me long before the Metro train arrived at Las Ventas station, where you alight for the most famous bull-ring in the world. Vague recollections of *Blood and Sand*, of Hemingway and Hollywood, all combined to make me wonder whether I could bear the sight of disembowelled horses and bleeding bulls.

I also felt a bit afraid, without knowing what I was afraid of. Perhaps bull-fighting, like motor-racing, was a sport in which spectators as well as participants could become involved in some horrendous mishap. How strong were the barricades? How far would we be from the animals? I had no idea.

The first of my illusions to go, on arrival at Las Ventas, was that bull-fighting is put on as a tourist attraction. The huge circular building, markedly Moorish in style, is strongly reminiscent of Villa Park or some such football Mecca; and it seats no less than 32,000 spectators, mainly on concrete steps. There are some hundreds of these buildings throughout Spain, not to mention Portugal and Latin America. Bull-fighting goes on all the year round, and if Las Ventas is anything to go by, only a handful of tourists are to be found among the spectators. During the month of May there is bull-fighting in Madrid every night of the week in honour of the city’s patron saint; the rest of the year, it’s a week-end or holiday activity. Ticket-touts and refreshment vendors throng the vicinity of Las Ventas as they do at any sporting event, and there is an atmosphere of eager anticipation among the fans who stream through the arched entrances. Along the vaulted shady corridors within you can hire a leather cushion, much needed when your posterior subsequently encounters cold concrete. You can even purchase a whole *Encyclopaedia of Bull-fighting* in several volumes.

Empty though it was, the bull-ring in Madrid was quite stunning at first sight. In size it recalls a football-pitch more than a circus ring. The whole of the floor was covered in orange-yellow sand, half of which positively radiated brightness in the sun’s glare, the other half being deep in the shadow of the building; the significance of this division of light from darkness in the context of a duel to the death is immediately apparent. And

since the programme begins at 7 in the evening, the shadows deepen and lengthen until, at the end, both ring and spectators are enveloped in the gathering gloom, by which time endless night has fallen on some of the principal performers. But while the audience is assembling, the atmosphere is not noticeably different from that of a theatre or sports stadium in the minutes before the performance begins: there is plenty of chatter, but no one seems particularly excited; television crews swing their cameras back and forth, then lounge about smoking; white-haired men, who seem far beyond pensionable age, distribute programme brochures.

In my ignorance, I had imagined that we were going to see one man killing one bull, but the programme said otherwise. No less than six bulls were listed, each one by name and colour, with some details of the ranch from which they came. The most famous ranches in Spain are those whose bulls have killed a significant number of matadors. Mortality among the latter, while lower than that of the bulls, is by no means negligible; and every matador can expect to be gored from time to time.

Prominently featured in the programme, with photographs and biographical details, were the three matadors, each of whom was destined to meet two bulls. As is well-known, the matador is assisted by a team consisting of two horsemen with lances, the picadors, and three men on foot, the banderilleros. The job of the latter is to tire the bull by 'playing' it with a cape, and finally to plunge barbed darts into its shoulders. The names and identifying colours of all members of the team are given in the programme. (Also identified in the programme are nearby restaurants which serve fresh bull-meat!)

Traditionally, the bull-fight begins precisely on time, and as the clock-hands touched 7, a colourful procession of 24 men and 13 horses marched into the ring, to the strains of a cheerful *paso doble* from the brass band. The music, the bright-coloured apparel of the men, the prancing horses, the yellow sand, the sun, the blue sky, all helped to suggest that we were watching a pageant. For a moment, the gaiety of the scene blotted out all other thoughts. But only for a moment. Within seconds, the ring was empty but for three banderilleros shaking out their violet and yellow capes, and a fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of the first bull. It trotted into the ring and stopped dead, taking in its strange new surroundings. To me, it looked quite unlike the lumbering, lethargic creature one might come across in an English meadow. Iberian bulls are bred for speed and spirit and this fighting bull, jet-black, long-legged, wary, reminded me more of a Texas long-horn than of some overweight Hereford. The animal in the ring, though evidently puzzled, seemed to be fit, fast and dangerous. When it caught sight of a man flaunting a cape, it immediately charged at him, head lowered, sharp horns menacing.

At this point, no one could fail to become emotionally involved in the contest. A bull-fight is divided into three periods, or *terceros*, each of less than ten minutes; and during the first *tercero* the banderilleros try to enrage and ultimately tire the bull by provoking it to attack time after time. However much one may sympathise with the tormented animal, it is hard not to

admire the skill, courage and agility of the three young men who stand firm in the path of a maddened bull, manipulate their bright capes in beautiful, smooth, flowing movements and skip out of the way at the very last moment, with the graceful footwork of ballet dancers. But not always . . . sometimes things don't go according to plan: the banderillero makes an error of timing, then has to race for cover while his colleagues try to distract the irate animal which is pursuing him. And since the men are all trying to draw the bull's anger onto themselves the tension never lets up. No wonder the crowd gasp and cheer and stand up to applaud—the whole spectacle is intensely exciting.

It also has a sexual dimension. The bull is muscular, aggressive, extremely powerful and very much male. Its opponents, slim, handsome young men, bright as butterflies, are attractive in their looks, in their movements, in the colourful swirling of their capes. To see them menaced by a great black bull touches some deep chord of the human psyche, in which sex, fear and power are all inextricably mingled.

Towards the end of the first *tercero*, the banderilleros exchange their capes for long, barbed darts with fluttering streamers of various colours. Each man has to place a pair of these darts firmly in the bull's shoulder muscles, the idea being to weaken those muscles so that the bull's head eventually sinks. Darts in hand, the banderillero stands stock-still as the bull, no longer distracted by the cape, charges directly at him. Almost unbelievably, the darts are placed from in front, between the horns, and the banderillero has only a split second to escape. This *tercero* ends when the bull is carrying six darts, with dark blood now trickling from each of its wounds. The second *tercero* is announced, as was the first, by a fanfare. Now the bull is confronted by the picador, a horseman dressed as Sancho Panza and carrying a long spear. Both man and horse wear padded cotton armour, so although the bull charges into the horse often enough, little harm seems to be done; and the banderilleros are still around, to draw off the bull, should a horse be brought to its knees. Again the bull's shoulder muscles are attacked, this time by the picador, who thrusts his lance into the raging animal as often as he can. Cruel indeed; but also a feat of some skill and courage, performed from the back of a terrified horse. It must be very difficult to keep one's seat, let alone one's cool judgement, in such circumstances.

Another fanfare announces the third and final *tercero*, bull against matador. The bull is winded, bleeding, but still vigorous. The matador, in his own distinctive colours, is fresh, his new red-and-yellow cape as yet unstained. He has earlier observed the animal, with an eye for any oddities of behaviour which might prove unpredictably dangerous: for example, whether it tends to attack from left or right. Scarcely moving from the spot, he 'plays' the bull with his cape, evading each potentially lethal charge by lithe body movement rather than nimble footwork. Both his cape and uniform become smeared with blood as the wretched bull rushes fruitlessly by, time after time after time. The crowd, eyes riveted on the arena, cheer each particularly audacious manoeuvre by the matador. Before many minutes

have gone by, the bull, still powerful, still firmly on its feet, still menacing, halts. It appears to take stock. One could almost swear that it was assessing the situation. Sword in hand, the matador approaches. The bull stands panting, but motionless, watching him. Has the animal decided to give up? It certainly looks that way. The struggle now seems largely psychological, the man dominating the bull by sheer force of presence and will. Weakened by wounds, the bull allows its head to droop lower and lower. With one fierce, sudden, violent lunge between the horns, the matador severs the bull's aorta, the great artery that leads from the heart. A little shiver; a brief moment of doubt; and the bull drops as though struck by lightning. Since it came into the ring, full of life and strength, only 25 minutes have elapsed.

Six times in one evening I watched this ritual being enacted; and it clearly is a ritual. From the opening procession until jingling ponies drag the dead bull away through the sand, the sequence of events follows the same pattern for each 'fight'—if it can be called a fight. It would be more accurate, though less concise, to describe it as an elaborate drama of life and death, in which real events have replaced fiction. The bull-fight is as life-like as life itself. Entertainment, music, colour, pain, danger, sex, violence, art—all are involved to some degree. And on a more prosaic level, some adventurous young men are trying to earn a living. Like life, the bull-fight is complex, mysterious, fascinating; like life, it closes with death; like life, the end is pre-ordained and inevitable.

Reflecting afterwards on the experience, I could neither enthuse nor disapprove without some reservations in either case. No one who feels for animals need have the arguments against bull-fighting rehearsed. It is a bloody, cruel and unnecessary sport. Some might also say that it degrades the human beings who watch or take part. In my own case, I noticed that my responses very rapidly became dulled. I was able to watch the killing of the sixth bull with something near indifference; and it occurred to me at the time that the slaughter of Christians in the Colosseum might have been regarded as an art-form by the cultured Roman. Furthermore, I no longer felt sure that even that kind of 'entertainment' would horrify me quite as much as it ought to. This was not a welcome discovery, just a new fact about myself. You could say that the bull-fight 'brutalised' me.

On the other hand, men have killed animals, other than out of necessity, since time immemorial. Very often it has been by way of religious sacrifice, ostensibly to appease or flatter a god. Bull-fighting has the undertones of a sacrificial event. Human aggression is vented on an animal victim; and the shared experience of violence emphasises what one could call the group-solidarity of the crowd.

For a while, I wondered whether this ritual slaughter was in honour of the God of Life or the God of Death. Then I remembered that they were one and the same.

SIGNIFICANT SUBJECTS IN ART

by Tim Newark

LOOKING around contemporary art exhibitions, one would think that very little had happened in the world over the last few years. Political conservatism, labour strife, unemployment, terrorism, foreign wars, East-West tension—all are curiously ignored. Apparently they are not subjects worthy of artistic attention. Instead, artists prefer to make paintings of a very personal nature; lone fantasies; solitary, quirky views of friends and objects full of private significance. Above all, contemporary artists are fascinated by their own art. They paint about paint; make sculpture about sculpture. Little else outside their studio matters. In return, it is not surprising that the great majority of the public consider contemporary art a very marginal activity: hardly worth their attention.

There was a time when artists used to tackle the big issues of their day—newspaper headlining events—and these artworks usually fell into the category of history painting. Today, history painting is shunned. One reason for this is that politically inspired art is too often read as propaganda. Russian Social Realism or French Revolutionary Classicism are not widely appreciated by art enthusiasts: they preach too much. And yet, such painting has produced striking art, full of humanity. Surely, once the political bias of an artist is realised, one can go beyond it to appreciate his handling of human situations—his insight into the major actions of men and women. Perhaps the Modern style is not suited to such visions? Yet Realism is as much a painterly style as Modernism, and look at Picasso's 'Guernica' or Nash's 'We are Making a New World'. These are Modernist masterpieces treating big subjects with moving humanity.

There is also an aesthetic stance, maintained by critics and historians this century, that favours the vague in art. Art should not be clear-cut: it should be open to a variety of meanings according to the viewer's individual response. Such a point of view has given artists the benefit of the doubt: got them off the hook of thinking out significant schemes before they get down to work. They are mystics handling a sacred art which is not supposed to be understood. If the spiritual experience touches you, then you have entered the realm of the believers; if not—tough luck! When film-makers set about constructing a movie, they have to consider how to bring the viewer through their artistic experience. Painters do not need to think about this. The burden of appreciation lies with the viewer. Only the most enthusiastic or culturally ambitious persist with this mystery.

One could argue that photograph and film deal very well with the humanity of political and social events. This is true. Since 1945, few artists have dealt so powerfully and emotionally with war as photographers. Painters know that, and have given up. Why bother with representing the news, when photographers do it so much better? But painting is not photography. Painting is the interpretation of an experience over a long period of time. It is not supposed to be up to date; it is not supposed to be realistic; it is

not supposed to be objective—that is the beauty and value of painting; and in any case, at the moment in the world of high art there are no artist journalists; painters and sculptors who get out of the studio and report their experience of humanity to a wide audience.

Of course, there are exceptions. In the Tate Gallery's 'Hard-Won Image', a studio-bound exhibition of figurative art, Richard Hamilton ventured into the headlines with a portrait of a Maze prisoner on 'dirty protest'. It is a powerfully effective image, though it leaves one wondering whether Hamilton is more interested in the media image itself than what it represents: is more keen to pursue a radical chic enthusiasm for quasi-religious symbolism and the random patterns of 'dirty' smears, than presenting a sensitive appreciation of the Irish problem. It would be so much more challenging and genuinely moving to see just one artist directly tackle the tragedy of an innocent victim of a terrorist bombing.

Gilbert and George and R. B. Kitaj are the most well-known contemporary artists to have works bought by the Imperial War Museum. The formers' artwork consists of a framed set of old postcards, some of which show First World War scenes. The latter's consist of prints of front-covers of martial German magazines from the Second World War. Art about art. Images without humanity. Ian Hamilton Finlay sums up this train of art neatly with his prints of tanks in which the attractive patterns of their camouflage are his primary concern. This is all very fine and art-historical. Only Terry Atkinson, with his caricature of the Argentine Junta, and Colin Self, with his melted nuclear victim, have scratched the surface of direct contemporary experience of warfare; yet one does not only want political cartoons or mutilated mannequins. One also wants considered, substantial painting and sculpture that speaks to many.

In last year's Royal College of Art Degree Show, one student confronted the outside world. James Dodds painted his reaction to the problems of Solidarity and Poland's unions. Having worked as an apprentice shipwright before he came to the R.C.A., he focused upon the Polish shipyard workers to express his appreciation of the humanity of the situation, and subsequently the painting is genuinely touching—not just a rip-off of potent media images. Struggling against a passion for Max Beckmann and a dependence on obvious symbolism, his paintings have yet to reach perfection, but at least he cares more about the significance of his subject-matter than all the other students put together.

Overwhelmingly, it seems that young painters are too young to know what to paint. Coming through school, foundation course, and art college, they have had so little experience of the world outside the academic studio that they seem unaware of political and social events as subject-matter expressive of human emotion and intellect. Instead, they become excessively self-obsessed and depict a private world. Here is the problem, for when the successful few grow up to become professional artists, they take this poverty of subject-matter with them to their part-time jobs as teachers. They inherit, too, the notion of their Modernist masters that art has always (supposedly) been at the margin of civilisation, understood only by few

anti-establishment.

Art does not lose its integrity through considering a popular audience. Art can and should stimulate the general public. To do this, it should meet them halfway; representing what interests them as much as what interests the artist. Today, artists have little ambition. They want a one-man show in Cork Street, they want to sell a lot of work; yet they remain small-minded and have little aspiration for a dialogue with the general public. I do not suggest they tackle only serious political matters. Let us have some history paintings of sport, popular entertainment, family life, science and technology. The message is: deal with big, significant subjects. Otherwise, the art of recent years will end up being one of the great decorative art movements of this century.

[Tim Newark is art correspondent for *National Student*.]

The August issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Shi'ism and the Islamic Revolution* by Khalid Kishtainy, *Fifty-Four Years of Political Life* by Lord Molson, *Scotland—A Nation in Limbo* by Gordon Wilson MP, *Drugs Misuse—A New Solution* by L. F. Lowenstein.

EDGAR DEGAS: THE PAINTER AS PRINTMAKER

by Philip Vann

EDGAR Degas (1834-1917), self-confessedly the least spontaneous of men, aspired as an artist towards an objective classical rendition of reality. He wrote in 1886: 'But it is essential to do the same thing over again, ten times, a hundred times. Nothing in art must seem to be chance, not even movement.' With the ultra-refinement of an ascetic, monkish cast, this very private *haut-bourgeois* cultivated the portrayal of *demi-mondain* urbanity—life highlighted by the gas lamp's acid glare and the artificial beams of the theatre arc; life seen through the keyhole and from the third row of the music hall, the view rendered both obscure and naturalistic by everyday obtrusions.

The present exhibition at the Hayward Gallery, first and foremost a scholarly review of Degas' making of prints and monotypes, repays close study and examination. It reveals his dedicated, painstaking singlemindedness and the tireless self-discipline of his attempts to capture, in different forms, the gestures, movements and expressions which make up that imponderable—the fleeting moment. While regarding the various stages and printings of the etchings, lithographs, drypoints and aquatints, the minute but sometimes fundamental shiftings of, for instance, feature or *chiaroscuro*, and the more major developments of emphasis and composition, the observer becomes cognisant of those very extremes of perfectionism which governed the *peinture-graveur*. The monotypes astonish us with their quickly achieved, hard-earned perfection—spontaneity assured through self-discipline.

The Paris of the second half of the nineteenth century was not a merely geographical location. Its intellectual and artistic achievements, its exhilarating concentration of creative, imaginative energy, through such leading figures as Zola, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Redon, Monet, Manet, Pissaro, Cassat, Cezanne, Degas, all to very different degrees recognised by their contemporaries, justify its soubriquet and laurel, 'capital of the century'. With hindsight (and an element of envy, even) we can see how the Post-Impressionists such as the painters Vuillard and Bonnard, modernists such as Picasso and the poet Apollinaire and Matisse, too, all reaped the huge benefits which the Parisian School, what we loosely call the Impressionists and Symbolists, heralded: a new freedom of perspective, subject-matter and attitude.

These freedoms, paradoxically as ever in the case of Degas, were exercised through highly-deliberated technique and, in his prints, the technological innovations which contemporary print-making and photography afforded. The earlier prints here on display are proof of Degas' devotion to Rembrandt, whose etchings were regarded in the nineteenth century, with every justification, as the summit achievement of fine print-making. In an etching of 1857, Degas has, somewhat sketchily yet nonetheless expressively, made his own version of Rembrandt's 'Young Man in a

Velvet Cap' (1637). Rembrandtesque *chiaroscuro*, tonality and feeling characterise other Degas prints of this time.

The etching of the portrait of the engraver Joseph Tourny was executed in 1857. Over the next decade, six printings in one state of this portrait were made. As the plate was put aside for periods of time, we see in each successive printing evidence of scratching and corrosion. The first printing of the three-quarter-length portrait is lightly and delicately notated. The second is even more lightly and softly accented. The several examples we have of the third printing show how Degas manipulated the ink on the plate (there is a fingerprint visible on the Metropolitan printing) and on this occasion aimed for a velvety, painterly texture. The heavy ink retained on the Karlsruhe third printing, with its darkening and near-obliteration of the lines of the beret and body, contributes to portraiture of brooding, inner mystery, characteristic of the Dutch master himself. With different printings, the lines and circles of Tourny's eyes darken and lighten, become grave and then ruminative. Ink variation subtly transforms the psychological mood of each printing, forming, like a succession of photographs of a subject under different light conditions or weather, a subtly-varied, complex outward interpretation of inward feeling.

The 1857 self-portrait of the twenty-three year old artist was the only one of many in different media which he released from his studio. Like other self-portraits of the period, this is a great study of youthful confidence and some strange quality made up, perhaps, of unsmiling, inner certainty, shyness and disdain. The finished fourth state in which the features have been retouched and straightened and the ink tone deepened (without removing the delicate hatching which delights us in the first state) reminds us, when set beside his drawn self-portraits, how closely allied were Degas' printing techniques to his masterful draughtsmanship.

The etching and drypoint in four states of Manet, also a 'toff-artist' (in Kitaj's arresting phrase), seated sideways on a chair, is a sympathetic study in fellow feeling and, almost, class-identification. The neatly turned-out artist, with his casual posture, hands clasped, top hat on floor, is given a timeless, human quality by the sensitive fine-lining around his eyes. Degas once said: 'If I could live my life again, I should do nothing but black and white.' The standard nineteenth century male bourgeois costume, like Manet's here, was eminently suited to Degas' powers and inclinations.

It has been endlessly debated to what extent Degas, as he grew older, became more misogynist, misanthropic, and anti-Semitic. There is undoubtedly evidence for all these things, but there is also evidence indicating that he adopted the public persona of sour reactionary partly because it was 'the done thing' for a man of his time and social position (though that is no excuse) but also that his world-weariness was defensive and, in fact, perhaps masked its very opposite—an all-embracing, if repressed, social empathy. This sublimates itself in many of his works of art.

Many of the Parisian upper-middle-classes of his time enjoyed the rough-and-ready working-class atmosphere of such places as the musical halls and brothels. It was almost a rule of thumb that the more refined an artist's

sensibility, the more conventionally scandalous his liaisons—witness Baudelaire's with Jeanne Duval and Verlaine's with Rimbaud. Although, as far as we know, Degas was a lifelong celibate, he, too, was captivated by the crude vitality of Parisian low-life. His *gamine* ballet dancers, stretching, yawning, sweating no doubt, not pretty by fashionable standards, his café singers, emitting, we surmise, vulgarly generous and rich notes—these subjects shocked the critics well into the 1880s.

Degas' prints of café-concert singers are surely among the most original and brilliant works of the nineteenth century. These non-idealising, detached figurations of popular glamour reveal the artist at, simultaneously, his most fastidious and experimental. The lithograph of Mlle Becat at the *Café des Ambassadeurs* (1877), the star singer with outflung arms, was used as the basis of the coloured pastel of that subject (1885). Chandeliers, the moon, a mirror, glass globes and the illuminated *artiste* create white pools of light, confounding the distinction between the artificial and the natural, in the midst of theatrical darkness. The result is one of living abstraction. The *caf-conc* singers are presented in all their female strength and raw individuality—a rare achievement for a nineteenth century man, unique except for that of Lautrec.

We are confronted by twenty-two states of a woman 'Leaving her Bath' (1879-1880). The woman stands eternally with one foot in the bath, about to emerge and be enveloped by a large bath robe, held by a maid, only whose eyes, elbow and a minimum of hair and uniform are visible. What is so fascinating about this series is that successive states or 'frames' illustrate, to a certain degree, Degas' working method. For us, it is like standing by the working artist as he develops, modifies, prunes and extends his theme. Flowers are introduced into empty vases, and then grow more luxuriantly as the ink deepens. The bather's left foot becomes more solid and differentiated from the bathwater. Degas wrote in 1879: 'Do all kinds of objects in use, placed, associated in such a way that they take on the life of the man or woman, corsets that have just been taken off, for example, and which still retain as it were, the shape of the body, etc., etc.' In this series, 'the shape of the body' is anticipated by the virgin robe, which, with each printing, becomes more sensuously textured and defined.

This least spontaneous of men exhibited a rare spontaneity, or rather a detached quickness, in his monotypes, of which 26 are here displayed. Monotyping, which excludes impression or engraving of the plate, allows the ink on the metal or glass plate to be manipulated freely, using fingers, brush or materials. The fluidity of ink usually limits the production to one print. Degas was certainly one of the innovators of this technique, and one senses that he holidayed in the novelty and calligraphic immediacy his discoveries provided. The precious results are, on the whole, unbelievably life-like. We become voyeurs and eavesdroppers on intimate, now-historical scenes—group conversations, *tête-à-têtes*, lovers' confidences, a woman sleeping, and we feel almost embarrassed at our intrusion into the privacy of the unguarded, oblivious subjects. With a stylistic flourish and abandon that looks forward to Vuillard and Matisse, two figures are placed in the

its closure as a calamity. Some may be fortunate in finding other, perhaps more congenial, employment. The younger people move from the district. The problem of a declining community is surely a matter for the Social Services. The skilled workforce must be induced to transfer to newly developed areas where mines will have a long life and productivity be much greater. The inducement is provided by the miners' production bonus. An uneconomic pit pays no such bonus. In a productive mine the worker can expect a bonus equal or higher than, and in addition to, his basic wage. Prospects were never better.

So, to anyone who enquires, 'Why close a colliery?', the answer is surely obvious.

Tredegar, Wales.

Yours faithfully,

C. J. WHITE

A DIFFERENT SLANT ON INDIA

Dear Madam,

With India so much in the news and all of it bad news and following John Hatch's article, 'Rajiv's India' (No. 1431 Vol. 246), I have a small contribution to make to its history. I derive it from that great man, Admiral Nimitz, who was Commander-in-Chief of the US Navy in the Pacific during World War II. After the take-over in India and the Partition between Hindus and Moslems, a plebiscite was proposed for Kashmir, whether it was to go to India or Pakistan, though its population was known to be some two-thirds or three-quarters Moslem. Admiral Nimitz was appointed by the United Nations to preside over the plebiscite.

A conscientious, methodical man, he made all the preparations, collected all relevant documents and evidence, contacted possible colleagues, cosmopolitan and impartial; but found that he could not make headway with the project. It was financed by the UN; he didn't want to be paid for doing a job that could not get off the ground, so he proposed to 'hand in his cards' (his words to me).

The UN asked him not to give up, but make yet another effort. All to no good: he could not get round the obstruction he had continually met with—and at last he found where it came from. It came from Nehru. As a Kashmiri Brahmin, he was determined that Kashmir should not go to Pakistan, though that was what the overwhelming majority of its population wanted. Hence one, if not two or three wars, between India and Pakistan—once, happily united under British rule.

Nimitz concluded peaceably, with his usual moderation, that he did not think much of Nehru as a statesman. I have a different word for it. I can quite understand a Machiavellian realist of a politician determined to hold on to a territory he came from, against the wishes of the majority. But I don't think much of it when it comes from someone like Nehru, who always took a high ethical line, a holier-than-thou attitude towards the West.

Yours faithfully,

St. Austell, Cornwall.

A. L. ROWSE

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

And the Violins Stopped Playing. Alexander Ramati. Hodder. £8.95. *Happy Families.* Nigel Gray. Macmillan. £8.95. *The Governess.* Patricia Angadi. Gollancz. £8.95. *Artist Unknown* Robert Rubens. Bachman and Turner £7.50. *The Tenth Man.* Graham Greene. Bodley Head and Anthony Blond. £6.95. *The Kingdom of the Wicked.* Anthony Burgess Hutchinson. £8.95. *The Withered Arm and Other Wessex Tales.* Thomas Hardy. (With an Introduction by Robert Gittings) Heinemann Educational Books. £1.95.

At a time when so many familiar themes relating to World War II and the 'holocaust' in particular are being ventilated, it is refreshing to find a different aspect worthy of remembrance, one too often overlooked. In his new novel, *And the Violins Stopped Playing*, Alexander Ramati has concentrated on the planned annihilation of the gypsy tribes which in 1939 still occupied an honourable and quite powerful position in the Balkans and Eastern Europe. True, many of them were becoming urbanised, earning a living dancing, telling fortunes and playing traditional gypsy music, but they were far outnumbered by the roaming clans, well endowed with horses, caravans and the means of existence as they travelled the extensive forest and mountain areas of Bohemia. And this state of affairs might have continued indefinitely but for the Nazi turnabout. Having first acknowledged the Romanies as Aryan the German High Command later sought to obliterate them for reasons which remain unclear.

While attending a World Romany congress, Alexander Ramati encountered a man who had miraculously survived the extermination process. He had recorded his experiences in a brief, factual form and this he handed to Alexander Ramati as the possible basis for a novel. It proved a tempting proposition. *And the Violins Stopped Playing* is a fictionised version of the ordeal of one gypsy family in circumstances with which we are only too familiar. Because the Polish tribes had been assured of their safety and were in collaboration with the German occupying authorities, they were ill-prepared for their fate.

Roman Mirga, his parents and young sister, as far into the war as 1942, were still playing Zigeuner music for the Nazi officers when they received a belated warning and were entreated to take to the road. Many refused to believe in their impending doom. Almost too late, their leader, the Shero-Rom, realised the truth of it. Under cover of darkness the long haul towards Hungary began. All available funds were invested by the *Kumpania* in equipment for the journey which, arduous though it was, paradoxically revived in the city gypsies their true love of the nomadic way of life. All seemed set for success and the mood became triumphant until evidence appeared to prove that many of those who went before them had already perished. Yet for Roman Mirga, by this time married to a child-bride, the promised land still beckoned. It was all the more tragic when a similar fate to the Jews overtook them. They were shunted off in cattle trucks to one of the more notorious concentration camps; one in which unspeakable horrors were

committed in the name of medical and scientific research. No members of the Shero-Rom's family survived, with the exception of Roman Mirga and his sister, and it is estimated that at least 300,000 gypsies perished.

Alexander Ramati is remarkable in writing in several languages other than his native Polish tongue. Many of his descriptions are memorable, as for instance the traditional Christmas celebration in a delapidated Polish mansion just before the last out-posts of the Polish nobility were finally obliterated. If the scenes of suffering in the camps seem to make less impact than they should it is because of over-exposure during recent months of a mind-boggling situation. With interesting maps, and much first-hand information about the language and customs of the Romanies, *And the Violins Stopped Playing* makes its own very individual contribution to the anniversary of the end of World War II.

The rigours of communal and family life among the Romanies almost amounts to a tyranny. Yet in the ironically titled *Happy Families* by Nigel Gray—a first novel 'for adults'—the lack of comparable guidelines is seen to invite instability. The characters who inhabit Nigel Gray's world move in a crowded, hostile environment yet suffer a terrifying isolation. The general argument would seem to be that children deprived of proper love and care are unable in adult life to provide either affection or a stable background for those who may become dependent on them. Nonetheless young Paul, himself a victim of horrific bullying by a half-crazed mother, did seek to create a warm, loving atmosphere for himself, his wife, Laura, and baby daughter, Josephine. Alas, Laura, a congenital slattern, was unable to concentrate on the performance of the simplest household and maternal tasks. So hopeless is the situation that they decide to separate and almost casually arrange to have their child adopted; but Paul, a young man with very positive sexual urges, does not for long remain unattached. Soon, he is having an affair with Sheila, already married to Tom, but willing to leave her husband for a will-o-the-wisp way of life in caravans and 'squats'; soon complicated by the birth of a daughter, Sophie.

To his credit, Paul finds more permanent accommodation; yet again his choice was unfortunate, for Sheila suffers from nervous disorders which soon turn to severe mental illness until finally she is 'committed' to a mental hospital for the chronically disturbed. Whereupon the hapless Paul again finds himself in the role of nurse, this time to the infant Sophie, in-between visits to the grim institution in which his common-law wife is incarcerated. For the better informed and educated, there might have been ways of escape but not in the dim hinterland of society occupied by the likes of Paul and Sheila. Paul decides that the only solution is to murder Sophie, which he does by the simple means of drugging and then suffocating her. The aftermath of the mercy killing in terms of an inquest or criminal charges is not narrated. Whether Paul would have been 'bound over' or sent to prison is not important. He is too deeply embedded in poverty and apathy to be able to come to terms with his situation. *Happy Families* may be read either as an indictment of the authorities who permit such cases to slip through the net of social care, or as a criticism of the victims for not having made better arrangements for themselves: yet here indeed is the nub of the dilemma. Neither well-meaning Paul, with his unbounded sexual appetite and disinclination for steady work, nor his unstable wives had much if anything to offer a contemporary computerised society.

The 'family' so meticulously described in *The Governess*, a first novel by Patricia Angadi, is a world away from the employment queue and social security depot, but it could not be claimed that the nerve-torn members of the Lane-Baker clan were in any sense contented with their lot. Rich, certainly, with an imposing house in Hampstead and another by the sea at Frinton, yet the children and their warring parents work out their internecine warfare with scant regard for tranquillity or spiritual well-being. Eleanor Lane-Baker had given birth to six children, including twins, in too rapid succession, at a time when family planning was in its infancy. Her consolation lay in the adoration of her brood and the conviction that she controlled their destiny; but when, in 1918, she engaged a mouse-like governess, Mabel Herring (Herry), she hoped to gain freedom to develop her own interests. Admittedly, she had misgivings about the apparent paragon which, over successive years, proved to be well founded; for gradually things changed within the family circle. What had once been the innocent sparring of young children became conflict of a far more serious nature. Feuds and mutual hostility deepened and worst of all, the young people became openly hostile to their parents. In her arrogance and bewilderment, Eleanor became a veritable termagant, upbraiding her long-suffering husband, Teddy, antagonising the children and threatening the governess with dismissal. Throughout the turmoil Herry appears to be the only bastion of commonsense. Inevitably, though not very convincingly, Teddy drifts into an affair with her and this leads to yet another and far more sinister disaster. One of the boys, Miles, is also in love with Herry and hopes someday to marry her. When he realises her involvement with his father he commits suicide by drowning. From then on, the scene darkens. The twins, encouraged to abandon their near-neurotic relationship, become pale shadows of their former interesting selves. One of the girls, Helen, displays all the symptoms of serious mental disorder while the baby of the family, over-weight 'cuddly' Margaret, ends up by becoming so dependent on Herry that pupil and teacher eventually settle down together in a country cottage. Only Justus, the eldest son, retains his aloof attitude and records the final events as they occur to him, long after the traumas have died down. The story is unfolded in a series of short sections from the viewpoints of the various actors in the drama, with the notable exception of Herry. This could have been a disadvantage. In fact, it is successful in presenting the many facets of a large family, so dissimilar that they might not have belonged to the same breed. The main stumbling block would seem to be the decision to place emphasis on Herry as the knowing source of all evil which befalls the Lane-Bakers. The destructive influence of an outsider is a theme often explored in fiction. In this instance it is insufficiently built up. Herry is portrayed as a cloying, saccharine personality, not intelligent, but with a passion for uncovering weaknesses in those around her in order to adopt the role of ministering angel; a common enough foible, although not always readily identified. The real villain was more likely to be the mother, Eleanor, with her obsession for ordering the lives of her children and the constant airing of bitter grievances against her husband. Yet this short, intriguing account of family life in the era between the Wars does not really require a grandiose or underlying theme.

Robert Rubens has a very different story to tell and one which is ideal for summer reading. He possesses the rare gift of combining the elements of pure farce with the credible world of orthodox comedy. In *Artist Unknown* we meet one of his incomparable characters, Aunt Rose, hovering blissfully between our own era and the past, a P. G. Wodehouse dragon with a heart of gold

concealed beneath a prickly exterior. 'Read less but more thoroughly' is a characteristic admonition to her bemused nephew, Marcus, as he grapples with the dilemma of having missed his appointment for fitting a new suit. That he works in a stockbrokers' office and frequents the respectable milieu off Sloane Square is sufficient to set the scene for a series of skilful manoeuvres. Soon, he is off for a holiday in Somerset. Yet the story does not remain tied to these familiar scenes. Robert Rubens requires a more colourful backcloth against which to display his sense of fun—in this case the island of Ibiza. And here, with a mystery concerning a missing picture and misunderstandings over the ownership of a distinctive sports car, the various opposing factions are resolved without heartbreak and much good-humour.

The publication of a new novel by Graham Greene must be regarded as a literary landmark and with *The Tenth Man* it is of particular interest. For this is no freshly minted work of fiction but one, complete in itself, which had lain neglected for over forty years in the archives of the film company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It proves to be no mere film scenario, but an absorbing story in its own right—dealing with a subject which must have been uppermost in many minds in the aftermath of World War II—the return to civilian life in a broken and disrupted community. A group of French citizens had been arrested by the occupying Germans and the overlords decreed that one in each ten prisoners would be executed. Ironically, it was the wealthy Jean-Louis Chavel who drew the fatal lot.

Instead of accepting his death sentence with courage and equanimity he auctioned his life, in exchange for a fortune, to an impoverished fellow detainee, one Janvier who, though aware that he must now die, accepted his fate in order to bestow the Chavel coffers on his sister. So much for the past; the plot then moves forward to the immediate post-war period. France would have been a state of near-chaos yet Chavel revisits his old home while concealing his true identity and eventually seeks out Janvier's sister. All might have rested there in a state of uncertain nostalgia yet, seeing the possibility of further twists and surprises, Graham Greene presses his narrative forward to the arrival on the scene of a man insisting that he is Janvier, unaccountably alive. None of this is impossible, given the period and the situation but, unlikely or not, *The Tenth Man* is an important curiosity, unearthed at a crucial time.

A new novel by Anthony Burgess is also an important event. This brilliantly versatile author seldom repeats his effects and the recreation of Biblical scenes at the period of the Caligula regime in *The Kingdom of the Wicked* is as ambitious as it is difficult to achieve and is in the main a continuation of *Man of Nazareth*. Others have attempted and failed to define the blend of brutality and civilisation which characterised the oppressive rule and decadent way of life in Imperial Rome. The problems in doing so are legion... a need to underline acts of brutalism which are nauseating and offensive to contemporary thought; dialogue between high-ranking officials of whose manner of informal conversation all too little is known and much of it seems as obligatory as it is stilted. Yet it could be argued that such defects are only secondary to the powerful structure which is primarily concerned with debate on the immediate aftermath of the birth of Christianity, and to give meaning to much that necessarily remains obscure. For the light it sheds and the promptings of new consideration, *The Kingdom of the Wicked* will be valued if not enjoyed.

A very welcome publication is *The Withered Arm and Other Wessex Tales*

which brings together two of the best known of Thomas Hardy's short stories with sandwiched between them three of lesser fame but which nonetheless make an important contribution to the general appreciation of Hardy's work. 'The Withered Arm', that sinister account of the 'evil eye' set on the fringes of Egdon Heath, never fails to hold the attention and is, we are told, revered by the Japanese. 'The Distracted Preacher', long by present short story standards, casts further light on the bucolic scene in and around 'Chaldon:' in reality a village in South Wessex. Perhaps the least satisfying in the collection is 'The Son's Veto', but the seldom-read 'Tony Kytes' shows Hardy in hilarious mood. The thoughtful and informative Introduction by Robert Gittings places these and the other stories in a useful perspective.

Also Received:

Sharpe's Honour. Bernard Cornwell. Collins. £8.95. Enthusiastic followers of Bernard Cornwell's redoubtable hero will welcome the appearance of a new volume to the series, *Sharpe's Honour*. There is plenty of movement and action, centring round a complex network of alliances and treaties, as between Spain and England in the early years of the nineteenth century. It was a brutal situation in a brutal age and Bernard Cornwell makes no concessions to the squeamish. Sharpe has never faced a more devastating crisis than in this moment of decisive warfare, tinged with personal animosity and revenge. The question arises, was the battlefield with all its primitive inadequacies better or worse than a twentieth century theatre of war? Certainly no serving soldier, now or then, would be likely to display more personal courage and initiative than Major Richard Sharpe.

The Haunting. C. A. Dawson Scott. Tabb House. £3.95. The Cornish based novels of C. A. Dawson Scott tend to be overlooked in the sixty or so years since their publication and so a re-issue is particularly welcome of one of her very best ghost stories, *The Haunting*. This dramatic story revolves around an isolated though never tranquil corner of Cornwall which is not too difficult to identify.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

THE BACKLASH SYNDROME

The Strike. Roy Ottey. Sidgwick and Jackson. £7.95.

The Grenada Papers. Seabury and MacDougal. Foreword by Sidney Hook. Hardback £17.45, paperback £9.20. (Cilo Books.)

What have *The Strike* by Roy Ottey and *The Grenada Papers* by Paul Seabury and Walter MacDougal in common besides sounding like the titles of Robert Ludlum novels?

Mr. Ottey describes how the militant leadership of the Miners' Union circumvented the national strike ballot in a sincere but ill-thought-out attempt to force the N.C.B. to accept their policies on pit closures. To start a strike at a time of high coal stocks, after the winter, without full union support and without securing the help of other unions is a tribute to Arthur Scargill's charisma but not to his judgement. To appoint Mr. MacGregor as his opponent was to create the kind of confrontation that Mrs. Thatcher appears to relish.

For Malcolm Bishop to parrot Lenin in the context of a tiny Caribbean island, after seizing power from Sir Eric Gairy and his notorious Mongoose thugs, displays a similar naiveté on the part of a sincere, dedicated but equally inflexible man. The New Jewel movement, if one accepts the authenticity of the papers and documents, embodied many justifiable aspirations common to Third World countries. Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union and Cuba were the obvious suppliers of everything from typewriters to ammunition. However, just as Arthur Scargill miscalculated the strength of his adversaries and failed to build bridges with potential friends, Malcolm Bishop miscalculated the ruthlessness of the United States and his own and his tiny Island's potential vulnerability to internal dissent.

Roy Ottey, former General Secretary of the N.U.M. Power Group, is clearly a kindly man, not willing to impute evil motives to anyone and with no stomach for internecine strife. He writes with a curious simplicity. His childhood was typical of the non-conformist, co-operative and Union background peculiar to the British Labour movement. One sentence in his potted autobiography stands out starkly and movingly. On obtaining his first job in the pit his father instructed, 'Go and see George Harry Brearley in the Carpenter's shop. He's the union man for the shopmen. Don't come home tonight if you haven't joined.'

Those without that kind of background cannot grasp the sin of crossing a picket line and the intense loyalties and passions provoked by the dispute. There is no doubt that had there been a ballot in favour of a national strike Roy Ottey and others would have loyally stood by that decision. The tragedy lay in calling out areas in support of other areas without securing that solidarity. It was Ottey's contention that rather than a delegate conference, there should be a ballot but Arthur Scargill skilfully ruled against a ballot and made clear his intention 'to continue this fight until MacGregor and Thatcher withdraw their threats to our pits and our jobs'

With Ottey's wife ill, Scargill's defiance of a High Court ruling and unwillingness to consider a ballot, Ottey resigned after forty years in the family of his Union, fearful for the dignity of the miners as the trickle back continued and mindful of the divisions both in the Union and the N.C.B. hierarchies. Clearly he was hurt and bruised by Arthur Scargill's animosity and seeing Union

branches torn asunder as miners suffered just as they did in his childhood. His book adds a little to what we know of N.U.M. intense differences although there is an interesting *dramatis personae* preceding the narrative. However, Mr. Ottey clearly wanted his position recorded. It is straightforward, uncompromising and principled but one is left with the feeling that the total struggle is more complex when seen from outside in its wider context.

The same may be said of the simplistic anti-communism of *The Grenada Papers*. Clearly their publication is an attempt to justify US intervention and further interference in Nicaragua. No doubt the Soviet Union has similar obsessions. What the two books have in common is a paranoid fear of an alien ideology on their respective doorsteps.

Roy Ottey demonstrated the brittleness of Union democracy. Malcolm Bishop's murder by Bernard Coard and his fanatical extremists shows the brittleness of totalitarianism. However, Bishop had genuine widespread support going beyond a group of Marxist fanatics employing language and concepts far removed from the relaxed Caribbean Islands. Had the United States not quarantined Grenada and Cuba then there may have been a different scenario.

Certainly, Fidel Castro had no desire to see a Khmer Rouge type regime and called Coard the 'Pol Pot' of the Grenadian revolution. Significantly, he asserted a policy of not interfering in Grenada's internal affairs. President Reagan had no such reservations.

Just as some of us would have liked to see the miners be allowed to settle the dispute with dignity, there are others who wanted total surrender. Just as there are some who would like to see the United States understand the yearning for social and economic change in its southern hemisphere there are those who prefer the methods that led to Vietnam. Afghanistan illustrates the mirror image in the East.

It is instructive if depressing to look at a world in which entrenched and inflexible attitudes breed misery, chaos and death, be it in Northern Ireland, the Middle East or above all in Moscow and Washington. To see it in our coal fields and Whitehall is sad for a nation proud of its wisdom in the art of compromise.

PAUL ROSE

BLACK LEADERS IN AMERICA

Black Leaders in America 1895-1965. John White. Longman's Studies in Modern History Series. £5.50.

The role of the Blacks in American history has over the last 20 years become popular, even fashionable, among American historians and in American universities—and not only with Black students. John White's introduction to Black Studies is welcome. He concentrates on the careers of five very different leaders, from the deviousness of Booker Washington, born a slave and with a white father, to the inflammatory views of Malcolm X, the high intellectual attitudes of W. E. B. Du Bois, Marcus Garvey and 'Back to Africa', and notably Martin Luther King, the apostle of non-violence, skilful and statesmanlike and, to the readers, the greatest of them all. It is a rich and varied canvas. As he recognises, his essay on each can only be a summary of the complexities of their worlds. It might well be that, in all their variety, they are all figures in the long first chapter of Afro-America. For in 1980, still as symbol of protest, a black woman Sally Chisholm was a candidate for the Democratic Vice-Presidential ticket, and in 1984, much more formidably,

Jesse Jackson was a serious contender for the Presidential nomination. These are evidence of the more-than-protest and more-than-minority status that the Blacks now enjoy. Today there are almost 200 Black mayors. Blacks are prominent men and treated on merit in professional organisations, in business and corporate life, and, as they have long been, in their religious communities. This steady evolution is due to many causes, not omitting Supreme Court decisions. But it would not have happened without the colourful and varied leadership these five distinct, and often highly contentious and quarrelsome leaders, provided.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE PLACE OF SEXUALITY

Human Sexuality: Contemporary Controversies. Harold Feldman and Andrea Parrot (eds). Beverley Hills. Sage Publications. £13.75 (Paperback).

The field of human sexuality has experienced a massive overkill in recent years. This book will stand or fall on its ability to present new information in an already overdocumented area. In my opinion it measures up to this criterion.

Over 20 authors contribute to a broad review of current controversies. The book has four main sections dealing respectively with sexual relationships, individual choice in sexual intercourse and marriage, social policies with special reference to sex education, parenthood and ethical questions, and politics and legislation considering in turn state control of the family, the role of government and the influence of the law. As in all multi-author publications the standard of presentation is very variable and the approach differs depending on the views of the contributor.

The question of sex roles is hotly debated. Should a traditional pattern of male and female behaviour be followed or should less traditional sex roles be encouraged? What is the current status of homosexuality and is it more 'biologically normal' than heterosexuality? As might be anticipated no agreement is reached on these highly sensitive themes.

I found the section on individual choices one of the best in the book. The functions of sexual intercourse are accorded a critical appraisal. Should its primary purpose be procreation as adumbrated by the Catholic Church? Or are there other equally acceptable purposes such as sheer enjoyment and the demonstration of love? The relationship of sex to marriage is also reviewed. Should intercourse occur only within marriage as recommended by many theologians? Or should non-marital coitus be condoned and even encouraged? Here the current trend in the Western world and especially in the USA is for increasing freedom and permissiveness in the sexual attitudes of adolescents and young adults, and there is no evidence at present that this situation is changing.

The section on social policies has three main underlying themes. Should sex education be left to the family? Is parenthood acceptable only after a 'conventional marriage' has taken place? Is there a role for society in sexual matters or should the individual be permitted to behave exactly as he or she wishes? Obviously these topics arouse massive controversy and the section does well in presenting a broad spectrum of opinion.

The final part of the book dealing with politics and the law digs deeper into the issue of whether the state should control family *mores* and reproduction or whether this is a purely private matter outside legislative control. Here again the argument is well balanced and the discussion, although hard hitting, generally remains good humoured.

This book paints the subject of human sexuality with a broad brush and many of the contributors are recognised authorities in the field. Anyone interested in one of the most pressing problems of our time should read it but it will especially appeal to those with a more liberal viewpoint.

JOHN A. LORAINÉ

PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT

The Role and Limits of Government: Essays in Political Economy. Samuel Brittan. Temple Smith. £4.50 (Paperback).

The eleven essays are revised forms of previously published works dealing with the problems of government that occur because of incompatible claims of rival interest groups. Perhaps the central core is macro-economics in a democratic age. As the Assistant Editor and Principal Economist of the Financial Times one might be surprised how out of sympathy he is with Mrs. Thatcher's economic policies.

Part one investigates social welfare and utilitarianism. Brittan argues for a 'go-between' separating people and state—since the former are gullible and believe in the Wenceslas myth. Whether this should be Hayek's 'guardians' is open to question. Moreover, what of his utilitarian stance. In theory we know what this means but Brittan seems to be unclear.

Part two is based upon four familiar macro-economic themes—Prices, unemployment, government targets and the Friedman-Phelps adaptation of the Phillips curve. Here rational expectations gets 'bashed', but for all his criticisms of such a theory there is evidence that Brittan has picked 'a loser'. Could this be because of some misunderstanding? Perhaps there is also a flaw in his arguments to favour money G.D.P. rather than money-supply targets?

Part three concerns supply side problems particularly those of unemployment, pay and economic stresses in the west. Brittan looks at the impact of technology on employment and the fallacy that '... ultimately everyone is out of a job'. Historically technological breakthroughs have not led to high levels of unemployment, though whether technological progress occurs at a faster rate today is not investigated. Who then is placed with the cause of unemployment—the unions?

Has unionisation caused workers to price themselves out of the labour market? Could the abolition of wage councils, therefore, be the answer? Brittan further investigates the effects of housing subsidies, incomes policies and the like on the rigidity of labour.

We must not think that all the causes lie at the door of the unions. Brittan has other ghosts to exorcise. The inadequate competition and insufficient government intervention, spending and taxes, inflation, the class system and so on, all should share the burden. Thus, Brittan is as hard on Mrs. Thatcher as he is on the unions. Moreover, of particular note is the lineage of many 'Thatcherite' policies within those of the previous administrations of Wilson and Heath.

The book finishes by advocating the competitive and decentralisation of markets which needs to occur under any government. As Brittan notes, '... the entrenched position of industrial, economic and political interest groups will limit what can be achieved by any form of economic management, new or old'.

A book therefore of interest to the politician, economist and learned reader, but perhaps not for the amateur.

MARK COOK

of the revolution. In this volume Professor Bakhash has 'sought to provide a political history of the revolution, to trace the emerging institutional structure of the Islamic Republic, and to describe the ideology and aims that actuate Iran's new rulers.' He covers all this ground with remarkable lucidity and detachment. He supports his text with supporting references. It is an extraordinary story of a theocracy taking over from the Shah's autocracy. Throughout Ayatollah Khomeini is the dominating figure, ruthless in his pursuit of the pure Islamic society, with his interpretation of the Koran, in almost every field of endeavour. After President Bani-Sadi's impeachment in June 1981, the opposition of the Mojahedin was crushed with the utmost ferocity. It is estimated that 7,746 persons 'lost their lives through execution, in street battles, or under torture in the short period from June 1981 to September 1983.' Nonetheless Khomeini has retained, as Professor Bakhash points out, immense prestige, and in spite of the war with Iraq. After his death, will all go back into the melting pot? That is the author's view.

The Penguin English Dictionary 1985-86 (Penguin Books, £2.50). This is a remarkable dictionary for its price. Based on the Longman New Universal Dictionary (Longman Concise English Dictionary), it includes in over 1,000 pages more than 68,000 definitions. It claims to be up to date, with 'emphasis on contemporary usage', and with 'informal and colloquial expressions', and also 'technical words'. The work is to be revised and reissued yearly. One wonders whether, for example, 'privatise',

'database' and 'wordbank' will be included in the next edition, and under which category? All in all, it is a very useful and handy paperback which should attract a large sale.

Nicholas and Alexandra (Gollancz, £4.95). Robert K. Massie's 'portrait of the last Tsar and his family' was first published in 1968 and is now issued as a Gollancz paperback. It is a brilliantly written study. Much of it centres round the Tsar, the Empress Alexandra, their son Alexis the Tsarevich, and Rasputin. Having a son who suffered from haemophilia, Mr. Massie is particularly interested in the extraordinary healing power which Rasputin exercised over the haemophilic Alexis, and his relations with Alexandra. He can appreciate the latter's delusions over Rasputin's character. She regarded him as a man from God. At the same time, Mr. Massie accepts that his 'deliberate exploitation of weakness and devotion was nothing less than monstrous evil.' He also takes the view that the fall of the Tsar and the Soviet Revolution is largely attributable to Rasputin and his influence over the Empress and Nicholas. As to the Ekaterinburg murders, he is quite satisfied that none of the Imperial family escaped. As character studies and graphic descriptions of Imperial court life and high society, the book has much merit.

The Samaritans (Constable, £4.50 paperback). The Rev. Chad Varah has prepared this latest book on the expanding work of this organisation devoted to 'befriending the suicidal.' This volume contains a mass of information on their activities and particulars of branches and representatives in many parts of the world.

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<i>Contents</i>	<i>Page</i>
The Scottish Contradiction—A Nation in Limbo	Gordon Wilson, M.P. 57
Shi'ism and the Islamic Revolution	Khalid Kishtainy 62
Ring Out Orwell's 1984	Leo Mates 67
Nationalism in Europe	George W. Baer 71
Fifty-four Years of Parliamentary Life	The Rt. Hon. Lord Molson, P.C. 74
Present and Future Changes in South Africa: A Comment on Vale	John J. Ray 82
Drugs Misuse—A New Solution	L. F. Lowenstein 86
The Future of the BBC External Services	Cyril D. Townsend, M.P. 92
Pleasure Principle	John Elsom 97
Cinema: A Quarterly Review	David Shipman 102
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT	105
Earl of Longford, Esmond Wright, John A. Loraine, Desmond Hawkins, Richard Whittington-Egan	
SHORTER REVIEWS	111

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THE SCOTTISH CONTRADICTION—A NATION IN LIMBO

by Gordon Wilson, MP

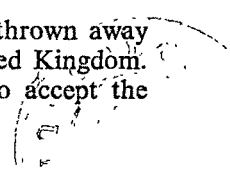
THE role played by Scotland over the last two hundred years has been so varied that its status in the UK, if not the wider world, defies analysis. Historically, there was not the slightest doubt. Scotland was one of the first European countries to be united, if loosely and sometimes precariously, under one monarch a thousand years ago. Scotland has been living within defined boundaries for the last seven hundred years. It is thus a nation of some considerable antiquity.

During the middle ages and beyond, Scotland resisted numerous invasions in order to secure her national integrity and despite sharing a common border with the large, powerful and aggressive Kingdom of England succeeded, unlike Ireland and Wales, in defending her independence.

While Wales and Ireland remained nations in language and spirit but did not have unifying institutions by and large, Scotland and England were countries which developed the attributes of states. That common characteristic hides great dissimilarities. For dynastic reasons, the Scottish state was weak and decentralised. Although not as anarchic as Poland, the Scots were not infrequently as vigorous in defending their individual and clan rights as they were in repelling external invasion whether that came from England or Scandinavia. Sovereignty in Scotland rested firmly with the people and not with the Crown. If that led to a weakness in central administration, it certainly did nothing to repress the essential vitality of the Scottish people.

It would be a mistake to write off Scotland's progress as a nation state simply because it did not have the wealth, population or power of England. The Scottish Kings and latterly parliament gave support to the arts, provided free legal aid for the poor, legislated for universal education several centuries before the rest of Europe, established five medieval universities when England had only Oxford and Cambridge and built up a distinctive and much admired legal system based on the Roman Civil Law like most of the countries of Western Europe but brilliantly adapted to the needs of Scotland by Viscount Stair.

Yet all those achievements of a fully fledged state were thrown away and Scotland today has become a region only of the United Kingdom. The watershed occurred in 1603 when James VI rushed to accept the



English throne on the death of Elizabeth. Scotland remained an independent nation until the Union of Parliaments in 1707 but the erosion of power took place immediately. Whereas the Union of Parliaments when it came was fully incorporating, it is interesting to see the depreciation of Scots sovereignty which occurred under the Union of the Crowns. For a start, James VI found it easier to govern Scotland from a safe distance than ever he experienced when resident in Edinburgh. From London, his commands became law and as he put it himself trenchantly:

Here I sit and govern with my pen: I write and it is done, and by a clerk of the Council I govern Scotland now which others could not do by the sword.

From then onwards the gravitational effects of Union became apparent. Even before 1603, Sir Thomas Craig, a distinguished lawyer who favoured a Union fairly recorded in his work *De Unione Regnorum Britanniae* some of the contemporary fears. These ranged from worries that the Kings would be 'Englishmen born in England, residing in England' to a belief that London would become the capital of the whole island complemented by a fear that this would lead in turn to Scotland's wealth such as it then was flowing to the new capital.

What is remarkable about these early predictions is that they became prophetic. The Treaty of Union in 1707 gave Scotland minority parliamentary representation in the Westminster Parliament but no parliamentary body of her own, however weak, which could administer and reform the laws of Scotland, let alone govern the country. England was taking no chances. We have 'caught Scotland' said one English statesman, 'and we shall not let her go'. It was true. England's last frontier was secure. The trend of authority sliding to the Crown after 1603 became total after 1707. This did not mean that Scotland experienced great interference from London. The country was governed by benign neglect and this policy largely left major Scottish institutions such as education, the law, banking, local government and the national church alone, even when reform was obviously a requirement. But the fact remained unassailable. Scotland was a community without a head and without leadership. The withdrawal of royal patronage which followed the departure of the Crown crippled cultural development. For many of the nobility and gentry, Scotland ceased to be their home. London, the Crown and Parliament created a new establishment offering employment and advancement to the ambitious. It had the disastrous by-product of denuding Scotland of talent.

Eventually the long held concept of nationhood weakened as the Scots began to ape the English customs and accents. Those with the money to do so sent their children to schools in England so that they would not be infected by Scotticisms which would inhibit their progress. This affected those whose future lay in Scotland and not just those who intended to live away from the country that gave them birth. Equally, the Scots were attracted to the possibilities of the colonies for trade and emigration.

This sublimation of Scotland's identity within the wider British community was relatively easy to achieve at a time of imperial expansion. Not only did the developing Empire of the 19th century give opportunities

to ambitious Scots, it also created a British ethos. To be British was to count in the world and many Scots took pride in their new heritage. In addition, Scotland had also made a mark on English and European society with the contributions to literature of Sir Walter Scott, to science and medicine through such as Kelvin and Simpson and to philosophy and economics through Hume and Smith. It was through that period relatively simple for Scots to be both Scottish and British. Romanticised Scottish culture became fashionable with some small assistance from Scott and Queen Victoria. Scotland was one of the major workshops of the world and in the view of many, unlimited expansion lay ahead.

The great recession after the First War began both the process of disillusionment and industrial decay. The age of Empire was passing and especially due to the two Wars. Governments commenced intervention in industrial policy. It was soon clear that Scotland needed strong public intervention for economic regeneration and this was not always available in the form and at a level that many Scots found acceptable. Even the dirigiste policies conducted during the Wars left Scotland, the North of England and Northern Ireland more committed to the heavy industries and textiles which were in decline whereas the Midlands and South of England diversified into the newer technologies of the machine tool, electrical, electronic, and automotive industries. It was hardly surprising that the 1930s saw the foundation of the Scottish National Party, the 1950s a petition for a Scottish Parliament signed by over two million people and the 1960s and 1970s a surge in the SNP vote to levels which the Alliance has never reached.

Yet a feature of the Union has been a deeply held view amongst many Scots that Scotland was a small weak country too poor to be economically viable and this was why many felt that Scotland should cling at all costs to dependence on Westminster. Given the power of Britain during the 19th century, this attitude is understandable. It is less so when the UK itself is in both economic and political decline but when times are hard people do not always feel sufficiently self-reliant to take a risk. A move towards renewed national independence is more likely to occur when there is widespread self-confidence in a new Scottish future or where by contrast there is a British disaster which engenders desperation. By definition, neither of these situations has yet arisen but what is particularly of interest is that the economic and political factors governing Scotland and Britain have changed radically in the last decade.

In industrial terms, Scotland's back is to the wall. Let us look at jobs first. Over a 15-year period from 1951 to 1966 Scotland's employment increased 3% compared with 15% in the UK overall. In the same period Ireland increased employment by 11% and Norway by 21%. Scotland's rise related almost entirely to women and men's jobs dropped by 20,000 in the period to 1968. Between 1980 and 1981 there occurred an even more spectacular avalanche when 100,000 jobs were lost in one year. This was not due completely to the recession alone. The recession in Scotland began later than that in England, was ultimately deeper and the recovery

has been slower. So despite the massive rate of emigration throughout the fifties and sixties when Scotland lost half a million people in total, unemployment has not only remained high in international terms but has worsened. This is a result of the failure of the economy to grow sufficiently rapidly to provide the necessary job opportunities.

One of the significant changes since the war has been the departure of medium and large firms in the indigenous private sector as a consequence of uncontrolled mergers, takeovers, nationalisation, head office migration or commercial failure. There has been a centralisation mania in the UK as a whole which has had the effect of removing decision making powers from Scotland. In other words, industry has been adversely affected by the gravitational pull from London in the same manner that society in Scotland was harmed by the removal of the Royal Court to England after 1603. Increasingly, Scottish interests have been fighting a stiff rearguard action in recent years. After having lost five of the six largest insurance companies in the seventies through English takeover, significant victories were achieved in the eighties through saving of Highland Distillers and the Royal Bank of Scotland. Still, it is a hard fight and there is clear evidence that Scotland has sustained heavy losses in commercial leadership as healthy indigenous enterprises have drained south.

Similar centralisation has occurred in England—with Liverpool and Merseyside probably worst affected—but only from Scotland has come any coherent drive to retain local decision centres and institutions. The scars of decline have left frustration, despair and resentment. It is therefore no surprise that Scotland has seen increased support for a Scottish parliament which will have industrial and economic powers. In the seventies, the dramatic election of 11 Scottish National Party MPs forced a Labour Government to produce a plan for an elected Scottish Assembly but this came to grief because the proposals were badly thought out and did not go far enough. Although the eighties have so far not produced a shock from the SNP, support for complete independence has risen in the opinion polls to between 22% and 25%. Equally, the stress of the last few years has seen the proportion of those who seek devolution rise to over 70%.

So if the age of imperialism tipped the balance of Scottish identity away from Scotland to Britain, the decline of Britain in economic terms at home and in influence and power world-wide is having the contrary effect. The Scots of today are looking for new horizons. At home within the British state, Scotland is without respect and wealth. In the UK, it is the South which is in the ascendant. Yet Scotland is the fifth largest oil producer in the world and therefore has the resources for re-investment and renewal. It is indeed remarkable that Scotland is allowing successive cuts in public expenditure when the Treasury is benefiting this year to the extent of £12 billion in revenues from oil produced from the Scottish sector of the North Sea and so far this has been politically possible only because the Scots have been giving support to the Labour Party which

despite its electoral strength in Scotland has never compromised its centralist British beliefs. But any British Chancellor of the Exchequer dependent on oil must keep a watchful eye on the Northern border.

No one knows for certain what is in store: but it is evident that the British economy remains on the skids with long-term problems arising when oil production, exports and revenues fall. Sterling is already regarded by the financial community as a petro-currency and in recent times it fluctuated badly with declining oil prices until rescued by greater stability in oil markets and the growing weakness of the dollar. The balance of trade is heavily in the red on trade in manufactured products, disguised only by the surpluses in invisibles and oil production. When oil production drops, as it will within the next few years, the pressures on the British economy will trigger off a crisis.

As with other peoples the Scots do not like instability but the UK scenario is such that it will force Scotland to choose whether to resume its national status or to remain in limbo as a province. For many this choice will be as unwelcome as it will be inescapable. Whatever choice Scotland will make will be a free and democratic one. Desperation and need for larger markets drove Scotland into a Union the majority did not like. It will be deeply ironic if a similar situation impels Scotland to independence. Scotland's history is that of a Western European country which despite its geographical location had the strongest links with France, the Netherlands and Scandinavia. In these days when the European Community includes in its membership most of the eligible countries, it would be relatively simple for Scotland to regain its political freedom within the economic umbrella of the Community.

[Gordon Wilson, SNP MP for Dundee since February 1974, has been Chairman of the Scottish National Party since 1979. He is Rector of the University of Dundee.]

SHI'ISM AND THE ISLAMIC REVOLUTION

by Khalid Kishtainy

THE 1967 war with Israel exposed the Arabs as a nation lacking in both military valour and efficiency. The 1985 fighting in Lebanon produced a new species of Arabs whose planning and efficiency outwitted both the Americans and the Israelis and whose suicide attacks stunned the entire world. These new Arabs hailed from the Shi'i Muslims of the poor villages in southern Lebanon. Yet these young people who embraced martyrdom with the same eagerness and joy with which a toddler runs to the corner sweet shop, have been already preceded by co-religionists in Iran. Middle East observers rushed to the area or picked up from their shelves old dusty books on Islam and searched for any indexed entry under Shi'a. There was very little to find as most books on Islam examine this religion from the Sunni angle. Who, then, are these Shi'is?

Unlike Christianity, Judaism and most other religions, Islam organises the life of the believer in all its aspects and details with a series of instructions which are the words of God himself; hence the prominent role of Islam in the politics and statesmanship of the Islamic world. It was therefore natural to see many political movements in the Middle East taking their guidance and inspiration from the words of the Koran. The most important political movement in Arabia was that of Wahhabism and Egypt's recent history has been repeatedly jolted by the Muslim Brotherhood movement.

Yet neither Wahhabism nor the Muslim Brotherhood showed the kind of vigour and selfless determination that has been shown by the Shi'i Muslims in their Islamic revolution against the Shah, their human wave assaults on the Iraqi forces in the Gulf war and their attacks on American and Israeli presence in Lebanon.

The Shi'i momentum derives its force from the political perspective of the last twelve centuries following the murder of Imam Ali and then the martyrdom of his son, Imam Hussein, over the question of succession. Whilst the victors, the Umayyads, went on to build the vast Arab empire and, together with their Abbasid successors, construct the foundations of a pragmatic theology and practical administration based on the exploitation of the less fortunate, the vanquished, or supporters of Ali, withdrew into their shell of melancholic meditation and spiritual brooding. The former made up the vast Sunni majority whereas the latter formed the oppressed Shi'i minority. The initial difference between them over who should have succeeded the Prophet Muhammad was extended to acquire vast dimensions ranging from political allegiances to sexual indulgences.

For our purpose, the Shi'is considered the existing state and Caliphate as illegitimate; but not having the power to bring it down, they indulged in a world of day dreams, on the one hand, and a continuous state of mourning on the other. The mourning was associated with the tragic

martyrdoms of Ali, Hussein and a whole line of successive imams. In this picture of gloom, shines the bright hope of redemption through the Messiah, or as properly called, al-Mahdi (the guided one) who would come and punish the wicked, reward the good and bring justice, peace, sanctity and prosperity to the world. This is the kind of dream entertained by Jews and Christians before. What is more to the point is that both sides of the coin, the melancholic mourning and the hopeful dream, represent the kind of ethos which satisfies the psychology of the oppressed and the deprived.

Basically, Shi'ism does not differ a great deal from the Sunni in its social programme. What made it attractive to the less fortunate is its twin elements of sorrow and hope. It can also be argued that the Shi'is suffered deprivation and oppression because of their championship of a lost cause and opposition to the existing government. Either way, they became in the Arab world the poor villagers of south Lebanon, the disease ridden peasants of the Iraqi marshes and the second rate citizens of Bahrein and Saudi Arabia.

The commemoration of the various martyrdoms and the physical and emotional flagellation, self-torture and lamentation that went with it periodically offered ready means for the poor classes to vent their frustrations and unhappiness, as well as certified examples with which to identify themselves. Like the Jews, they accepted their plight and disability in an evil world that allowed the wicked killing of the Prophet's grandchildren, and why should they be any better?

In the ninth century a tragic event was seized upon to produce a Muslim version of the Messiah, al-Mehdi. The Abbasids executed Muhammad Abd al-Qasim, the twelfth Imam and descendant of the Prophet. The Shi'is say that he escaped the vengeance of the Abbasids by disappearing and leading an eternal life in wait for the day when he would re-emerge and save the world. Until such a time, mankind will continue to suffer and the world will remain governed by evil despots.

Like the Jews of old, the Shi'is remained docile and philosophic about their second class position. But certain developments shook the foundations of this complacency. In Iran, the policies of the Shah created a new class of offensive riches and decadence and accentuated the gap between the haves and have-nots. Iraq inherited the legacy of the Ottomans who had kept the Shi'is out of the establishment and its coveted positions. The Shi'is compensated for this by controlling the trade and industry of the country, but the nationalisation decrees and growth of the public sector in more recent time, ruined them in this field. The welfare policies of the present government made great improvements in the conditions of the Shi'i masses, but the middle class remained disaffected. In Lebanon, the Shi'i south suffered the brunt of the Palestinian attacks and Israeli reprisals, forcing many inhabitants to quit Beirut only to find that all the good opportunities and positions were in the hands of the Christians and the Sunnis. As in the case of the nineteenth century Jews, such developments combined with the contemporary spirit

of enlightenment and revolt to alter the situation and produce a new philosophy of direct action, or as the Zionist thinker, Leo Pinsker, put it, auto-emancipation. The people simply found that the Messiah was taking his time in coming to the rescue.

This correction of thought did not materialise in the Arab world but rather in Iran, the only country where a Shi'i government has been ruling over a Shi'i nation with the help of an enormous army of clergy numbering some 180,000 mullahs and 1,000 ayatollahs who wielded great influence and authority. In addition, many of these mullahs, including Khomeini, are professed to be the descendants of the Prophet. Viewed from this angle, there should be no reason why a just government should not be established in Tehran at this point of time. It was easier for the mujtahids (learned theologians) of Iran to make this break with the past, forget al-Mehdi for a while, and call for the takeover of the reins of office. But why should the Muslims of Iran, of all other Muslims, take so seriously the call of their religious leaders?

Unlike the Sunnis, whose leaders became rulers and were contaminated with the sins and shortcomings of office, the Shi'i leaders, or the twelve imams to be precise, were the descendants of the prophet, whose hands were not soiled with the evils of rule. It was, therefore, easy to see them as infallible. This doctrine of infallibility (*usmah*) was extended, as in the case of the Catholic church, to the mujtahids and the lowest mullahs, generation after generation. Under the pressure of persecution, fear and poverty, the flock had to turn to the shepherd, trust him, and accept the infallibility of his leadership. It was symptomatic to notice the statements of even the military commanders in the battle front accepting anything with a conditional 'if Khomeini said so . . .' After all he is the sign of God 'ayatollah' as well as the spirit of God 'ruhollah'. When he said that those who die with the bullets of the Shah or Saddam Hussein, go to Paradise, thousands of Iranians hurried to embrace this martyrdom. You cannot be a true Shi'i Muslim under his guidance in Iran if you doubt his words, and if you don't you will be a proper fool to accept the drudgeries of this world rather than the life of bliss in Paradise. Yet the matter is not as simple as that, for the ayatollahs did not speak in one voice and whilst Khomeini blessed the war against Iraq Shariatmadari condemned it and Hojatolislam Tehrani went as far as to seek asylum in Baghdad.

No one can fully comprehend what martyrdom means for the Shi'is without witnessing the annual commemoration of the murder of Imam Hussein and his kinsmen, which lasts for ten days of breast beating, self-flagellation with chains and mock execution with swords and real blood in the midst of thousands of wailing women and crying men. A few take it so seriously that they actually inflict fatal wounds upon themselves in tragic incidents. Therefore, Japanese style suicide comes quite naturally to a devout Shi'i.

In the Arab world, the situation is quite different as the government is traditionally in the hands of the Sunnis and Christians. Although the

Shi'is form the overwhelming majority in Bahrein, the largest community in Lebanon and perhaps a marginal majority in Iraq, the governments remained for deep historical causes firmly in the hands of the Sunnis in Iraq and Bahrein and the Christians in Lebanon.

The Shi'is of the Arab world accepted their status as part of the historical package pending the emergence of al-Mehdi. The young Shi'is who could not put up with this position joined the Communist movement together with all other sufferers of discrimination. In Iraq, the strong Communist Party had its power basis in the Kurdish north and the Shi'i south. Following General Kassem's coup d'état of 1958, the Communists had their chance and misplayed their cards miserably. Since then Communism has ceased to be the panacea it had once resembled. The collapse of Arab nationalism following the fiasco of the 1967 war with Israel, removed much of its lustre. An Arab wit said there was nothing left for the Arabs other than pray to God to make all Zionists die. And true enough the Arabs turned to God.

In this climate of religious regeneration, the Islamic revolution struck in Iran in a most spectacular manner. It was only a matter of time before its vigour would fire the Shi'is in the Arab world. Indeed, its example thrilled in its early phase all Muslims throughout the world. They began to see that the power of Islam was not spent. Many Sunni Arabs expressed their frustration with the Iraq-Iran war because it presented them with the dilemma of choice between their Arabism and their Islam. This dilemma has certainly tortured the PLO and inspired the repeated attempts by Arafat to mediate between Iraq and Iran.

Khomeini was careful to emphasise that his revolution was not a Shi'i or Iranian affair, but an Islamic move to rid the Muslim world from evil. Soon after his return to Iran, he declared on 21 March 1980 his determination to export his revolution. His declared targets included Israel, America, Western influence and the rulers of the Arab countries. In a word, this is the desire of all radically minded young Arabs.

The ignoble defeat of the 1967 war exposed the Arabs as men of straw. Whatever they did in the following years could not wash away their sense of shame. The villagers of southern Lebanon who drove their explosives filled lorries in meticulously planned operations into American and Israeli targets rectified the image of the Arab and restored some of his lost pride and hope. Those were tragic events but to most Arabs they were sweet tragedies. The actors were young Shi'is. Will the vigorous Shi'i movement fill the gap and become the historical force that will change the face of the Middle East?

One thing is certain. As has been already shown in Lebanon, Arab governments can only ignore the Shi'i aspirations at their own peril. These aspirations include proper share in the government of the country as of right and not in the form of paternalistic gestures.

For many generations, the Lebanese Christians and the Sunnis have been keeping the Shi'is at bay by controlling the army. This can no longer ensure peace and stability for the countries concerned. Technical develop-

ments in the field of subversion and guerilla warfare will combine with the Shi'i spirit of martyrdom and turn the internal situation into an inferno. The sooner the present regimes come to terms with the new conditions around them the better and the only sensible method of this readjustment is to give the people the democratic means of effecting the necessary changes peacefully. It is true that there is now a slow process for power sharing, but it will be more expedient to speed up this process and expand its base.

The Mustaz'afin (the deprived) are on the march and their arms are reaching as far as Europe and America. Western politicians are considering the combat of this terror by installing more monitors at airports, etc. This is really like treating the plague by burning the witches or eradicating burglary by double glazing. These are people who are not afraid of anybody or anything. What we must remember is that the Iranians, together with the Japanese and European red brigades, received their training in the Palestinian camps. Now the Palestinians are being trained in Kuwait in the suicide spirit of the Shi'is. Terror is escalating. Soon, we shall see all kinds of terrorists, IRA, Sikhs, Armenians, Basques, receiving similar training in the terror capital of the world, Lebanon. This is going to be a very ugly world, indeed. Speaking for myself, I have already got my bicycle from the shed and dismissed all thought of air travel. The only way to deal with this plague is to treat the conditions which produced it. The longer the case of the Palestinian is ignored, the wider the scale of terror will spread. The West can play a role here, and can also advise their friends and foes in the Middle East that the army and the police can no longer maintain a rule based on the oppression of the majority by a minority.

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RING OUT ORWELL'S 1984

by Leo Mates

THE fact that the year 1984, so widely talked about and the subject of so many guesses, is already behind us does not mean George Orwell rang the alarm unnecessarily. While not everything has happened the way he said it would in his novel *1984* of several decades ago, his warnings were justified and remain so even now that this particular year is gone. In any case, he was not trying to be a prophet but only to show the threat we were under and what we should guard against.

Two great dangers were pointed out by him: one was the militarisation of the whole of life and the transformation of the state into a garrison, and the other was the creation of unprecedentedly great and strong centres of power in the big states. Of these two basic menaces, the one translated into reality to the greatest extent is the concentration of might in the two biggest powers of the present day and of all times. Not even Orwell could imagine anything more horrible than the existing lethal arsenal of nuclear weapons and along with them many other devices for devastation and slaughter, to say nothing of all the other things the workshops of death have in store.

As concerns militarisation, including abolition of human and civic freedoms, developments have not been uniform but without a doubt one of the most basic of all liberties is being narrowed in growing degree—the freedom of man to live out his life and not to be sacrificed as cannon fodder. The actual decision on the most fateful question of all, the existence of mankind, lies, usurped, in the hands of an insignificant number of persons who are the only ones having access to weapons and the right to make decisions about utilising armaments that in case of war would destroy the world.

Orwell, true, believed in man and, in his novel, the hero is a person fighting for the victory of common sense and human dignity. In the book, he goes under, ground down by the state machine. Today we can assess this as being too pessimistic, although Orwell obviously wrote such an ending in order to make a stronger impact on his readers. This year, at least, very serious resistance has been put up to militarism and the omnipotence of the strongest powers.

That special significance attaches to this is a result of the extreme deterioration in relations between the big powers in 1984. Arms control talks broke off late in 1983 and turned into a systematic boycott lasting all last year. Hasty efforts were also made to carry the arms race into outer space, to embark on what reporters have called the era of star wars. In this connection, endeavours were made to destabilise the opponent's alliance; the games played over nuclear rockets in Europe came in handy for this on both sides.

Since the very beginning it has been obvious that these moves, intensifying the deployment of nuclear weapons in Europe, had a political rather than a military significance: stirring up political trouble in the alliances. This politicising of the arms race was largely successful but its sharp point

was turned increasingly against the centres of both sides, against those who wanted to exploit it for their strategic purposes. Admittedly, this political reaction was not as visible in the East as it was in the West. The reason is not that the population is less concerned but that possibilities differ for expressing political convictions and demands.

The weakening cohesion on both sides, the resistance of allies to being used as instruments and means in rivalry between the two strongest powers, have helped create a situation where there is now some light at the end of the tunnel. The outlook for this year has improved and the beginning of a new dialogue is already under way.

It would, however, be erroneous to ascribe the increased readiness for renewing dialogue only to developments within the two alliances and happenings in Europe. A strong impact was generated by the situation within the two superpowers as well as developments worldwide, especially in areas where these two powers confront each other.

Internally, both in the USA and the USSR, 1984 was a year when greater economic and social difficulties began to manifest themselves. The manifestations differ but in both cases there is no doubt that the great military outlays encumber the economy and obstruct the solving of social problems.

In the USA, increased funds earmarked for armament have caused a growing deficit in the budget, and resultant disturbances in the money market have had far-reaching consequences. It suffices to mention only the rise in interest rates, beginning seriously to threaten economic revival inside that country and certainly diminishing export possibilities. Both deficits, in the balance of payments and in the budget, are covered by the transfer of financial means from Western Europe and Japan on the basis of high interest rates provoked by scarce money. But the equilibrium is only a temporary solution creating two very grave problems. The first is the growth of the state debt, meaning that in the future, a mounting portion of state revenues will go for repayments and interest, and not for tackling social problems.

The other problem arising from the increased inflow of capital as a way of equilibrating the balance of payments, is the lowered demand for American products. Large imports are not covered by exports, for if they were, producers who lose on the domestic market would make up their losses by selling outside the country. Now equilibrium is being maintained by the import of investment capital which does not serve for the purchase of consumer goods but for even greater production although stocks in American warehouses piled up dangerously at the end of the year. Thus demand diminished as the first signs appeared of a decline in the revival that gave cause for optimism at the beginning of 1984.

In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, still on the agenda are the old criticisms about the inefficiency of economic activities in all fields. Obviously, the worst situation is to be found in agriculture and the need for grain imports has risen again. This food shortage appeared for the first time in the seventies and since then has been growing steadily with minor oscillations. There is now talk of a possibly record-breaking import this winter of 50 million tons of grain.

As far as measures are concerned, there have been no worthy innovations and the same prescriptions are being offered all over again. The only changes to be expected are either palliative steps or stopgap measures for amending the same economic system that led up to all these difficulties and, virtually every year, has provoked dissatisfaction in leading circles and appeals for better work.

The purpose of the foregoing has been to show that both countries are having great difficulties although they are at different levels of development and wealth. Obviously neither one can easily bear the burden of armament given all the other problems besetting them. Moreover, on both sides, the enormous investment of money, brains and resources in armament engenders most of the pressing problems in the economy.

It would be mistaken to imagine, however, that economic and especially financial difficulties can make a country renounce armament if leading circles feel they need it. History knows no such case. But those are not the only reasons. In the first place, in both countries, the reactions of citizens to continuation of the given policies are obvious in expressions of discontent and protest or in passivity and apathy.

Not least important is the harm, obvious in the international sphere, from the policy of aggravating relations and the unbridled arms race, as well as its extension to new areas at added cost. Mention has already been made of the decreased cohesion inside the alliances. To this may be added the clearer inclination of allies on both sides to establish better relations across the boundaries separating east from west in Europe. Even more serious, though, are the situation and problems in countries on other continents.

The USA has burdened itself with an aggressive policy in Central America alienating not only the peoples of those countries but also all the Latin American countries, with the negligible exception of remaining tyrannies which despite this support are themselves in a serious crisis. America's influence on the rest of the world is in decline, posing a problem for a country accustomed to being 'present' everywhere. It has sustained especially grave defeats in the Middle East, in particular by its general support of the rigid aggressive policy of Israel and its failures in Lebanon.

Perhaps reference should also be made to Washington's slowness in reacting to evolution within the PLO and in general the new constellation of Arab states supporting a peaceful solution of the dispute between the Arabs and Israel, naturally, with recognition of Palestinian rights understood. Never since the time of its first engagement in the middle of the fifties has America's influence and 'presence' been so weak in the Middle East, so that certain signs of readiness to join in a broader action for solving these problems could lead to a turnaround in American policy, in that part of the world at least, to the measure necessary for avoiding the resumption of war. Or do recent events in Beirut make this unlikely?

The Soviet Union is obviously labouring under growing pressure generated by its actions in Afghanistan and in Vietnam where it is burdened by

the financing of the Vietnam occupation. Here, too, there is no expectation of sudden and radical change but, as in the case of America, serious modifications may be in the offing.

Improvement in co-operation between the two world powers is needed not only for solution of their problems, although that is the moving spirit above all in the readiness for a new dialogue. Co-operation is needed in the widest possible world context and in particular in connection with the worsening position of a rising number of less developed countries whose populations are growing faster than food production. This year the most drastic illustration is sub-Saharan Africa. But this is hardly the only part of the world where mass starvation is to be expected in the near future. Hunger is widespread in many larger areas throughout the world. Hundreds of millions and perhaps even more than a billion people do not have enough food to say nothing of the kind of nutrition needed for the healthy development of mental and physical faculties.

The acute crisis threatening to carry away in Africa about a million human lives and to damage the health of a number larger than that by several times, has been treated as an emergency calling for urgent help. It is encouraging, and that is part of the light at the end of the tunnel. For instance, American food is, with increasing frequency, being transported to Ethiopian villages by Soviet trucks, helicopters and planes.

Mass death from starvation is certainly the greatest stain not only on this year but on contemporary mankind which is investing so much effort and money in producing the most lethal possible weapons, although not in a position to prevent death from starvation of millions of fellow human beings.

One more warning that the situation has once again reached the edge of general chaos. It is to be expected that the misfortunes afflicting both rich and poor will indicate that the world needs to travel a different kind of road if it is not to slide into doom. We need to show that Orwell was wrong because that is exactly what he wanted us to do.

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Under the Chairmanship of Lord Chalfont a conference was held in London in March 1985 on *Communism and Liberal Democracy*, with the general title *Beyond 1984*. The issues discussed were the disintegration of Marxist-Leninist ideology and its ensuing practices; the potential of Soviet military power as shown by its activities in Poland, Afghanistan and the Baltic States; conflict between freedom and totalitarianism as witnessed in Third World countries. Among those taking part were Lord Quinton, Paul Johnson, The Rt. Hon. J. M. Fraser, Leopold Labidz, The Hon. Jeane J. Kirkpatrick and The Rt. Hon. Lord Weidenfeld. *Editor*.

NATIONALISM IN EUROPE

by George W. Baer

NATIONALISM is alive and well and remains at the heart of the drama of Europe. It is a political principle, found where a political unit is congruent with a culture.¹ It appears today in the east as the main impediment to the process of russification and, in the west, as the assertion of the European notion of the greatest variety in the smallest space.²

What defines this as a new era is the absence of the old virulence, except in its Soviet form, the absence of expansion and encroachment, the aggressive nationalism that gave us two centuries of war. In this post-industrial period we circle back to Mazzini and Herder. The point is that nationalism continues to determine the social and political identity of Europeans, and the complexion of Europe itself. There is, by and large, realisation of the nation-state in and through coterminous cultural and political boundaries. There is, by and large, a respect for nationalist principles among, and within, the developed societies. Consequently, there is a lack of drive for fundamental change. The age of nationalism in Europe will continue, in a muted form; muted, because of externally imposed limits to its expression, as in the east and in the centre, or because of a lack of demand for its extension, self-limiting nationalism as in the west. What change takes place in nationalism's current expression within these fairly stable parameters will be influenced by transnational post-industrial trends, substate separatism or, in the case of Soviet imperialism, the demands of direct foreign domination.

Despite the dwarfing of Europe, the discrediting of political organisations, the moral exhaustion of the culture, and the impoverishment of the economies, there was no *tabula rasa* in 1945. Nationalism was malleable, but it was immediately reconstituted in familiar political forms as the allies settled the continent. Nationalism was reconstructed but not transformed—and this was true in the east as well as the west. In the west, this accorded with the wishes of the inhabitants. Opportunities for radical change within the nation-state were foreclosed with the renewal of strong non-radical centrist pluralism based on the great tradition: democratic, capitalist, nationalist. The familiar political units re-enforced a re-emergent traditional culture, and this sustained nationalism. This thwarted the development of hopes for one 'Europe,' of a new unity and new loyalties, of dreamy socialism or placid Atlanticism, of russification.

To emphasise re-emergent nationalism is not to underestimate the value of functional international agreements, of cooperation or of alliance that have transformed the economies and security systems of post-war Europe, and have led to a level of well-being never before attained. It is to note that the persistence in all fundamental aspects of the centrality of the political state more or less coterminous with the cultures of ancient historic particularity continues to command the loyalty of Europeans. States see no gain in giving up sovereignty. Officials and citizens get their rewards within traditional structures.³

What does 'Europe,' or 'russification,' offer the man in the street? Nothing that can break through the value of attachment of the primary culture in a political state for establishing individual and collective identity. This is re-enforced, not diminished, by literacy and a mass communication which are culturally defining vehicles. The vision of a European community and, *a fortiori*, the Soviet imperium in the east, started off at a disadvantage when they defined themselves through elite command structures, and bureaucracy, rather than through culture or popular expression. They did not offer alternative identities. They were not meant to be, nor are they social constructs. The Community, the Soviet satellites, have, and are allowed, no unifying social programme. There is no supranational political instrument responsive to popular demand. Areas of common cause, of identity and culture were, in fact, meant to be removed as much as possible from the functional arena. This was the cause of short run success, but the line now leads nowhere. The repudiation of past militancy, the creation of functional cooperation, were not followed by the construction of new social norms or new political instruments. When people think of government, of cultural identity, of what makes the good life, they think through their states. A writer in *Daedalus* recently showed surprise at 'the ultimate paradox' that, in the Norden countries, intense functional integration coexists with intense expressions of nationalism in the individual states.⁴ This fact should not surprise us at all. No European or foreign interest has outbid the historic emotional and institutional and normative benefits of national identification, and on these matters people continue to speak in different voices. Perhaps today only the global corporations stand apart. The oil companies, not the states, solved the oil crisis in 1973.⁵ And, a decade later, the putative Eurodanger of a nuclear theatre of war found no significant Euro-political expression. The filter, the arena of impact, remained the state.

So the nation-states, those necessary carapaces of nationalism, continue to flourish despite the networks of interdependence and the transnational attributes of modern industrial society, and this because the dominant cultures they protect have not converged but retain enough of their individuality for nationalism to remain the focus of identification and the locus of affection, the matrix of enculturation and of action, for Europeans.

What of the future; of the challenge of ethnic separatism within these states by culture groups claiming their own right to autonomy?

Is this, in fact, nationalism? Yes, and no. Yes, because ethnic separatism seeks means of expression and recognition for group autonomy, group cohesion and group identity. No, for the characteristic of most present substate nationalist movements in the west is that they do not want what we have identified as the essence of nationalism—a sovereign state as the defining protector of the culture. Against the status quo they seek administrative decentralisation, reject assimilation and demand favoured economic consideration. Regional authority, federalism, administrative autonomy—these are their goals, not 'nationhood' as conventionally defined.⁶ These are terms which most states can concede without destruction of their own national integrity. The struggle is political, constitutional. The question for

democratic states is the challenge of social cohesion, how much political control, how much sovereignty, the dominant high culture thinks it can share. Terrorism strains the fabric, but it will not be decisive in the outcome. In our era of muted nationalism, where the social chasms of early industrialisation are less acute, where the villains are no longer archaic dynastic states of arbitrary designation, where respect for plurality is fairly far advanced, there is an attenuation of the former insistence on the incommensurability of cultures within a political unit that marked the volkish age.

As for central Europe, let us consider Milan Kundera's poignant cry that European culture has betrayed central Europe's need and expectation of affiliation.⁷ Russification, demanding uniformity and centralisation, seeking the least amount of variety in the largest amount of space, seeks to destroy what is the essence of central European cultures. When the tanks hit Budapest a resistant was prepared to die 'for Hungary and for Europe.' The problem is the question of cultural protection. A vision of *civitas Europae* is not enough. Without political protection or at least political definition, a culture may not be sustained, may disappear. Certainly the death of the nation is, or has been, part of Marxist and Soviet thinking, just as it is to some western exponents of modernisation who imagine small nations assimilated into large or, through post-industrial congruence, culture styles and hence societies becoming alike. For the Russians, possibly, it is a matter of the rate of assimilation that is at stake. In central Europe, as events in Poland show, the church holds part of the tide. And, as elsewhere, so long as a strong, defining element of the culture has a political framework in which to operate, it will be the focus of nationalism and European variety will continue to flourish.

NOTES

1. The general argument follows Ernest Gellner's definition in *Nations and Nationalism* (Ithaca, 1983).
 2. The expression is from Milan Kundera, 'The Tragedy of Central Europe,' *The New York Review of Books*, 26 April, 1984.
 3. See Stanley Hoffmann, 'Europe's Identity Crisis: Between the Past and America,' *Daedalus*, April 1964.
 4. W. R. Mead, 'Norden: Destiny and Fortune,' *Daedalus*, Winter 1984.
 5. See Phillip M. Rawkins, 'The Global Corporation, Ethno-Nationalism and the Changing Face of the Western European State,' in R. Grant and E. S. Wellhofer, eds., *Ethno-Nationalism, Multinational Corporations, and the Modern State* (Denver, 1979), and Ray Vernon, ed., 'The Oil Crisis: In perspective,' *Daedalus*, Autumn, 1975.
 6. Anthony D. S. Smith, *Nationalism in the Twentieth Century* (New York, 1979), pp. 154-6.
 7. Kundera, *op. cit.*
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FIFTY-FOUR YEARS OF PARLIAMENTARY LIFE**by The Rt. Hon. Lord Molson, P.C.**

IT is a platitude that the world has changed more completely in the last fifty years than in any preceding half century.

It is not generally recognised, however, that that applies imperceptibly but fundamentally to Parliament. It is not obvious to anyone outside and not to many inside the political world. This is partly because, in the usual British way, there has been no revolutionary change but an evolutionary one, visible only to those participating in it. Even I, who first entered Parliament in 1931, had not recognised how much had changed until I was invited to write this article. The solid door I frequently still use is the same one as that by which I first went in; most of the forms and formalities, again in the British tradition, are the same; it is the content only that has so greatly changed.

The ceremonial of the House of Lords remains unaltered. If the late Lord Curzon resurrected and, having first hung his coat and hat on his accustomed peg, walked into the Chamber, he would at first notice no difference since he was Foreign Secretary sixty-five years ago, nor would he detect any less formal courtesy in the discussions. He would, however, soon be astonished to hear the Lords, on both sides of the House, vigorously discussing whether the Commons had given due consideration to the provisions of a Bill and whether or not to send it back courteously requesting them to have second thoughts about a Bill they had passed without adequate, or sometimes any, consideration of many of its clauses. There had been no such confident self-assertion by the Lords in the later part of his life.

Lord Curzon would accordingly seek an explanation of how Their Lordships came to be debating Bills passed by the Commons without hesitating to question the Commons' wisdom and workmanship. He would be told that now a large proportion of the peers had been chosen to serve for life in their declining years in the Lords after serving as Members of the House of Commons, many having been Ministers, others trade union leaders or eminent in the Civil Service or in business; they therefore had not the inferiority complex of an hereditary peer, but claimed to know as much about any subject as Members of the House of Commons and certainly to have more experience.

If Lord Curzon enquired whether the old 1911 controversy over the Parliament Act still continued, he would be told that although the Opposition (which, incidentally, was no longer the Liberal but the Labour Party) advocated in theory either the reform or the abolition of the Lords, this was not at present a serious issue. A previous Conservative Prime Minister, who was a shrewd pragmatist, had decided to create practically no more hereditary peers, but had taken power to create numerous life peers, many of them Socialists suggested to him by the Leader of the Opposition. The result was that the House of Lords becomes progressively

less and less an hereditary house and increasingly a working legislature similar to the Canadian Senate with the anti-Conservative element substantially represented, so that a defeat of the Government is always a possibility and often occurs. Another consequence of the creation of life peers is that the daily attendance has increased twelve-fold.

Although I have little contact now with the House of Commons, I can see how it too has changed. I am sorry that a minority of MPs are rowdy and behave badly, especially when the Prime Minister is answering questions, but it has always expressed loudly the strong feelings of constituents. It never was very well behaved except perhaps during the inexplicable period from 1923 to 1968 when there were no 'troubles in Ireland'. For centuries the Irish problem related to the whole of Ireland, now to an almost equally distressing degree, it relates only to Ulster since the rest of Ireland became an independent Republic. It is perhaps the most peculiar coincidence in my political life that the twenty-five years I spent in the House of Commons was almost the only period between the reigns of the first and second Elizabeths when Ireland was not a bitter political issue.

The work of the House of Commons has immensely increased. I do not personally go back to the 1918 Parliament, but I remember a colleague of my father's in that Parliament saying that if he were starting again in the Commons, he would employ a secretary. Even in the 1931 Parliament, one secretary could handle the work of four MPs. Now, some are alleged to have seven, including researchers. We did our own research and were the better for it. Members then were not specialists. In the epigrammatic words of the late Sir Kenneth Pickthorn, the job of back bench Members was 'to make markets in Ministers' reputations', not to try to supervise their administrative work. The Select Committees which now investigate departments did not exist. The idea that they could summon before them and interrogate civil servants and Ministers would have been regarded as unconstitutional.

Whether this innovation is on balance a good thing is a matter of opinion. It certainly makes for accountability, but it imposes on Members specialisation so that now they state in reference books their special interests. Fifty years ago we would never have done that; we were general practitioners, not Harley Street specialists. The inevitable result of these committees is that the Chamber, where broad issues are debated, is sparsely occupied, which must make an unfavourable impression on electors in the gallery and also narrows the scope of its debates.

The type of MP has greatly changed. Public relations experts are now present in large numbers on both sides of the House. In the world of expertise in which the House of Commons now has to work, this is probably inevitable and may even be desirable. Anyway, it is accepted and members now register that they are advisers to industries, trade unions or organisations. Perhaps this is only honest admission of facts and as such to be commended. It is, however, incredibly different from the Parliament of 1931 with unambitious squires from the shires on one

side and retired checkweighmen from the coal mines on the other.

To detain the House by raising a matter on 'the Adjournment' at 10 p.m. was unusual. I think in 1931 I was the only Member in a month to do so. My senior colleagues told me of this exceptional procedure and advised me to use it only because a disaster had affected my constituency and was an urgent local problem. Flooding of the River Don had made several hundreds of my constituents homeless and I was therefore deemed justified in having the Minister of Agriculture on to the floor of the House to say what he was going to do about it. Nowadays there is a queue of Members raising issues nightly on every subject from China to Peru with which they are not concerned otherwise than to air their views. Anomalously, now that the British Parliament has so much less authority in the world at large, it concerns itself far more with events outside its jurisdiction.

The notification of business issued by all parties at the beginning of each week now gives warning of planned demonstrations called lobbies, organised by national bodies to impress upon MPs the concern of their members about wages, redundancies, privatisation, nuclear weapons or some conflict of philosophies or sects in a remote country. This is new. I remember walking to the House one evening in 1932 with my Liberal friend, the late Robert Bernays. The police escorted us through a crowd of the unemployed in Parliament Square. It was a new experience of a demonstration. Robert Bernays was appalled. He was not afraid; we did not apprehend violence in those days. His Liberal conscience impelled him to say to me, 'Are we elected representatives so out of touch with the feelings of the people that they think it necessary to come and demonstrate outside the House of Commons?'

It was recently announced that there would be mass lobbies as follows—

Monday, 13th May 1985 at 2.30 p.m. 500 members of the National Association of Local Government Officers. The subject of the lobby is Local Government Information Units.

Wednesday, 15th May at 2.30 p.m. 50 people, the subject being the Welsh Language.

Wednesday, 15th May at 2.30 p.m. 400 people. The subject of the lobby is Youth Affairs.

Wednesday, 15th May at 4 p.m. 300 people. The subject of the lobby is the Coal Mining Communities.

It is a related aspect of this new insistence by the electorate on bringing their views to bear on every subject to the attention of their MP that the number of letters an MP receives from his constituents has risen from the weekly ten I expected to some two hundred or more received by my present successor. Somehow or another means have been devised so that back-bench MPs have a room or at least part of a room to themselves to cope with this volume of correspondence. In the 1931 Parliament, a secretary would come from the secretaries' room with her MP's papers and sit beside him on a bench outside the Chamber. As he dictated his letters relating to his correspondence, she would take them down on her knee.

In those days, a small private room was shared by two Parliamentary Secretaries. That was a little awkward when each was interviewing officials from two different government departments. Pressure groups now, I understand, draft letters and circularise constituents asking them to write such letters to their MPs. It is no wonder that each needs a secretariat.

The technical term 'lobby' has in Parliamentary parlance at least three distinct meanings. A relatively recent one, imported from the United States, refers to organised and often well-informed propaganda. An organisation likely to be affected by legislation prepares a brief statement of its case and, if its own officials do not appear capable of doing so in a persuasive way, it employs professionals. This is a new departure, but not intrinsically wrong. One firm describes itself at the top of its writing paper as 'lobbyists'—so one has been warned. It has for some time been a feature of the atmosphere of the House of Commons and is now invading the House of Lords. It is not very welcome there, but is inevitable as that House now takes an increasingly active and controversial part in legislation.

Reverting to the functions of the House of Commons, it is far more active than it was. In addition to the numerous official committees examining bills and considering the official responsibilities of Parliament, a modern development is that the weekly statement of business has as an appendix the forty or fifty Committees, official or unofficial, which will meet in the week. They cover every possible domestic and foreign subject, including relations with most foreign countries. They are so numerous that sometimes their meetings are only attended by the chairman and the secretary. They often result in visits to foreign countries, only made possible by aviation. To what extent they do good, I do not know, but they all tend to specialisation and to the depletion of the Chamber because members attend them.

I could not, however, criticise the existence of two Committees as I was largely responsible for their appointment. The Joint Select Committee on Statutory Instruments scrutinises the large number of Orders made by Ministers under statutes authorising them to do so. The other periodically subjects the nationalised industries to critical examination. Fifty years ago there were virtually no such industries and the great programme of nationalisation by the Labour Party, chiefly between 1945 and 1951, has therefore added to the work of Parliament and its Members.

An innovation is that the Prime Minister is interrogated on Tuesdays and Thursdays on every conceivable administrative detail within the conspectus of the Government. Under the pretext of asking her to state her engagements for the day, she is asked and answers innumerable questions. In all my time in the Commons, if a Member put down a departmental Question to the Prime Minister, he would receive a polite note saying that as the matter was within the responsibility of the appropriate Secretary of State, the Prime Minister had directed that the Question should be answered by him. This new procedure makes the

Prime Minister's position approximate to that of the President of the United States when he holds his weekly Press Conference. I think she welcomes the innovation. It does, however, detract from the authority of other Ministers and—to look into the future—makes it difficult to see who will emerge as her successor.

The word *emerge*, as I write it, reminds me that until recently there was no procedure by which a new Party Leader was chosen: one just emerged. Now, both main parties have procedures for choosing their leaders although those procedures constantly change, both in form and in spirit.

There has been a great increase in the number of ministers, using that word in its generic sense. Most of the old offices which entitled its chief to the distinction of being a Secretary of State have gone—India, War, Air, Colonies and several others. Now, most Cabinet Ministers have that rank. Gone too are the old titles, such as President of the Local Government Board, or of Trade, First Commissioner of Works and others. There was an interim period when most heads of departments were called Ministers, but that now usually denotes a subordinate under a Secretary of State. Almost every department has one or two. I think the first appointment was of the late Richard Law, later Lord Coleraine, as Minister of State at the Foreign Office so that he should have the status to receive senior foreign diplomats, and so give some relief to the increasingly burdened Foreign Secretary, then Anthony Eden. Until quite recently, the only deputy to a Cabinet Minister was a Parliamentary Secretary and we got the work done. The late Alan Lennox-Boyd presided over a double department called Transport and Civil Aviation. I was the Parliamentary Secretary who dealt under him with railways, roads, traffic and the merchant navy while my colleague dealt with all aspects of civil aviation. After some years, I was made a Privy Counsellor. I do not suppose that honour will ever be conferred again on a Parliamentary Secretary because few of the new intermediate rank of Minister of State now receive it and then only after fairly long service.

A remarkable increase in the number of ministers is in the Treasury. In most of my time, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had only one Parliamentary assistant, the Financial Secretary. He dealt with all aspects of policy, including approving departmental estimates and administering the Civil Service. The first addition was the Economic Secretary, the second was the Chief Secretary who ranks above the Financial Secretary and indeed has a seat in the Cabinet. The Chancellor of the Exchequer worked most of his time in London. He now spends much of it in foreign capitals representing Britain at meetings of the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and numerous other bodies affecting the British economy. He needs assistants to deputise for him as the Treasury constitutionally dominates all other departments, except the Foreign Office.

The additional burden on the Foreign and Commonwealth Secretary is no less. He, too, has to spend much of his time attending international conferences in all parts of the world. He has to give polite attention even

to our newly independent colonies instead of issuing instructions to their governors as his predecessor, the Colonial Secretary, used to do. To demonstrate their newly won independence and dignity, they often expect him to pay visits to their capitals—are not all independent states equal in dignity?

What is the relevance of the last paragraph to the changes in Parliamentary life in the last fifty years? It shows how the responsibilities of the Treasury and Foreign and Commonwealth Office have become greater in range and depth. In addition to that, the greater interest shown by electors in the affairs of distant countries, largely due to television, obliges Members of Parliament to interrogate the Foreign Office in a way unimagined by even my generation—let alone that of 1924 when Ramsay MacDonald, being Foreign Secretary as well as Prime Minister, had in the Commons only one Ministerial colleague, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State. Normally, neither went abroad. Ambassadors dealt with international affairs in accordance with the Foreign Secretary's instructions.

What conspicuously is evident in the Treasury and the Foreign Office applies similarly in other departments and all through the top level of government. The explanation and justification for this is that whereas Cabinet Ministers were kings, ruling one state, they are now emperors and have to delegate to others the ruling of subordinate states. Just as the Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Relations is now responsible for the work of the three Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, Commonwealth Relations and the Colonies, so the Department of Health and Social Security now includes the relevant portions of Health, Pensions, Labour and much else. The Department of Energy was once the Ministry of Mines dealing only with coal, to which has been added oil, which is as complex as and more important than coal, and there is also Nuclear Energy, the most controversial of all.

Perhaps the most remarkable change recently, and to me the most shocking, has been the unofficial disclosure to the media of the matters and manner of Cabinet discussions. They can all be described as 'leaks', some open and avowed, others clandestine. The media now regularly disclose the Treasury's opposition to some departmental project and even the date when Ministers received the dissenting paper, sometimes embarrassingly late and intentionally so. Then we learn of individual Ministers' reactions. Cabinet solidarity and secrecy have gone like snow in spring, slowly but completely. I can best illustrate this by a personal anecdote.

In the 1931 Parliament, I had been lucky in the ballot for private members' motions and therefore moved a controversial resolution on industrial reorganisation and rationalisation. It was conceived and drafted by Mr. Harold Macmillan, nominally in those days my equal as a back-bencher, but of course my intellectual superior and inspirer. The President of the Board of Trade, Walter Runciman, demolished our arguments in a masterly speech. Only after the decent interval of a year did he remark to me, 'I really sympathised with that motion of yours, but my colleagues

did not. Consistently with the doctrine of Cabinet solidarity, I had to take their view and do my best in the debate.' I remarked sadly, 'And a very good best it was.' I remembered how I had been demolished by that brilliant and experienced Cabinet Minister.

An official recently disclosed to me his Minister's reply when asked whether his prompt leak to the media was justifiable. He replied, 'If I did not leak my case at once, my Cabinet colleagues would get in first, leaking their case.'

Often the Prime Minister is the worst and first offender, pre-empting a Cabinet decision by leaking in advance her 'private' opinion. I do not sympathise with the campaign for 'open information', but that might be better than these informal and unauthorised leaks.

It is not only the forms and routine of politics that have changed. The philosophies and policies have changed even more completely, first in the Conservative Party, now perhaps in the Labour Party.

In 1929 when I first stood for Parliament, the Conservative Party was wholly committed to the Empire and consequently to Imperial Preference. I was in a difficulty because in economic theory, I was a Free Trader; as a politician, I was in favour of Imperial Preference. I was able to reconcile the two—if not in logic, at least in practice. Politics, as R. A. Butler used to say, is the art of the possible.

I hoped that Britain would remain the industrial workshop of the Empire while the Dominions and Colonies would continue to produce the food and raw materials. That was not an egotistical conception: I deemed the life of agricultural producers happier than that of the denizens of industrial towns. I thought that for this political purpose, I could compromise on my Free Trader principles. It worked because the Conservative Party never goes hunting heretics, although it will not tolerate schismatics. Imperial Preference was adopted in a modified form in 1932 at the Ottawa Conference. It slowly sank without trace owing to changing monetary values. I do not know that I have a predecessor in pointing out this U-turn—except perhaps in economic journals which few people read. Naturally the Conservative Party has not drawn attention to it.

What has succeeded it? The Conservative Party has ceased to be either highly imperial or protectionist. Even before going into the European Common Market, it had been converted to Free Trade against which it had unsuccessfully fought all the elections from 1906 to 1923. Conversely and in contrast, the Labour Party has now come to advocate protectionist devices like Quotas and Exchange Control. This was rather less of an abnegation of an old belief. Conservatives used frequently to point out that the Labour movement was inconsistent in supporting trade union resistance to the production of goods by cheap labour at home while welcoming goods produced by cheap labour from abroad. An instinctive recognition of this anomaly, coupled with a robust British and insular nationalism, led to the Labour Party's hostility to our membership of the European Economic Community. Is that slowly but perceptibly now

changing?

As far as my membership of the Conservative Party is concerned, I have lived long enough to see my Free Trade heresy adopted as orthodoxy. Heretics in the Labour Party may have the same experience.

One general philosophic reflection remains as I indicate the changes in their policies I have seen adopted by all parties in Britain which (except alas in Ulster) is so distrustful of dogma and so pragmatical in its doctrines. Whether they recognise it or not, British politicians know instinctively that their policies must be altered by facts, and that facts cannot be altered by policies or even by principles. How else can one explain the acceptance (admittedly in varying degrees) of restriction on immigration from the coloured Commonwealth? In the early stages, the late Iain MacLeod, as Conservative Colonial Secretary, was as dedicated as the late Hugh Gaitskell to the moral concept that every one of Her Majesty's subjects was *ipso facto* entitled to regard Britain as 'home' and could come here if he or she chose. The suction of the Welfare State in Britain, the continuing poverty of the dependent and later independent territories and the cheap travel facility of air transport made it impossible to maintain what had been regarded as a moral obligation. It is to the credit of the Labour Party that, true to the pragmatical tradition of the British people, they have accepted to some extent regulation of immigration as national policy.

They seem to be doing the same in respect of the European Economic Community and more slowly in respect of unilateral disarmament. Similarly, in economic policy the Labour Party has never sought in practise to nationalise all the machinery of production, distribution and exchange, although Article 4 of its constitution requires it to do. Nor in return has the Conservative Party set out to repeal the whole of the Attlee Government's legislative achievements—even if some such aspiration passes momentarily through Mrs. Thatcher's mind when day-dreaming. Acquiescence in political and economic facts and tendencies enables fundamental changes to occur in British political life without any revolution nor even a dramatic breach in continuity.

Even when the old House of Commons was demolished by Hitler in 1940, it was rebuilt with the same dimensions and the same appearance.

[Lord Molson was Conservative Member of Parliament for Doncaster (1931-35) and for The High Peak of Derbyshire (1939-61). With Lord Hailsham and Lord Thorneycroft he was founder member and officer of the Tory Reform Committee. In 1951 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works and then to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. In 1957 he returned to the Ministry of Works as Minister and was made a Privy Counsellor in 1956 and Peer in 1961.]

PRESENT AND FUTURE CHANGES IN SOUTH AFRICA: A COMMENT ON VALE

by John J. Ray

LIKE many white South Africans, Colin Vale (*Contemporary Review*, No. 1431, Vol. 246) feels an acute sense of injustice in the fact that the white South African community is not left alone by the rest of the 'West' to live the sort of life that others in the 'West' take for granted. Why can the whites not be left to run a modern developed state just because there are a lot of blacks around too? After all, the blacks, too, benefit greatly in that economy. Black living standards in South Africa are much higher than black living standards elsewhere in the continent.

Vale's solution ('Quo Vadis South Africa?') to this perceived injustice is that the South African whites should tell their government to sit fast and resist pressures for 'change'. He rightly perceives that the opponents of the present arrangements in South Africa will settle for nothing less than the complete abolition of the South African state as we now know it, so he points out that nothing good can come of change anyway. Compromise will be insufficient so why attempt it?

I think we must reject Vale's solution as far too pessimistic. I think on the one hand he underestimates the strength of the South African State and on the other he underestimates the value of the on-going change that is taking place in South Africa today.

South Africa's strength is not only military. Perhaps because of his own fundamental decency, Vale has completely left out of the reckoning the occasional Afrikaner boast that 'after all, we have 20 million hostages'. This is no idle boast. The residential segregation of the races in South Africa would make it all too easy for the white rulers to put a few pounds of botulinum toxin in the water supply one night and within 24 hours there would be only whites left in South Africa. No Western regime could afford to be seen as the one that put so much pressure on the whites that they had to adopt that recourse. Just the threat of genocide would be enough to cause the West to back off. And I am sure that in private briefings Western leaders have learnt of that threat. Nobody who knows the Afrikaners would doubt their ability to carry out the threat. Soweto got piped water before it got electricity.

So I dispute that South Africa is seriously threatened and I dispute that it ever can be seriously threatened from the West. The Russian bear is another matter, but South Africa is not alone with that problem. Even the internal threat is minor. A few million members of the Communist party can keep the vast populations of the USSR under subjection, so why should South African whites be less successful at keeping the blacks in check? A dismal comparison, perhaps, but a realistic one.

I think, therefore, that the present liberalising changes at present going on in South Africa represent the best hope for a better life for all

South Africans. Vale questions the direction these changes are taking and seems generally uncomfortable with the prospect of indefinite, piecemeal changes that have no clear objective or end-point. This, however, is the fate of all humanity. Life is change. Nothing is ever fixed and attempts to prevent change always ultimately fail. None of us really knows where we are going. All we know is that continual adaptation to circumstances will be necessary. The present moves in South Africa are simply another example of that. Perhaps a few random examples of some of the processes that are at present going on in South Africa will help to illustrate why there is hope that the evils of *apartheid* are at least waning!

The policies of the South African government have a lot of internal contradictions (to use a Marxist term). In fact one of the most basic of these that seems to pass almost universally unnoticed is why racists would want to bother about any such policy as *apartheid* at all. If the whites really believe that the blacks are inferior, where is the need for laws to keep them down? Should not an inferior race quite naturally and inevitably find 'its proper place' at the bottom of the heap? The fact that white South Africans seem to think that laws are needed to ensure the subjection of the blacks could at one level be taken as suggesting that South African whites are not racist enough! If they were sincere racists, Apartheid might be abolished!

This is, however, only one of the contradictions in the Apartheid policy. There are other ways in which the Apartheid policy actually *loosens* the grip of the South African government on its people. The linchpin of Apartheid is, of course, the attempt to deny citizenship to South Africa's blacks. This is intended to be done by showing that the blacks are all citizens of some country other than South Africa. In some cases this is of course obviously true. The South African border police spend a lot more time keeping blacks out than keeping them in. There are huge contingents of Swazis, Zimbabweans, Mozambicans, etc. among South Africa's blacks. They come in search of the high rates of pay (by African standards) that prevail among South African blacks. For blacks with more historic ties to South Africa, however, the 'homelands' policy exists. This is a policy of granting political independence to the old tribal homelands that were set up by the British in the last century. Brand-new mini-States such as Transkei, Ciskei and Bophutatswana have been created and members of the tribes rooted in these areas are henceforth regarded as merely 'guest-workers' in South Africa proper. They have their normal civic and voting rights only in their homelands. But let us now look at what these pesky homelands have been doing!

For a start, even the internationally recognised homelands (the former British protectorates of Swaziland and Basutoland) have always put a dent in the South African 'immorality' laws. It is an open secret that one of the few reasons why white South African tourists go to Lesotho (the former Basutoland) is for 'black sex'. That which is forbidden is all the more exciting and Lesotho, of course, has no laws forbidding cross-racial

sex. This breach in Apartheid may seem trivial to us but to the dour Dutch Reformed Church types who run South Africa, it is anything but. It puts them in the position of encouraging prostitution!

A better-known example of how Apartheid undermines other dearly held South African puritan beliefs is the setting up of gambling casinos in the newly independent homelands. Gambling is anathema to the Dutch Reformed Church as it is to most fundamentalist Christian churches and there can be no doubt that there would never be any casinos available to white South Africans if the South African government could prevent it. But what can they do? They could 'lean on' the governments of the new homelands to close down the casinos but to do so would be to prove to all the world that the independence of the homelands is a sham. So white South Africans flock to the casinos that their government would dearly like to deny them.

One thing that makes the casinos slightly more tolerable than they otherwise would be is the fact that one does after all have to go on something of a journey to get to them. Not so with the latest challenge emanating from the homelands: the so-called 'Bop-TV'. The Southern border of the Bophutatswana homeland comes quite close to two of South Africa's three major cities—Pretoria and Johannesburg. Know also that the South African government jealously guards its monopoly of TV broadcasting in the country. Only 'constructive' programmes are allowed to be shown—making South African TV nearly as boring as that of India and China. So where did Bophutatswana set up its TV station? Near enough to the border, so that it blankets the whole of Johannesburg and Pretoria! Apartheid suddenly gave white South Africans a choice in TV viewing. The South African government responded by running low power 'jamming' stations aimed at weakening the 'Bop-TV' signal in white areas only but whites now simply buy signal boosters to overcome this. All-out jamming of another country's TV would, of course, lead to 'an international incident'.

Perhaps the most serious challenge of the homelands, however, is yet to come. At an international conference in London in August 1984, Leon Louw, chairman of the Louw Commission of the Ciskei, told of plans to turn that homeland into a new Hong Kong. Of course, lots of governments talk of 'new Hong Kongs'. Countries as diverse as Sri Lanka and Britain have supposedly set them up. All the 'new Hong Kongs', however, have suffered from the unwillingness of their founding governments actually to let go the strings of regulation. The Ciskei has no such problems. It inherited all its laws from South Africa and abolishing them has intrinsic appeal. The Apartheid regulations were the first to be repealed, of course. Additionally, the Ciskei is abjectly poor and desolate. It has to grasp at any straw. Therefore, more than a thousand laws regulating business have now been abolished. Even such sacred cows as laws regulating the use of child labour have gone. Needless to say, the enquiries from Hong Kong have already begun. As an independent country, Ciskei has complete control of its own immigration programme. What would a

million Hong Kong Chinese pouring into the Ciskei do for it? What would it do to Apartheid? Could a policy designed to exclude non-whites actually lead to a huge new influx of them? The possibilities are hilarious!

Even if the Ciskei government does not decide to permit large-scale immigration, its low to zero taxes and almost totally deregulated environment are going to be a powerful magnet to existing South African businesses. Like all the mini-states of Southern Africa, Ciskei is joined with white South Africa in a sort of Southern African Common Market. There is complete freedom to cross borders for people, goods and money. So if a South African business can halve its costs by setting up in the Ciskei, why shouldn't it? White South Africa has a very heavily regulated economy so the attraction of a Hong Kong-type government so readily to hand as an alternative is going to be very powerful indeed. The very real threat hanging over South Africa today is that the future holds a bustling multi-racial industrial state (Ciskei) set amidst a white South Africa denuded of industry, which is just one of the many thoughts prompted by Colin Vale's 'Quo Vadis South Africa?'. Perhaps ultimately, Apartheid will have shot itself through the heart!

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The September issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Third World Revolutions* by Antoine J. Abraham and Abdul Majid, *Nishima: Against a Political Interpretation* by Stephen Chen, *Better Schools* by Bruce Pattison, and *A New Assessment of Denton Welch: Part II: Nemesis Past Peter Pan's Pool* by Richard Whittington-Egan.

DRUG MISUSE—A NEW SOLUTION**by L. F. Lowenstein**

THE true story—I saw John lying in the Piccadilly underground. He was half-awake or semi-conscious and beside him lay a needle which he had just used to inject himself with some substance or other, probably heroin because that was the last drug I knew he had been using. There were sores all along his arm from using dirty needles or not using any antiseptic while injecting himself. He was thin and looked like an old man but was actually only 17 or 18 years old. He had an unkempt, dishevelled appearance, his eyes were glazed and bloodshot and his speech slurred.

I had known him two years ago when he lived in Winchester. At that time he was a healthy boy, keen on swimming and running and popular with other young people. He had some difficulties with his studies and seemed to enjoy leisure pursuits rather than following the school curriculum. He was an academic underachiever and also had problems at home with his parents but there was nothing about his behaviour that would distinguish him from any other teenage boy. His candid blue eyes and blonde hair, together with his charming and friendly manner gave one confidence in predicting a happy and successful future.

However, things began to go wrong. He started by sniffing glue while in company with others, and subsequently progressed to the inhalation of various other solvents. This continued intermittently for several years, with short periods when he decided to give it up. When warned about the dangers of the habit, he merely laughed and replied, 'It's my life, I can do what I want with it. You do what you want to do with yours'. I listened with sadness and sympathy to these remarks. John could not be deterred from the habit by an explanation of the health risk. He was only interested in the pleasure and escape it offered in the present. As so many solvents were readily available in shops and supermarkets, I and many others concerned about his welfare could only hope that he would one day have the strength to give it up himself.

The Police were powerless to do anything about it as he had not committed any serious offence although he had, from time to time, stolen glue and other substances from shops. To John, it seemed like a lot of fun to sit around drinking in the park and sniffing from a plastic bag in company with other punks. His parents had sought help but there was no one around who could give more than advice which was inapplicable to John, who listened to no one because he thought he knew everything there was to know about how to be happy in this world. The cause of his ultimate death was due to a great variety of inter-related factors: low self-esteem in relation to school, egotism, self-delusion, self-indulgence, lack of positive aspirations and of the negative habit of substance abuse.

He did not gain any qualifications at school and during the latter part of his final term rarely attended. He could not be bothered to find a job and found it pleasanter to live on the dole and the DHSS, who supplied

him with money, perhaps not being aware that it was being used for drink and drugs while he lived in a variety of squats. It seemed as if the system that was intended to support him was actually helping to support a habit that might eventually lead to his death; inadvertently, of course, it is strange to see a caring society providing maintenance for those who need it with money ultimately used for the purpose of self-destruction—thus creating a further need for that society to assist them.

All this I remembered as I saw John lying in the Piccadilly underground in a state of total collapse, malnourished and in the grip of something with which he had injected himself, perhaps just a few minutes before. People passed him, gave him a glance and shook their heads. He was just another one of those unfortunate persons, something that never happened to anyone in their own family and they only felt a sense of relief that their own child or brother or husband had not ended up in a like state.

I asked myself, might not something have been done earlier, or could even be done now to rescue him from the death which was likely to be his fate in the near future.

When I stopped to talk to him, he hardly knew me. I reminded him that I had known him two years earlier. He looked at me through half-sleepy dazed eyes and asked, 'Have you got a fag?' I told him I did not smoke. I could hear myself saying, 'Thank God, yet another drug to kill yourself with'. He smiled and then he said:

'I remember you. I remember you tried to get me to see somebody, f... b... tried to put me in a place where they would keep me off this stuff but I said, it's not for me. I want to live my life as I want to live it and be free to do what I want to do'.

'I remember you saying that John, when I first met you, but look what it has done to you'.

'I couldn't give a... I need this stuff now and I am going to go on using it until...' At that point, he passed out.

A policeman passed by and I asked him if there was anything he could do to help. He shook his head sadly.

'Unless he's committed an offence or stays there for too long a period, there is nothing I can do. He's been around here before and we have taken him to hospital but he always ends up being back where he is now'.

I found this understandable defeatism difficult to accept. My own views on drug treatment are likely to be controversial. Unless an effective solution is found an increase in drug addiction and misuse is inevitable. Something fairly dramatic and drastic may be necessary. This means that what is currently being done is proving to be, on the whole, ineffective or not sufficient. There is an alarming increase in substance abuse, especially among the young, our most precious and vulnerable portion of the population. Assistance must therefore be provided for those who refuse to accept voluntarily what little help exists.

Since the proposals which follow are so controversial, after studying them it is necessary to mention in some detail the likely arguments

against 'the new solution' proposed and follow this by a counter-argument as to the ultimate validity and necessity for the implementation of such a solution.

As Director of a Therapeutic Community, and former Chief Psychologist for a large county, I have come into contact with numerous substance abusers and drug addicts and can verify that the reports of casualties of substance abuse do not make pleasant reading as is illustrated by the opening summarised example. Most people leave it to the 'experts' to decide what should be done but the experts themselves are uncertain and very frequently the methods they use are ineffective and not implemented soon enough as may be seen by the rapid growth of the problem which is further aggravated by social circumstances. Of course, one can turn to one's successes and say that through voluntary care and treatment many people are saved from a life of substance abuse, ill-health and eventual death, but there are many others who are not being saved by the system. To say that I am an alarmist would be to forget John lying at Piccadilly station, and many others like him throughout the country. Fortunately, I find it impossible to ignore those who pass through the network of our system which offers care and treatment on a 'voluntary' basis. I wish to emphasise that I believe strongly that voluntary treatment, while always preferable, is not in all cases sufficient for the hard-core of substance abusers and drug addicts for whom usage has become a way of life, a total philosophy of indulgence and of immediate pleasure resulting in slow self-destruction. Both body and mind have come to depend upon the use of drugs and substances and the very basis of the addict's existence revolves around their continued usage, usually in increasing quantities.

It is for this reason that I suggest a new solution to the problem. That is, to make the treatment for substance as well as drug abuse mandatory with no release from treatment until a true and permanent (long-term) cure has been achieved. My reasons for suggesting this are based on the facts as follows:

1. Voluntary treatment only works in a number of situations with a number of individuals.
2. Failure to treat will result in acts of criminality, violence and self-destruction.
3. It is inconceivable that a society can be called a caring one when it perceives that a need exists and fails to do all it can to help individuals who are thus affected.

Before providing further arguments for mandatory treatment and how it may be implemented, it is important to state the views that are directly opposed to this solution and seek, if possible, to counteract them. There are a number of arguments against the imposition of treatment without agreement of the individual: the first is based on moral grounds, the second on utilitarian ones.

1. Many professional workers including psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers and others would be opposed to the imposition of treat-

ment that was refused by an afflicted individual. This is based on the argument that personal liberty cannot be ignored even when offences have been committed against others or oneself in relation to drug and substance abuse. Hence, the argument is that an individual who chooses prison rather than treatment has the right to do so, even if this means that the basis of his problems will not be treated while confined.

A nation which is run on democratic lines provides personal liberties which cannot and should not be encroached upon even if such freedom results in death and destruction. The only course of action that is acceptable is one that is legal and based on the Courts. The imposition of treatment works against any aim towards creating a world where human beings are treated as individuals with a right to choose between a number of possible alternatives. Illegal action will, of course, result in the possibility of the loss of freedom and in some cases, long-term incarceration. This results in the loss of personal liberty without provisions for treatment.

2. The view is commonly expressed that unless a person is willing to seek and benefit from treatment given, he is unlikely to participate or co-operate in any useful form to such treatment. Hence, rehabilitation or 'curing' someone with drug addiction cannot be attained by coercion but only by the willingness of the individual to accept therapy and to participate in it.

Ultimately, this is a correct assertion. The question remains whether there may be ways whereby the individual will be 'willing' to seek help or treatment if any when the alternative to such treatment is less desirable. It is for this reason that the choice between prison and a therapeutic centre frequently results in the latter being chosen. In a sense, therefore, while it may seem to be free choice, it is strictly a choice between the 'devil and the deep blue sea'. Freedom of choice is severely limited but nevertheless there is some kind of choice by the individual concerned. He may, therefore, at least in part co-operate with those seeking to rehabilitate him.

These are typical arguments presented by those who have predominantly in mind a theoretical framework of personal freedom working within a democracy. They work as ideal concepts for the majority of the population. They fail, however, to be of value to those who have already or are likely soon to be robbed of their personal liberty by being under the influence of drugs and therefore enslaved by habitual use of these substances. Substance and drug abusers are no longer in control of their own decision-making process.

Once an individual becomes accustomed to and habituated to heroin, cocaine or other substances, he is in the grip of a compulsion which leaves him little room for initiative. His only choice appears to be to fulfil his craving at enormous cost to himself or others.

Can a caring society be so unfeeling as to allow personal freedom to an individual knowing that it will ultimately result in damage to society as well as the addicted person? Is it not better to take certain steps which

will ensure that the individual is treated, if necessary against his own inclinations to refuse treatment, and that he not be allowed freedom until he is truly rehabilitated? Is it unethical, unjust or wrong to help an individual who is bent on the destruction of others and himself? It is these questions that must be answered in the light of the rapid increase of the drug problem, especially among young people. Dare we ignore these questions or attempt to answer them by using methods that are totally ineffectual?

As I watched John lying at Piccadilly station in that appalling state of degradation, I wondered how he might have fared if a system of treatment had existed and had been used at an early stage, probably when he was in his teens, in order to make certain that he was helped by the methods already suggested as solutions. Just as Martin Luther King had a dream, I, too, have a vision of places where substance and drug abusers, especially those who are young, could benefit from treatment which would be truly indicative of a 'caring society'.

The facilities, had they existed, which might have helped John to live a life which was positive and constructive would have had to cater for an individual who believed in living his life as he wished to live it, free of interference by society and authority. The type of establishment I envisage could have helped John to realise that his attitude would eventually curtail the freedom and eventually lead not only to his own self-destruction but possibly to the destruction of others. Such treatment must be continued for as long as necessary in order to bring about long-term rehabilitation. It must lead to the permanent rejection of substances and drugs; and result in a different life-style. This might take years.

Such a centre must therefore contain a section where those who fail to accept voluntary care can be incarcerated under firm but humanitarian conditions and where they can also receive the attention of a psychologist or psychiatrist who may do what he can to support the individual during treatment. Through persuasive counselling it would eventually become obvious to the inmates that by co-operating their chances of release would become more likely and that while they resisted treatment there would be little likelihood of an early discharge. This, in itself, would be likely to work as an incentive towards co-operation and a greater awareness of the need to seek help at an early stage.

It is absolutely essential to confine the addict to an area where there is no possibility of him obtaining drugs, to wean him off his habit while simultaneously finding a substitute for his behaviour and need. The substitute must be a positive and constructive new way of life based on becoming a useful member of society of value to themselves as individuals. Since what must be overcome is not merely the habituation to a drug, but also a style of life, causes or attitudes which have made it necessary for them to use such drugs must be discovered and, if possible eradicated.

Treatment should consist of individual therapy, group therapy and learning how to become a useful person by learning a trade, occupation or profession within the therapeutic community. Hopefully, by improving

the individual's self-image and by guiding him to a more positive and constructive role, he will lose the need to escape from the realities of life by the use of drugs.

The next step would be a more open environment where treatment could continue but where the individual has some measure of freedom. One may observe here how the individual uses that freedom and should there be a relapse, he will have to be returned to the closed environment until, after another try, he is truly rehabilitated.

Eventually, a short period of release into the community should occur with constant checks being made of the success of such placement. Eventually, similar to probation for the criminal offender, there would be a similar probation for those who are placed more permanently in the community. Any setbacks would automatically be considered for further treatment within a less free environment.

Such approaches are undoubtedly totally opposed to the present emphasis on community care and the elimination of the use of mental hospitals whenever possible. Locked wards are now out of vogue and there would undoubtedly be resistance to treatment centres such as I have envisaged being established, despite the arguments for their existence. Yet personal freedom cannot be an inflexible ideal, while sections of society are being controlled by a habit which is so compelling that it leads the honest man to lie and steal in order to satisfy an appalling, insatiable craving. In the full knowledge of his own misery, he can push drugs on to new, unwary users in order to finance his own drug intake which no longer provides pleasure, but only prevents pain. A truly caring society can no longer prevaricate or ignore the problem. Serious, official warning has been given. Positive, strong action must be taken, if we are to prevent the destruction of the very fabric of our society.

Let us end on a note of urgency. Since writing this article, there are many others who, like John, have started to abuse substances and need to be helped *now*. They are not asking for help, indeed, they wish only to be left alone to escape into their own distorted world. But, can we live with ourselves and not provide an alternative before the problem explodes and goes beyond the bounds of toleration?

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The opinions expressed in the above article are those of the author only and do not reflect those of anyone else and in particular members of the Committee on Substance Abuse of Hampshire, of which Dr. Lowenstein is Chairman.

THE FUTURE OF THE BBC EXTERNAL SERVICES

by Cyril D. Townsend, MP

LORD Carrington, when he was Foreign Secretary, said in the House of Lords,

Let me begin on a note upon which there will be no disagreement in any quarter of the House: that is, the support and admiration of all of us—and of course I include Her Majesty's Government—for the work of the External Services of the BBC. There is nobody who does not recognise the excellence of what they do. Certainly so far as I am concerned, I believe them to be an important arm of Government foreign policy. Indeed, I think we have got to look at the whole of our defence and foreign policy as one, and external broadcasting has a most important part to play in the influence that Britain can exert throughout the world (*Hansard*, 30th July 1981).

But two years later during a television interview Lord Carrington made these revealing remarks:

When I was Foreign Secretary, I was told I had to save money on the overseas service of the BBC. I think that was really totally counter-productive and the money saved was trivial compared to the amount of damage done. I think the time has now come, really, when the Treasury and the Government ought to look at cutting out a function in Government rather than cheese-paring on the things that are essential and have to be done (*Channel 4*, 11th August 1983).

As far as the House of Commons is concerned there is a vast reservoir of goodwill towards the External (World) Services, and yet in recent years these services have been treated in the most amateurish and appalling way by both Conservative and Labour Governments.

I happen to share an office at the House of Commons with Sir Anthony Kershaw (MP for Stroud and Chairman of the Select Committee on Foreign Affairs). He was speaking for most members of the House of Commons when he pointed out during a debate in July 1981:

We have two assets in the BBC—the English language and its high reputation, based on its activities during the Second World War, which it has managed to maintain. We are to be asked to approve reductions in expenditure on the overseas services at a time when our country has reduced political power and when there is an increase beyond imagination of the power of the spoken word that reaches out beyond frontiers and speaks to each man in his own tongue (*Hansard*, 23rd July 1981).

Exactly so, and the position is worse in 1985.

The Government has put a thick smokescreen over the financial facts. (A personal letter to me from the Chancellor of the Exchequer drew my attention to the percentage change in the 'GDP deflator'!) Some of the figures that have been used by Government Ministers have been highly misleading. The heart of the matter is that the reduction of £1.2 million envisaged for 1985-86 will be the ninth cut in the working revenue of the External Services in 10 years. Incidentally £1.2 million is roughly the sum that the National Coal Board spends before lunch. According to the Chief Accountant at Bush House, the one man who ought to know, the reductions in the operating revenue of the services have been:

1974/5 — £390,000	1979/80 — £732,000
1976/7 — £288,000	1980/1 — £400,000
1977/8 — £541,000	1982/3 — £1,500,000
1978/9 — £202,000	1983/4 — £500,000

The cuts of 1982 ended Spanish for Europe, the Italian and the Maltese

services. French for Europe and the Brazilian service were halved. In the Falklands war, the two nations in Europe least sympathetic to us because of their historical ties with the Argentine were Spain and Italy, with France not far behind.

In the BBC handbook for 1984 I found these words:

The role played by the External Services in coverage of last year's events in the South Atlantic is generally accepted to have been a vital one. The Argentine invasion of the Falklands came at a time when the External Services had just suffered the most wide-spread operational cuts for many years. Morale amongst highly motivated staff had been considerably shaken and many talented broadcasters had been lost.

In 1982 the grant to the vital transcription service, which supplies recorded programmes for re-broadcasting to over one hundred countries, was reduced by £300,000 and the number of programme hours reduced from 500 per annum to 350.

In its defence the Government points to the admirable £100m capital expenditure programme that is being funded over ten years to replace transmitters at home and abroad. (Some of these transmitters were installed during the Second World War and it points to the neglect by Governments that it has taken over 40 years to get such transmitters replaced.) As a result of new medium-wave transmitters at Orford Ness and short-wave transmitters at Rampisham, audibility has already been improved in many parts of Europe, including Eastern Europe, and new aerials in Cyprus have improved the quality of broadcasts to the Soviet Union and the Middle East. (Plans to construct a short-wave transmitting station at Bearley to make further essential improvements in audibility in Eastern Europe had to be stopped after a highly publicised public inquiry found that this site was unsuitable on environmental and technical grounds.)

Praise for the improvement of the External Services' world-wide audibility must not prevent us from appreciating what is really going on within Bush House and the scale of the crisis that is approaching. Every major organisation has scope to cut out waste and inefficiency, and no doubt there is still waste and inefficiency to be found—it would be remarkable if that were not so. Equally, no major organisation can prosper if it is facing severe cuts in its running costs year by year. The quantity in the bottle may be the same but the quality is going to be poorer.

The loss resulting from the falling pound in the financial year 1984/85 could add £1m to costs. Last year's Public Expenditure White Paper hardly suggested that the Foreign Office would be in a position to make up this sum. Several language services could be facing the axe. There is also the horrendous possibility that next year, or the year after, faced with the annual public expenditure battle, once more hands will be wrung and cuts called for.

The Select Committee on Foreign Affairs in a recent report (4th Report 1983/84) considered the services and made a number of requests. They strongly reiterated a previous recommendation 'that funds should be found to enable the BBC to resume the Caribbean Service'. This was cut

in 1974 and the approximate estimate for its resumption is £210,000. Post Grenada it would seem sensible that this service should be resumed and there is talk of a new satellite link. The Committee also called for new relay stations in Hong Kong and the Seychelles, and the former is under construction.

Over many years I have found the system of funding these services to be wholly unsatisfactory. The Foreign Office has been responsible for accounting for grants in aid only since 1977-78. For the three years before that the responsibility rested with the Home Office, and before that with the Ministry of Posts and Telecommunications. Since 1977 Foreign Secretaries have resorted in desperation to that old and trusted policy of equal misery all round within the Foreign Office vote. 'If diplomatic and information office posts are to be lost, well then those chaps in Bush House should not expect to escape scot-free', questioners are told. What a way to run the world's best external broadcasting service!

It is essential that Bush House should be funded for at least three years at a time. A recent review recommended that consideration should be given to fixing the grant-in-aid at the same time as the BBC licence fee—and for the same period. I know that Tim Renton MP, the responsible Foreign Office Minister who is extremely intelligent, well informed and sympathetic to the services, realises this is a crucial recommendation and I suspect he supports it. He will understand that operating on a year by year basis is bound to lead to inefficient use of capital. In theory the head of External Services (Mr. Austen Kark who took over recently from the late Mr. Douglas Muggeridge) should be responsible to the BBC Board of Governors but obviously close links with the Foreign Office are essential. There are indications that Tim Renton is planning important changes in the present arrangements. The manner in which successive Governments have handled the services would be laughable if it had not damaged our reputation abroad, as no doubt our ambassadors, high commissioners and representatives have confirmed in their dispatches.

International broadcasting is a growth business. In 1955 there were thought to be 237 million radio sets in the world; today some 1,600 million. In May, Radio Marti, a new station, began broadcasting to Cuba for the Voice of America, as part of an expansion programme worth \$1.5 billion. The Voice of America broadcasts in 49 languages and plans to expand to 60. It broadcasts for 2,141 hours a week, compared to the BBC's 728 hours. China broadcasts for 1,460 hours a week and West Germany for 789. I am told even North Korea broadcasts for 593 hours a week and Albania for 581 hours. It is worth noting what has happened recently in France. As part of an austerity budget its foreign relations expenditure was reduced all round, except for one item which was external broadcasting. This was increased by the equivalent of about £3 million. The countries of the Eastern bloc and Japan are also expanding their overseas broadcasts.

There is a dynamic element in the external broadcasting of the Soviet Union. That superpower has expanded its output and dominates the air-

waves in terms of hours broadcast (2,169). It broadcasts in 84 languages. Since August 1980 the Soviet Union has spent a considerable sum of money in jamming the BBC's Russian Service. It is thought jammers have been installed not only in their major cities but also in towns with much smaller populations. Yet the latest research by a Paris-based unit showed that 14.5 million people listen to the BBC Russian language service at least once a week, rising to 18 million who listen each month.

There are now 98 other international broadcasters, many of whom are anxious to obtain unused frequencies. In 1987 the World Administrative Radio Conference is due to take place in Geneva. It will discuss the allocation of frequencies and hard bargaining is expected. If the Government are going to force Bush House to cut further their language services, not only will skilled operators and large audiences be lost, but also frequencies as well. Once lost they will not come back.

The BBC's credibility is based largely on a reputation for broadcasting the truth to 'friend' and 'foe' alike without distinction. In an attempt to make savings the Government has suggested to Bush House the cutting back of broadcasts to friendly nations. This has been a wondrously short-sighted approach. For a start our external broadcasting is not a propaganda service. It is a schoolboy howler to suggest that Britain does not need to speak to 'friends'. Our relationships with our European Community partners have been damaged for years by both ignorance and misunderstanding of our position over a range of sensitive issues. Countries are not either our friends or our foes. Some support us on some issues, some on others. Every country is susceptible to some degree of internal political change and language services cannot be switched on and off with a change of government. As an illustration of the amateur approach that has been adopted on occasions, in 1979 it was proposed that Turkey should be cut off but Parliament prevented that happening. The following year the Foreign Office came back with a request that broadcasts to Turkey should be increased! British Governments have behaved like a small boy who is given a gold watch and is quite unaware of its worth. Britain has the largest overseas audience—a record 120 million listeners—and the best overseas broadcasting services which we treat shamefully.

Four quotes bear witness to the BBC's high standing abroad. The *New York Times* journalist, Malcolm W. Browne once wrote:

'The BBC is, for the free mind, what Oxfam is for the hungry.' An official Soviet publication saw it rather differently:

'The BBC—a subtle tool for influencing the minds of listeners—is utilised in accordance with a Jesuitically refined method by the English bourgeoisie, the oldest in the world.'

I like best a remark by, of all people, Colonel Gaddafi: 'All the Arab radios rave from dawn 'till noon but nobody listens to them because everyone switches on London.'

At the Conservative Party Conference in 1979, a moving, unsolicited tribute was paid by a British housewife who, I gather, came originally from Czechoslovakia: 'As a foreigner I can say I do love and appreciate

the BBC and I feel it is second to none in the world. There are millions of people today who, not from choice, have to live under the yoke of the ever-expanding freedom-crushing new imperialists . . . Freedom-hungry minds behind the Iron Curtain and all over the world turn for succour, above all to the World Service and foreign services of the BBC as the one source of information, inspiration and free comment they can really trust . . . The BBC is the beacon of light in the West.'

Clearly, where information is in the hands of governments (sadly, a growing trend), and where there is no permitted outlet for the voice of dissent, people turn to a respected and honest broadcasting service not only for coverage of world events but also for news of their own country. In countries where there are multiple sources of information, the BBC's ability to become the preferred source of information has tremendous importance now and far reaching implications for Britain in the future.

Over the past decade the Treasury has forced through unpopular and foolish cuts on the British Council and the number of overseas students has been drastically reduced. In both cases, those who opposed the Treasury have been at a disadvantage because they could not quantify the gains to Britain year by year in financial terms, flowing from the work of the British Council and the training of overseas students. The defenders of the External Services suffer the same disadvantage. One wonders if the Chancellor of the Exchequer recognises that the BBC publicises British goods and technology in potential markets throughout the world. Invisible exports like banking, shipping, insurance and tourism are fully and frequently reported also.

I want the BBC's past successes in overseas broadcasting to be built on and not pulled down. I want them expanded and not contracted. I should like to see the Government investigating, and then hopefully supporting, the BBC's plans for an international television service with an investment of about £5 million over two years: since the war Britain has had the habit of trying to prop up failures; this would be reinforcing success. The sum of money is comparatively small but the prospects are dazzling. Without such a service the BBC might be beaten by other governmental or commercial operators in world television broadcasting. A traditional Conservative role has been to support our great national institutions.

Are there those in high places in our country who can see not only what the BBC External Services have achieved in 53 years, but also what they could achieve for our country and for our dangerously divided and undemocratic world in the 21st century? Without vision the people perish.

[Cyril D. Townsend is Conservative Member of Parliament for Bexley Heath.]

PLEASURE PRINCIPLE

by John Elsom

THE main aim bar one of the next liberal government's arts programme will be to secure a buoyant economy within which artists can earn their livings, and if this sounds like a typically bland statement from politicians out of office, the brief answer would be 'No'. It isn't bland, it isn't typical and it doesn't sound like the summary of any other arts policy since the mid-1960s.

It doesn't start with owlish sentiments about how good the arts are for people: 'Music', hooted one Labour green paper, 'is part of civilised living'. It doesn't go on to explain how the arts are part of community self-expression, how they raise public consciousness about such matters as racism, sexism and the evils of unemployment. It doesn't propose centres of excellence against which the rest of us can pit the mediocrities of our lives, and definitely it doesn't analyse, not even with wallcharts, how the arts can sanitise a neighbourhood.

'Sanatise' is the word chosen by one Canadian impact scientist, David Sui, to describe the social effects or 'impact' of arts funding. Apparently, it raises the tone of the place. Calgary in Alberta had the reputation of being a hick town to which junior executives would not willingly go, unless dragged by the wild horses for which Calgary was particularly noted. But the authorities built an arts centre and university at Banff nearby where, thanks to lavish endowments, kids out of high school could learn musical composition from such as Aaron Copland and how to play the violin from Yehudi Menuhin.

Banff is a classy finishing school in the Rockies, proving to those who still hesitate about Calgary that you can have the outdoor life and social refinements like art too. But Sui's principle would also apply to deprived inner city areas in Britain. If mothers are frightened to let their children walk to school on their own, the answer may not necessarily be to strengthen the police force but to build an arts centre. Evidence by the cartload can be collected from psychologists and sociologists to demonstrate that energies previously warped into anti-social aggression can be straightened out and re-directed into more creative outlets, which an arts centre should be capable of providing. Rudimentary aesthetic changes, such as painting a few walls, reclaiming an old building, removing an eye-sore, have been known quite to transform the social atmosphere within an environment so that violence is thought to be inappropriate. Such spending on the arts need not be considered as money-down-the-drain, but as investment, for property values rise and with them, rates and taxes.

Sui has solid historical precedents on his side, though he would call them case histories. The Old Vic was a temperance house at the turn of the century, on the despised south bank of the Thames, in the slums round Waterloo. It was a place where families could go to find wholesome

entertainment, free from the demon drink, built, as Lilian Baylis once remarked, on battered wives. From those humble beginnings sprang the National Theatre and an arts complex stretching from the Festival Hall to London Weekend television, along the South Bank, which has been capitalised and, of course, totally sanitised.

Let us therefore agree with David Sui that the arts can be socially beneficial. Whether they are so always or inevitably is another question. Did the jazz musicians sanitise Harlem in the 1920s? Would you like to have lived next to Utrillo and those hanging hunks of rotten meat? Since the days of Plato, philosophers have argued about whether the arts are useful and valuable or not; and it seems a pity to draw so interminable a debate to a close simply to support the case for public arts subsidies. There are easier ways of finding a few million pounds. My statistical methods are primitive compared with those of the impact scientists, but on a quick consideration of friends who are artists, I would have thought it a moot point as to whether the social good in them outweighs the harm, or vice versa, and those are only my friends. If I contemplate my enemies, the result is very different; and in any case, I cannot tell whether these social qualities (or lack of them) have any bearing on their capacities as artists.

Since the publication of Jennie Lee's white paper on the arts in the mid-1960s, and the consequent growth of public expenditure and administrative involvement, it has been expedient to stress the social benefits to be derived from the arts, at the expense of all other considerations. With every increase in subsidy, the claims have been notched up a little higher, until the subject has accumulated around it a miasma of hypocrisy. David Sui's art-as-sanitation theory is one of the more credible variants in a long list of sanctimonious ploys. The Campaign for the Defence of the Arts will probably double the tally, even going to the extent of wheeling Sir Peter Hall out again to explain that the theatre 'is society's debate with itself—at flashpoint'.

The arts will never recover the lost dignity of their professions, and with it much of the lost money, until they have learnt how to do without such propaganda; and artists need to be convinced that the false claims made on their behalfs by well-wishers actually do not work. The sad fact about our subsidy system is that, despite the expenditure of increasingly large sums of public money, artists as a whole have benefited very little. Over the past twenty years, Arts Council subsidies to the theatre have risen by nearly 5,000%, from £½ million to nearly £25 million; but during that time, the theatre has been in a patchy decline. Fewer productions are now being staged to smaller audiences in auditoriums greatly reduced in size; and those who are unwilling to take my word for this slide downhill should read John Pick's *The Theatre Industry* (Comedia: £15) where the gruesome facts and figures are laid out in detail. In addition to losing audiences, the theatre has lost intellectual clout. Can the current crop of young-ish dramatists—Hare, Brenton, Barker—stand comparison with Pinter, Beckett, Orton, Storey, Mercer,

Bond and Osborne, all from the early 1960s?

If we want to understand why so much public money has been spent to such negative effect, we have to plunge our hands deep into the entrails of the system. We can start by pulling out the Charities Act and looking at it with deep suspicion. Most arts organisations register under this act to receive their subsidies—which means that they have to declare themselves as non-profit-distributing. Thus, they have no incentive to seek profits—and every disincentive for, if there are surpluses at the end of the year, their grants may well be cut. Subsidies are often given in the form of guarantees against loss—and so you have to make losses in order to claim them.

Accordingly, subsidised companies budget to show containable deficits at audit time—deficits which are not so large as to suggest that their organisation is a failure, but large enough to signal to the subsidising authorities that they need more money. The possibility of profits would be embarrassing. Accordingly subsidised companies have developed the habit of going into partnership with commercial companies, if there's any unfortunate likelihood of making money. The potential profits from *Amadeus*, which could have kept the National Theatre afloat even during Mrs. Thatcher's reign, went mainly to its commercial partner in New York, the Shubert Organisation.

If despite all their efforts to show losses, a subsidised company still teeters towards the black, it's quite easy for it to get rid of money, if necessary. The social benefit argument comes in handy. You can reduce your income from the box office by lowering your seat prices, undercut your rivals and claim to be increasing the 'accessibility to the arts', which is one of the Arts Council's three main principles. You can claim credit marks for practices which in other professions would be regarded as ethically dubious and financially unsound.

Because subsidised companies are tied to their annual grants and discouraged from making profits, they have no opportunity to build up reserves against hard times—or for expansion. The containable deficits, by which the subsidised companies measure their success (not least in accountancy), accumulate year by year, which is why the subsidised system costs more and more money to run; while the commercial sector suffers not just from unfair competition but from the arbitrariness of a system in which a subsidised theatre can offer a cheap ready-made production for commercial exploitation one day, and withdraw it the next.

By such means the pattern of trade through which theatre artists exchange the produce of their labours has become badly distorted—unpredictable, unjust, depressed and subject to shifts in political mood which have nothing to do with the arts. It was surely not Patrick Jenkin's intention to cause havoc among the artists when he introduced his bill to abolish the metropolitan counties—but that was the effect. It might have caused less havoc if artists had not been told a few years before to look on these authorities as 'the patrons of the future'. That

was the last arts policy but one, the most recent being, if you count this as a policy, to seek business sponsorship.

No, the arts have not done well from the involvements of successive governments, for what has happened to the theatre can be matched to differing degrees in the other art forms. The second aim of the next liberal government's arts programme must be to return sanity to the pattern of trade within the arts, the preliminary step before helping to rebuild the economy of the arts. It is not enough, indeed it would be ruinous, to opt out of subsidising the arts as some Tories would like to do—on the grounds that all subsidy disturbs the pattern of free trade. You cannot rebuild a generation of theatres designed uneconomically for an age of subsidy. Nor is there anything inherently wicked about the use of public money, just as there is nothing inherently good. Public money will be needed to change the system, which is now faced by two particular challenges.

One major question is posed by the new technology, in television and computerised information systems. Whether Britain opts for the high-tec solution (wired up with optical fibre cable, connected to multi-channel satellites) or the low-tec (through-the-air broadcasting, community radio), the relationship between the artists' trades and their extensions into the media remain crucial to the economic success of the arts. At present, it is possible to pirate programmes almost at will and only the major stations have the power to protect themselves through the inadequate international copyright agreements.

Government action will be required to ensure that international copyright and performing rights agreements are extended and enforced; and it is in such areas that public money particularly will be needed to support the claims of artists. The second challenge concerns the evolution of a strategy to meet 'the age of leisure', which is not a euphemism for unemployment. Whatever the future holds, we are very unlikely to return either to a peasant economy or one which depends on the mass employment of factory labour. The management of our resources will become critical, whether these be of fuel or labour; and within other considerations, such as the purely technical or economic, aesthetic judgments must play their part, which may mean no more and no less than choosing what kind of country we want to live in, what *pleases* us.

The weakness of Sui's arguments—and by extension those policies which depend on the 'social benefit' theory of art—is that they stress the utilitarian aspects of art, which really don't require either subsidy or heavy defence. If the arts are socially beneficial, then artists can be employed by the local authorities, by firms and even private individuals just like other members of the profession. Sui may be helpful in pointing out to the local authorities that the artists can make themselves useful around the place if paid to do so; but he does not concern himself with the theoretical, experimental, exploratory side to art—which does need subsidy. Just as in industry, pure scientific research is sacrificed to the solving of a particular technical problem, so the innovative and philo-

sophical aspects of art can be sacrificed to the painting of a town hall mural.

In pure, as opposed to applied, art, we have nothing to guide us but our instincts for discovery, abstract thought and the pleasure which comes from intense speculation. It is the kind of untranslatable excitement that a utilitarian government ignores or tries to squash. Patronage only really matters when it does not stipulate what results are to be expected, the rest is just ordinary shopkeeping.

The first aim of the liberal programme must be therefore to educate itself in a proper appreciation as to what the arts, pure and applied, can offer society. The great danger of past governments has been that they've taken their cue from *Amadeus*—in supposing that artists are irresponsible children divinely touched by God. They wouldn't object to divine inspiration of course, in its proper place, which is as far as possible from the handling of public money. That is why no artist has even been appointed Secretary-General of the Arts Council, that is why every artistic director in the country is responsible to one, two or sometimes even three amateur philanthropic boards.

The liberals should have the courage to draw artists into the handling of artistic affairs, to consult rather than dictate to them, but without seeking to use them for propaganda purposes. Indeed it might do worse than adopt an ancient political rule for dealing with artists, which is to give with the left hand while remonstrating with the right. If the liberal government zero-rates VAT on theatre tickets, it should do so by solemnly swearing that it will never do so again. In that way, the arts will stay free from any taint of bribery and grumble their ways to new triumphs and disasters, meeting them with a stoicism culturally derived, no doubt, from Kipling.

CINEMA: A QUARTERLY REVIEW

by David Shipman

I LOVED *A Passage to India*. Admittedly, I didn't intend to: the manifold excerpts which I had seen on television didn't seem to bear much relation to Forster's novel as I remembered it—nor have I admired or enjoyed any of David Lean's last half-dozen films. It was soon clear that this item was not a return to the fine form of his early Coward and Dickens movies, but he had a couple of interesting themes—the Raj, that always improbable business of us ruling the subcontinent, and whatever-it-was that happened in the Marabar Caves. One could wallow, as with *Heat and Dust* and *The Jewel in the Crown*, but even as one wallowed doubts arose, especially with a 'virtuoso' scene in a deserted temple with monkeys and an anti-climactic conclusion, which finds Dr. Aziz (Victor Bannerjee) in a pretty Kashmir town on a photogenic river. And wasn't schoolteacher Fielding's garden just too luxurious? And shouldn't Aziz be wearing a *three-piece* suit?—the Azises of that world aped the British, as Ray so amusingly showed in his Tagore adaptations. Forster says that Professor Godbole 'wore a turban that looked like pale purple macaroni, coat, dhoti, waistcoat, socks with clocks' but in the film Alec Guinness wears nice whites and no socks, with or without clocks. You will have gathered, reader, that I returned to the book and by the time I had spent an hour with it I loathed Lean's *A Passage to India*.

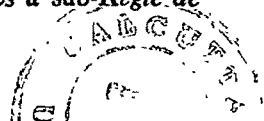
In the book Aziz has a neat moustache but in the film that's become an un-neat beard—though Bannerjee, if too young, does well by the man's eagerness to please. As Fielding, James Fox has that erect Imperial breeding but enough humour and modesty to show his liberal views; and Nigel Havers has caught Ronny at that point Forster found him—nicely brought up, weak, a bit vain, gradually adopting the principles of the ghastly Brits around him. Judy Davis tries as Adela, but she's too modern and worldly, certainly not one to have hallucinations, caves or no caves; but despite a typically sensitive performance by Peggy Ashcroft it is Mrs. Moore who has suffered the worst indignities. When she meets Aziz, Lean takes his dialogue from the book, but the setting—the mosque—is almost as spectacular as the ice house in *Zhivago*, and that isn't what is wanted. Lean uses Forster directly again as Mrs. Moore explains to her son, Ronny, her reasons for living but fails to make clear that her experience at the caves virtually destroyed her beliefs in humanity, art and religion. As for the reasons why Forster wrote the book in the first place, to examine the friendship and understanding (or otherwise) of two different races and cultures, the rulers and the ruled in one extraordinary country: forget it. As Fielding travelled home he reflected that 'The buildings of Venice, like the mountains of Crete and the fields of Egypt, stood in the right place, whereas in poor India everything was placed wrong'. Not in Lean's film; it isn't. I'm glad if the film has made the

Penguin edition a bestseller, but now that it's served its purpose it may be quietly forgotten. Huh! it's bound to turn up as the big Christmas attraction on television.

As it happened I watched the television transmission of the American Academy Awards without knowing the results, and since I had preferred *Amadeus* that was I was rooting for. They're basically the same film—slick, lavish, physically stunning, over-publicised and undeniably entertaining chunks of popular culture made by directors who once made better movies but who are here trivialising matters hugely more interesting and important: Mozart's life and work (I speak not of Shaffer's play) and Forster's beautiful, profound and moving novel.

Had I then seen it I would have been rooting for *The Killing Fields*, to which I did an injustice in my last column, inasmuch as I quoted a letter to a newspaper saying that it wasn't up to much. To you and the film's makers I apologise. It not only dwarfs the two films mentioned above but every English-speaking movie in a long while. It is by no means perfect, but it can stand comparison with the great Japanese war movies—which its director, Roland Joffe, surely has seen. Like *Under Fire* and *The Year of Living Dangerously* it believes that war—Third World War—is too serious to be left to the fiction-makers. Sydney H. Schanberg was sent by The New York Times in 1972 to cover the conflict in Cambodia, since recognised as revolution, when the Communist Khmer Rouge rose against the Lon Nol government. Nixon and Kissinger had secretly—while denying that they had done so—sanctioned the bombing of the country, as the Vietnam War breached its frontiers. In the film Schanberg, played by Sam Waterston, comments on the policies of the Khmer Rouge by observing that we cannot 'underestimate the damage that seven billion dollars worth of bombs can do'. Bruce Robinson's screenplay is not virulently anti-American, while in the inferior, romantic second part it rather wearily details some of the Khmer Rouge's indoctrination policies. It is the first half which matters and its subject, only incidentally, is betrayal. Schanberg's assistant Dith Pran—driver, interpreter, messenger, secretary and trouble-shooter, played in the film by Haing S. Ngor—saves his life and those of other journalists from the mainly youthful Khmer Rouge soldiers, as willing to shoot a man as swat a fly; and yet when they are all within the French Embassy compound, prisoners in fact if not in name, Schanberg is unable to do the same for Dith Pran (the second part is about guilt and the search, and about Dith Pran's survival). These sequences are not only gripping but this is—surely?—what modern war is like; not only lethal and dangerous, but squalid, makeshift, uncertain, boring and uneasy.

That newspaper correspondent joined *The Shooting Party* to *The Killing Fields* as another not able to do justice to a serious subject, but in this case I am not disinclined to disagree. It seemed to me genteel and pleasant, preachy but undisturbing, the sort of television fodder you have forgotten by the time you are drinking your cocoa. Julian Bond adapted Isabel Colegate's novel which on screen becomes a sub-*Règle de*



Jeu, though handled with more assurance than is customary with this director, Alan Bridges—though it's a pity that he has adopted the autumnal tones (within the house, too) which have become essential in recent years in period pieces. The setting is a Derbyshire estate in 1913, with a house-party shooting, gossiping and reflecting in such a way as to be a prelude to the War to End All Wars. The house, actually Knebworth, is nebulous, and I make the pun because the characters are likewise; just as we become interested in them, the film finishes. By dint of experience and force of personality James Mason, Edward Fox and John Gielgud manage something, as does Cheryl Campbell because she is more horribly mannered than ever; but even Dorothy Tutin, too rarely seen in films, can do little with her role.

Still, the movie is not a major disappointment, as is *Dance With a Stranger*, the story of Ruth Ellis, the drinking club hostess who was the last woman to hang in Britain, after murdering her lover—recognised by her at the outset as arrogant and wet, a rotter, and during their relationship he seldom proved otherwise. There are intriguing possibilities here, starting with the fact that, though useless, he came from a 'higher' social close—so was that why his friends disliked her and why the Establishment failed to reprieve her (for she had every emotional justification for doing him in)? Why did she love him and did he, sometimes, love her as much? Then there is the seedy London of 1954, which in this movie looks like the barren ground of the recent 1984. What is needed for this depassioned *crime passionnel* is more information, some certainty that the film's makers have looked further than the court and newspaper reports. The identities of writer and director eluded me as I watched the film, try as I might to remember: the latter was Mike Newell, who had made an excellent film about a true life murder case, in New Zealand, called *Bad Blood*. But his writer was Shelagh Delaney. I should have known.

In the case of *Under the Volcano* it is easy to apportion the blame: Malcolm Lowry. Looking him up in Michael Stapleton's Cambridge Guide to English Literature, I find the laconic phrase, 'This autobiographical novel has been much praised', inferring that Mr. Stapleton was not inclined to follow suit. It was, as the film reminds me, the account of the last messy 24 hours of a British ex-consul in Mexico, and it seemed to me like a week or more, apart from an occasional perception into the constant horrors and intermittent pretensions of alcoholism. These are not to be found in Guy Gallo's careful screenplay, which is otherwise beautifully realised by John Huston. He manages the local colour without piling it on, and he's ably assisted by Albert Finney in his best screen work in years, as the ex-consul, histrionic all right but with a mild sarcasm instead of self-pity.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

The Oxford Companion to English Literature. Edited by Margaret Drabble. Oxford University Press. £15.

Margaret Drabble's credentials as novelist, critic and academic person make it certain that any companion to English literature produced by her will be full of merit. Her husband Michael Holroyd no doubt supplies an additional bonus. She has mobilised a group of contributors whose expertise covers most of the best known topics, British and international. We have all of us much to learn from this mighty work, even if our appetite is whetted more often than satisfied. To take one example almost at random—'Structuralism views any cultural phenomenon from a folk-tale to a menu or an advertisement, as a product of a system of signification, or code, and maintains that it is the relationships between the "elements" of such a system that allow it to signify, rather than the relationships between the elements and reality.'

Margaret Drabble sticks to her purpose which is described in the introduction—'the emphasis has been on primary information rather than on critical appreciation. Works and authors are described and characterised rather than judged, although some attempt has been made to place them in context, and to account for shifts in reputation and taste.' The resulting tone is dead-pan, a little prim and very Eng.Lit. Of Tennyson we read 'In his later years there were already signs that the admiration Tennyson had long enjoyed was beginning to wane... More recently there has been a revival of interest in some of the longer poems.' What one misses is any editorial assessment of Tennyson's achievement apart from the opinions quoted of various notables.

Gladstone is referred to as 'A great Liberal statesman'. The fact that he was Prime Minister four times is overlooked. Vita Sackville-West's marriage is tactfully described as 'unorthodox'. Lesbianism is mentioned in connection with Radclyffe Hall but not in the entry under Sappho. Margaret Drabble is entitled to reply that the book that I seem to be suggesting would have been far too long unless many valuable items were to be omitted. It might not have been possible to have secured the co-operation of so many experts if controversial appreciation were to be the order of the day. I still feel that the Encyclopedia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography have been somewhat bolder than she has been.

Mercifully she has not been completely consistent. For example, we read of *The Pilgrim's Progress* 'The work is remarkable for the beauty and simplicity of its language (Bunyan was permeated with the English of the Bible, though he was also a master of the colloquial English of his own time), the vividness and reality of the characterisation, and the author's sense of humour and feeling for the world of nature. It circulated at first mainly in uneducated circles, and its wide appeal is shown by the fact that it has been translated into well over 100 languages.' So the editorial team has a heart after all. That they have a splendid head is attested on all the 1,100 pages of this remarkable volume.

FRANK LONGFORD

A NEW VIEW ON T. E. LAWRENCE

Backing Into The Limelight. A Biography of T. E. Lawrence. Michael Yardley. Harrap. £12.95.

Michael Yardley does not pretend that another life of T. E. Lawrence is really needed, or that there can be anything very new to say. He has, however, certainly mastered the 40 or more studies that have preceded his own; and he has discovered some sources hitherto unexplored, in the Foreign Office papers on the Arab Revolt, and some, unhappily, still—anonymous sources in the United States. More than do his predecessors, he recognises that the man is buried in a mass of half-truths, that facts and fantasies are mixed, and that they were so from the start as part of Lawrence's nature. He tries very hard to peel away the fictions and to discover the 'real' Lawrence, if such can now be disinterred. And he publishes the book on the 50th anniversary of Lawrence's death. He was killed on his motor-cycle when he was 47, and when for a decade or more he had passed himself off as Aircraftsman Shaw.

And its success? Not total, I fear. By his very title Yardley implies that the hunger for fame, even for notoriety, began early. There was no doubt that it was the legacy of the Revolt in the desert, of the publicity (especially Lowell Thomas's) mainly for propaganda purposes through the long and grim War, and of Lawrence's sense after the Peace Conference of having betrayed the Arabs. But was he so driven from the start? Yardley makes much of Lawrence's awareness of and embarrassment at his illegitimacy, but minimises the relative comfort of his upbringing. Was he on the outbreak of War more than the archaeology student researching on Crusader Castles and Carchemish, with a slight knowledge of spoken Arabic and an amateur taste for soldiering—and dressing up? The picture of an Intelligence Operator from the start hardly fits with his strikingly unmilitary manner, and his obvious (and offputting) taste for showmanship. The 'legends' left behind in the Middle East in World War II were far less kind than is this book. As told here, Lawrence is cast as more important than Ronald Storrs, who was (and not only in his own telling) the brains behind the Revolt. It began in fact with the pre-war contacts of Kitchener, Storrs and Abdullah. Yardley is, however, good on the often-told story of Lawrence's capture at Deraa and of the beating (and homosexual assault?) at the orders of the Turkish commander—and of Lawrence's many different versions of this episode to many different people. He makes plain that he was arrogant, but that he was also immensely courageous and greatly gifted in understanding the Arabs. He is especially good in his description of the totally mixed nature of the hunt both for privacy and for fame, and often simultaneously, the quest for recognition, the inner turmoil at the discovery of the dragons' teeth he had sown in the Arab sands. And though only in passing, he touches on the contradictions that bedevilled British Middle-Eastern diplomacy itself in these years, whatever Lawrence's role. It sought to reconcile the irreconcilables: the contradictory ambitions of Arabs and Jews, of French and British, and of British Arabists and of British Indians, to whom a major revival of Arab Kingdoms was not especially welcome. Perhaps in fact all that Storrs and Kitchener and Allenby wanted was a small-scale revolt of the Hashemites and of Auda, and the destruction of the Mecca Railway, not a Saudi Arabian—and certainly not a fanatical Moslem—state or states. Lawrence, in other words, became half-creator, half-prisoner of a movement that grew by what it fed on. He did not create it or control it, he just unleashed it. But such is history. How many

'great men' are truly creators, in control of their destinies until their heavens fall? This is a thoroughly-researched reconstruction of the legend, the story of a strange and driven man. He wanted notoriety and seclusion. He was at once pro-Arabist—and Zionist. He dreamt of military—and literary—fame. Like all its predecessors, Mr. Yardley's book leaves many questions unanswered.

ESMOND WRIGHT

HEALTH AND ILLNESS IN JAPAN

Illness and Culture in Contemporary Japan. Emiko Ohnuki-Tierney. Cambridge University Press.

This book is worthy of the highest praise. The themes encompassed within it have been carefully and critically researched. I know of no other book on the contemporary Japanese scene *vis-à-vis* health and illness which is so clearly written and persuasive. It is an example of scholarship at its best; it reaches the commanding heights of academic achievement.

The book is in two parts. The first is concerned with fundamental concepts and attitudes to health and disease. There is an excellent description of daily hygienic practice in modern Japan under the heading 'Japanese germs'. This associates the spatial 'outside' (for example, streets, streetcars, buses and departmental stores) with dirt and lack of hygiene and contrasts it with the 'inside' (living quarters and immediate surroundings) which must be kept clean and healthy. The discussion naturally leads to contemporary Japanese views on purity and impurity. Cleanliness has become one of the most cherished moral values in Japan; on the other hand lack of hygiene is equated with moral turpitude and depravity.

The concept of *jibyō* (my illness) is next considered. It is stressed that, in contrast to people in most Western countries, the Japanese discuss their health freely. For men there is no 'macho' image in this regard, no need to retain the stiff upper lip. It should, however, be stressed that *jibyō* refers mainly to common and non-lethal maladies such as rheumatism, 'weak stomach', dyspepsia and high or low blood pressure. On the other hand fatal illnesses, particularly cancer, are dreaded and not discussed openly. Doctors tend not to tell the patient 'the verdict'. The whole subject is taboo and any surveys conducted in this area suggest that patients prefer it this way.

The Japanese attitude to suicide is also of great interest. As Ohnuki-Tierney notes an ideological system in Japan has idealised certain forms of suicide and the *kamikaze* units in the Second World War are a good example of this. Also the notion of suicide in contemporary Japan is sometimes romanticised by visits to various historic sites and scenic spots where, for example, lovers are claimed to have taken their lives. In contrast to the situation in the USA and some other Western countries suicide in Japan carries with it little stigma and is not considered proof that the individual was psychiatrically disturbed.

In Part II of the book, which is to be especially recommended, traditional Japanese medicine (so-called *kanpo*) is compared and contrasted with contemporary biomedical practice. *Kanpo*, although of Chinese origin, has been considerably modified over the years. It is now gaining strength and is increasingly perceived by the Japanese as an integral part of health care. The author describes the major feature of *kanpo*—its emphasis on the treatment of symptoms rather than the diagnosis of disease, its intensive study of the physiological and psychological characteristics of the individual patient, its

reliance on treatments such as herbal medicines, moxibustion and acupuncture.

Biomedical practice in Japan is an integral part of contemporary society. But it differs in many respects from so-called 'high technology' medicine much favoured in the West. Biomedical practice and *kanpo* exist *pari passu*; many doctors are trained in both forms of medicine, more in the former than in the latter.

The biomedical school in Japan remains based on the German system first introduced during the Meiji era in the 1860s. Private practice dominates although the commercialisation of medicine, so pervasive in countries like the USA, is less obtrusive. Appointment systems in general practice are rare and the device of the surrogate patient, where a relative or friend testifies on behalf of the person seeking advice, is relatively common.

Pregnancy and delivery have their own special customs in Japan. From the fourth month onwards most women still wear the sash which is symbolic confirmation of pregnancy and it is still popular to return to the woman's natal home for parturition—a process called *satogaeri*.

Vis-à-vis hospitalisation, insurance policies cover expenses for the vast majority of company employees and in other walks of life. The average length of hospitalisation in Japan is the longest in the world. Peace, quiet and particularly bed rest are recommended for virtually every illness whether major or minor and in spite of this the incidence of venous thrombosis remains low. While in hospital the patient is encouraged to retain his personal identity and continued care by family and relatives is emphasised.

In summary Dr. Ohnuki-Tierney has produced a quite exceptional book. Her insights into the Japanese contemporary scene are clear and perceptive. This treatise is essential reading for anyone in the least interested in the social development of one of the great nations of the modern world.

JOHN A. LORAINÉ

A PATH FROM ROME

A Path From Rome: an Autobiography. Anthony Kenny. Sidgwick and Jackson, £15.

This is the story not of one path but of two: the geographic and intellectual path to Rome of one clearly earmarked for advancement in the Catholic Church, the other of the mounting doubts that in the end led to laicisation and paradoxically to the call to a Fellowship in Philosophy and in 1974 to become Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Nor is it, of course, the complete story; although Part II, when it comes, is unlikely to have the fascination of this.

Anthony Kenny was a poor Liverpool boy of Irish background. He was an only child, brought up by mother and grandmother when his seafaring father was killed in the War, cushioned from the rough world outside by a loving family, one of whom, an uncle, Alexander Jones, preceded him to Rome and became a biblical scholar and a hero-model. He was a bookish and bright boy, and, by way of Upholland, for him seminary and at times sanctuary, he went to the English College in Rome and the Gregorian University, where after seven years he got his doctorate. Up to that point, this is a detailed but lightly-told story of the rigours of Catholic training, both intellectual and theological—disciplined and lonely. Thereafter, it becomes a story of doubt ending with defeat and the return to the lay state, hastened perhaps by a four-year curacy in the tougher parts of the Liverpool of his boyhood, and an awareness that to pretend to be a pillar on whom his worried parishioners

could lean, was increasingly to be a hypocrite—and he was so busy there in a round of responsible drudgery that he got no time for writing, much less for research, his true vocation. And doubts mounted: about the nature of transubstantiation, about contraception, about the 'justness' of nuclear war, even in the end of the existence of God. He is now an agnostic.

This is then a story of failure. It is also a vivid inside view of the impressiveness of Catholic training, and of the conviction that the gifted are to be made into intellectual as well as spiritual leaders of the less-thoroughly-taught faithful. Dr. Kenny's road is now well-travelled, even dusty. It gives glimpses of some great Catholic names, notably Cardinal Heenan and of the immense care shown throughout by the hierarchy over those to whom they give the cure of souls. The first part is rigorous and academic; the second very human. This is a freshly-written, moving—and sad book, though Dr. Kenny is now, he tells us, a happy man.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THREE ASPECTS OF THOMAS HARDY

The Collected Letters of Thomas Hardy. (Vol. 5, 1914-1919). Eds. R. L. Purdy and M. Millgate. Oxford University Press. £22.50.

The Life and Work of Thomas Hardy. Ed. Michael Millgate. Macmillan. £30.

Emma Hardy Diaries. Ed. Richard H. Taylor. MidNAG-Carcamet. £14.95.

The fifth volume of Thomas Hardy's letters is markedly greyer in tone than its immediate predecessor. The outbreak of war in 1914 at first chilled and by degrees atrophied the social and artistic world in which Hardy's hard-won success had been crowned with the completion of *The Dynasts*, the award of the O.M. and the widespread recognition of his literary eminence. The months he spent in London each year had meant much to him, not least in the renewal and extension of personal friendships and the exchange of ideas and impressions. The deepening austerity of wartime confined him increasingly to his Dorset home and to the writing of letters which inevitably drew their vitality from backward glances to happier times. 'The war', he writes, 'has taken all enterprize out of me'.

When the Treaty of Versailles was signed Hardy had just entered his eightieth year and regarded himself as 'merely a dusty figure on a shelf'. This acceptance of old age and its accompanying passivity is a constant theme. The vigorously handwritten style of earlier years is no longer possible. Letters tend more often to be typewritten from drafts or completed by his second wife, Florence.

Their marriage, in February 1914, is the principal event at the beginning of this volume. It is with some uneasiness that Hardy asserts to his circle of letter-writing friends that Florence was a friend of his wife's and therefore provides a continuity, not a new departure. She might almost have been the deceased wife's sister, he seems to imply: the subterfuges during Emma's last years are forgotten. Only to Florence Henniker does he write with complete candour—'being as I was so lonely and helpless'.

The quiet domesticity of the second marriage is a pleasant element in the wartime years. So too is the friendship with Edmund Gosse which inspires some of the warmest expressions of Hardy's thoughts and feelings. Less rewarding are the numerous messages of condolence or gratitude and the business dealings with uninvited correspondents and his publishers, which occupy much of this volume. There is no mistaking Hardy's growing insistence on the

importance of his verse in contrast with what he dismisses as the 'potboiling' of his fiction. The references to his current work show an absolute concentration on verse at this stage in his life. There is however one prose work which engaged him during the war, although it is not explicitly mentioned. It can be recognised unmistakably nevertheless in a letter to Sir George Douglas in May 1919—'I have not been doing much—mainly destroying papers of the last 30 or 40 years, and they raise ghosts'.

Those papers—and their ghosts—were embodied in the narrative that Hardy was then preparing with his wife, for her to publish after his death as the biography we now know as *The Life of Thomas Hardy* by Florence Hardy. Hardy's own governing role in the enterprise was intended to remain a secret, but was soon detected and it has become customary to refer to the work as his third-person autobiography. This comes nearer to the truth but is by no means the whole truth. Hardy wisely gave his widow the freedom to use her own judgment and to consult their intimate circle—particularly J. M. Barrie—in settling the final form of the book for publication. The precise nature of the deletions, additions and amendments made to Hardy's original draft has long been a topic of interest to Hardy scholars. No one is better fitted than Michael Millgate to resolve these textual problems by deploying the exemplary editorial skills which give such distinction to the *Collected Letters*. In *The Life and Work of Thomas Hardy* he has put Hardy students further in his debt: one must hope that his careful research will not be used misguidedly by others to invalidate *The Life* in its familiar form.

The diaries of Hardy's first wife, Emma, are not unfamiliar to Hardy scholars. Her sketches and comments reflect her quirky character, and the chaff of trivia is worth winnowing for the occasional grain of biographical detail. *Emma Hardy Diaries*, a carefully prepared facsimile edition with transcribed text, is a useful addition to Hardyana. Its stylish presentation makes it a pleasure to handle.

DESMOND HAWKINS

THE ONGOING MYSTERY OF RENNES-LE-CHATEAU

Genesis: The First Book of Revelations. David Wood. The Baton Press. £15.

The Treasure Maps of Rennes-le-Château. Stanley James. Maxbow Publishing. £8.95.

The towered and turreted village of Rennes-le-Château, precipitously high on its crag, almost in the clouds, stays, since Mr. Henry Lincoln's triptych of television films, in our collective mind's eye as the focus and very paradigm of the classic contemporary mystery. A mystery whose ramifications burrow and soar far beyond the mundane limits of reality as we perceive it in the twentieth century and set us in novel and awesome relief against the timescape of the universal clock.

It was in 1885 that Bérenger Saunière was, at the age of thirty-three, appointed curé of the tiny Pyrenean hamlet near Carcassonne. For half a dozen years he struggled church-mouse-poor, he and his eighteen-year-old priest's housekeeper, Marie Denarnaud, finding themselves often upon the starvation brink of holy poverty. Then, in 1891, came a sudden mysterious affluence. For fully a quarter of a century a golden Nile flooded the parched parish-lands of Rennes-le-Château, assuaging, through le don père's gift, the arid poverty of the needy in his cure.

Father Saunière died, unshriven, in 1917. The secret of the source of the Golden Nile died with him. We do not even know the nature and quality of

the treasure, with the discovery of which his simple flock explained the beneficence of their good shepherd. Applying the principle of Occam's Razor, a chestful of gold and jewels provides the answer. But, in that Languedoc country of Visigoth, Cathar, Albigenian and Templar, *whose* treasure? Again: are there not perhaps two Rennes-les-Châteaux—temporal and spiritual? The treasure of the one yielded up to the ingenuity of an impoverished parish priest. The arcane secret of the other remaining to this day intact.

Mr. Stanley James' book is required reading for anyone who believes that part of the treasure temporal is hidden thereabouts still, for it is a well and imaginatively researched exposition of the types of clues—and style of thinking—necessary for disclosure and discovery; a tortuous *tour de force* with all the compulsive fascination of a taxing crossword puzzle. Mr. David Wood's book takes a determined stab at identifying the treasure spiritual. Superimposing geometrical patterns over a 40-square-mile area, he thinks to recognise significant pentagrams (with recondite sexual undertones) and the 'Temple of Rennes', builded upon the identical ground-plan of the outremer Temple of Solomon. *Quod erat demonstrare?* Moreover, from various selected measurements he conjures forth mystic numbers which invoke Egyptian gods—Set, Isis, Osiris and Nephthys—Atlantis, the Ark of the Covenant, and equate with key numbers in modern physics. His ratiocinatory processes are too complex to treat adequately in a short review, but Mr. Wood's book is well written, plausibly argued and beautifully illustrated.

Who knows but that the heart of the Rennes-le-Château mystery may prove hollow—an ancient nothing swaddled in layers of romantic yearning after *something*: to Henry Lincoln, onlie begetter *britannique*, the Holy Grail of Mary Magdalene's body, vessel for the Holy Blood of Jesus Christ's children, the Merovingian priest-kings to be; to David Wood, the unholy grail of a mystic physico-chemical artefact, rooted in the remote past, powered to split—perhaps by light—the H_2O molecule, and witness to an intelligence earlier and superior to our own that lived upon, or visited, our imperfect earth.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Unemployment in the UK. (Gower. £22.50, paperback £9.50.) This is an erudite and objective study by Professor J. J. Richardson, Head of the Department of Politics at Strathclyde University, and Jeremy Moon, a lecturer in politics at the University of Western Australia. Their book 'is primarily concerned with the nature of unemployment as a political issue'. This involves a discussion of the growth of unemployment, its main characteristics, and the policies of the political parties. The authors have brought together a great deal of factual material and analysis. Unfortunately the volume is

bound to be currently out of date in that it was written over a year before its publication on July 18, 1985. A year ago the authors concluded that the government's 'maintenance of schemes in response to unemployment' largely through the Manpower Services Commission, 'has enabled the Conservatives to escape the accusation that nothing has been done for the unemployed'. In a brief addendum dated March 1985, they recognise that the economic environment has inevitably changed, but they conclude, like most people, that 'the continued upward trend in the underlying unemployment rate' has not changed.

So far as it goes, this is a valuable study.

Political Parties in Western Democracies (Gower. £25 and £12.95 paperback.) This is a work of considerable weight by Dr. Klaus von Beyme, Director of the Political Science Institute, University of Heidelberg, with an English translation by Eileen Martin. It is an historical and sociological study in which Dr. von Beyme has brought together and analysed a mass of material relating to parties in Western Europe, the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. The work stresses, although not deliberately, the vast discrepancies in background, composition, outlook, operation, policy, strength, and even ideology among many parties with the same or similar nomenclature. Even the European Communist parties have their deep divisions on ideology. Probably the parties with an Anglo-Saxon background have most in common. Dr. von Beyme has much to say about 'delegitimation' of parties in the future. He concludes: 'a complete substitution of the parties is unlikely to happen and the surveys of Western democracies do not suggest that any alternative to competitive party democracy is more popular with the majority of the public'.

The Brontës: Selected Poems (Dent. £2.50.) In this Everyman Classics Original, Juliet R. V. Baker, the Curator and Librarian of the Brontë Parsonage Museum, has selected and edited 87 poems by the Brontës. Of these, 28 are by Emily 'who rightly holds one of the first places in the pantheon of English poets'. Charlotte, Patrick, and Anne are represented in the remaining poems selected. The Editor has 'chosen the popular poems

which are most often requested, those generally acknowledged to be the best and those, perhaps less well known, which I consider deserve to reach a wider audience'. Many who read this volume will want to read the editions of the complete poems.

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(M.T.)

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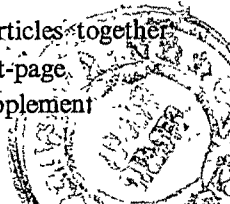
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Vol. 247

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<i>Contents</i>	<i>Page</i>
Better Schools	Bruce Pattison 113
Why Trident is Right	Cyril D. Townsend, M.P. 121
Victory for the Greek Socialists	Mladen Gavrilovic 126
Third World Revolutions	Antoine J. Abraham and Ahmed Abdul Majid 130
Mishima—Against a Political Interpretation	Stephen Chan 133
Falklands or Malvinas? The View from Buenos Aires	Peter J. Beck 136
Curbing Union Militancy in Australia	John J. Ray 143
The Great Mosque of Cordova	Habeeb Salloum 145
A New Assessment of Denton Welch: Part II: Nemesis Past Peter Pan's Pool	Richard Whittington- Egan 149
Visual Arts at the American Festival	Philip Vann 155
Correspondence: A Closer Look at Northern Ireland	Tony Hughes 160
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT	161
Lord Longford, Esmond Wright, Betty Abel, Laurence Tanner, Park Honan, Molly Tibbs, Arnold de Montmorency	
SHORTER REVIEWS	167

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BETTER SCHOOLS

by Bruce Pattison

THE Secretary of State for Education and Science and the Secretary of State for Wales have presented to Parliament a White Paper entitled *Better Schools* (CMND 9469) and setting out their policies for school education. It expresses satisfaction at the progress made during the past thirty years but finds much scope for improvement.

The best secondary schools turn out young people with self-confidence, self-respect and respect for others, who are enterprising, adaptable and eager to face the demands of the adult world, and who are equipped to face it by a sound and broad grounding in knowledge, skills and understanding to a depth commensurate with their abilities. . . . Many of the features found in the best schools are also found in most other schools. But the present spectrum of quality and the variations between schools are wider than is acceptable in a national system of school education based on 11 years of compulsory attendance.(15-16) *

A common weakness is in planning the curriculum. In primary schools 'there are rarely effective mechanisms for ensuring that declared curricular policies are reflected in the day to day work of most teachers and pupils.' (17) 'In secondary schools there is little evidence of agreed curriculum policies directly influencing the school as a whole.' (23) Schools offer a greater range of studies than ever before, but they differ widely in what they actually make available to individual pupils and there sometimes seems to be little coherence in programmes. The result is that opportunities to pursue certain studies depend to a large extent on the school a person attends. This is unsatisfactory in a national system of education.

To minimise this inequality of opportunity a national agreement on a core curriculum has been called for. 'Agreement' is the operative term: it must be accepted by the teaching profession as a whole: otherwise it will be honoured more in the breach than in the observance, like the present statutory requirement concerning religious education.

There is no threat of a detailed curriculum imposed by the central government. The White Paper declares 'it would not in the view of the Government be right for the Secretaries of State's policy for the range and pattern of the 5-16 curriculum to amount to the determination of national syllabuses for that period'.(36) It is careful to emphasise the responsibility of each Local Education Authority for working out 'a curricular policy on the basis of broadly agreed principles', and 'within

* The figures after quotations refer to paragraphs in the White Paper.



the authority, the curricular policy of each school would reflect the policy of the LEA... but would develop, in the detail needed for the work of each school, the strategies by which the school intended to secure an appropriate range and pattern in the programmes of its pupils'.(36)

The principles enunciated are indeed fairly general:

- (1) the curriculum in both primary and secondary schools should be broad as a whole and in its parts should introduce the pupil to a wide range of areas of knowledge and skill—language and mathematical skills... art and craft, history and geography, music, physical education, and science...
- (2) the curriculum should be balanced: each area of the curriculum should be allotted sufficient time to make its specific contribution, but not so much that it squeezes out other essential areas;
- (3) the curriculum should be relevant: all subjects should be taught in such a way as to make plain their link with pupils' own experience and to bring out their applications and continuing value in adult life.(45)

Most secondary schools provide a broad curriculum during the first three years. It is in the fourth and fifth years that diversification attempts to suit the aptitudes and interests of individuals. Specialisation has long occurred earlier in England and Wales than in most other countries. In the grammar schools a choice between the humanities and science often had to be made even before the sixth form. Comprehensive schools have to consider a greater variety of interests, and they do so by allowing some choice during the last two years. However, it is important that subjects which may turn out later to be needed should not be dropped. The time spent on optional subjects in some schools is excessive and by crowding out some basic disciplines limits future possibilities. The White Paper recommends that 80-85% of a pupil's time should still be spent on a common core of English, mathematics, science, a foreign language, humanities, the arts and practical and technological work. Content and presentation must be adapted to aptitudes and interests; a common core need not imply that everybody learns the same. What is important is a wide range of experience—scientific, linguistic, aesthetic and practical.

The practical has had low esteem in education but is necessary for all-round development. However, the practical work with which the White Paper is most concerned is that which helps pupils 'to get on in the modern world'.(45) 'A broad, balanced and suitably differentiated programme until the age of 16... should contain a strong element which relates to the technological aspects of working life', and there should be 'pre-vocational programmes which bridge the transition between the broad programmes up to the age of 16 and those post-16 programmes which are explicitly vocational'.(49) The Technical and Vocational Education Initiative was launched in 1982.

Some alarm among educationalists was caused by the fact that TVEI was first announced by the Manpower Services Commission, which will finance and supervise it. There is a fear that broad educational objectives will be subordinated to the requirements of industry. But the criteria laid down for the pilot schemes should allay the fear. Projects are to cater for students across the whole ability range. This should avoid the danger of selection at the age of 14, when the less academic might be shunted off into vocational tracks. Those destined for academic courses will benefit

- from experience related to production and services: they will at least learn about the working conditions of the majority of their contemporaries, and they may acquire some useful skills. Throughout the programme there is to be a general educational element as well as a technical/vocational one, the balance between the two being adjusted to students' individual needs and their stage in the course. The technical and vocational elements are to be broadly related to subsequent educational and training opportunities. There is a danger of too specific vocational training, but the participation of large numbers of schools and colleges should mitigate the danger. For some years LEAs and schools have been trying to forge links with industry, and this initiative should enlarge the possibilities of doing so.

However, even if TVEI lives up to its promise and is not narrowly vocational, it will prepare for only one aspect of adult life—work. For the rest of life other relationships are necessary. The only outsiders the White Paper is anxious to interest in schools are parents and potential employers. But the community a school serves has a great and varied contribution to make. By engaging in community projects pupils can make contacts with institutions and organisations through which they will be able to continue their interests and activities after leaving school. It is particularly important, too, that they should be encouraged to continue general education as well as vocational training. To alert them to the opportunities that will be open to them associations with other kinds of education are valuable to a school. Some schools have links with colleges of further education. Links with adult education are rarer but very desirable. None of these relationships between schools and the outside world interests the White Paper. It is preoccupied with preparation for work.

Its other preoccupation is with standards. Everybody approves 'the aim of raising standards in our schools'.⁽²⁹³⁾ The question is how to define standards and how to measure them. The White Paper's yardstick is examinations.

The Department of Education and Science has been putting a great deal of effort into reforming existing examinations. The GCE and the CSE examinations are to be amalgamated into a new General Certificate of Secondary Education, which 'will be more equitable, and will permit candidates at each level of ability to show what they know, understand and can do on the basis of suitably differentiated questions within papers, in all subjects'.⁽⁹⁷⁾ Candidates will be able to choose questions of different degrees of difficulty, and this will be taken into account in assessing their performances. They will really not all be taking the same examination. It is no doubt convenient nevertheless to cover the entire school population with one grading system. How this will bring '80-90 per cent of all pupils up to and beyond the standard of performance now associated with the average, across a range of subjects'⁽⁹²⁾ is not clear.

- Examinations as they have been conducted for over a century have serious defects. They test expression in writing and capacity to organise

information and argument quickly, but they emphasise knowledge rather than skill and put a premium on memorising information. The White Paper claims for the new examination, 'By comparison with existing examinations, the national criteria place a new emphasis on oral and practical skills and course work, on reasoning and on the application as well as the acquisition of knowledge and understanding'.⁽⁹⁷⁾ One wonders why this has not happened already. The fact that it has not causes some scepticism about whether it will actually happen now. Even if it does, the chief defects of examinations will remain.

One of them is that an examination invites answers on only a small sample of what has been prescribed, and the result therefore gives a very inadequate indication of what a candidate can do. A more serious flaw is the effect of examinations on teaching and learning.

Two of the weaknesses the White Paper finds in secondary schools are probably due to concentration on preparing for examinations—that teaching is aimed at the middle of the ability range, so that the able are not stretched and the less able become discouraged, and that work tends to be too much directed by the teacher, the pupils not being given opportunities to make discoveries and solve problems by themselves.

For pupils in the schools examinations provide poor motivation to learn. The White Paper could well have shown more interest in motivation, for without it the standards it sets such store by are unlikely to be reached, and it is going to be difficult to stimulate in response to a programme heavily directed to employment at a time when many young people see little prospect of finding jobs. An examination at the end of a five-year course will not help much. It becomes an objective only during the last year. A series of intermediate goals have to be established to sustain effort.

A report of the Inner London Education Authority by a committee under the chairmanship of Dr. D. H. Hargreaves has suggested that the course for the last two years in the secondary school should be subdivided into 11 or 12 inter-connected units in each subject. The content of each unit would be small and precise enough for pupils to appreciate the knowledge and skills they were expected to acquire during a few weeks. The means of reaching the objectives could be discussed with them, as could their progress and their final achievements. At the end of each unit all students would be given certificates indicating what had been achieved. These certificates would constitute records of what had been attempted and with what success.

Records of this kind could be developed into an alternative to traditional examinations. They would give a much fuller picture of what pupils could do, and they would encourage rather than discourage imaginative teaching. The certificates would, of course, be given by the teachers themselves, but external moderation and preliminary guidelines could minimise variations of standard. If commercial garages are trusted for motorists' MOT tests, then there is no reason why teachers should not be trusted to assess their own pupils. Some experience of

external moderation has been gained in CSE Mode 3 examining.

What the White Paper says about the curriculum merely reproduces advice HMIs have been giving for some time. The reform of examinations is already under way and will do nothing to raise educational standards. Whatever the merits of the proposed legislation on school governing bodies it will have only a marginal effect on what goes on in schools. Greater involvement of parents will help, but only a little. The major contribution to improving standards must come from teachers. The White Paper pays great attention to quality of teaching but is unlikely to affect it for the better because it will do nothing to lift the present low morale of the teaching profession.

What is required of teachers is spelt out in great detail. The range of qualities and skills they must have would be hard to parallel in any other profession. What is not spelt out is what teachers may expect for the proper exercise of their professional expertise. They do not bear sole responsibility for education; the service is provided by local authorities under the supervision and financial control of the Secretary of State. Teachers are engaged to carry out professional duties and can do that only as well as is permitted by the conditions in which they have to work. The conditions have never been entirely satisfactory. 'The quality of school education', says the White Paper, 'is enhanced when school premises serve the purposes of the school effectively and economically'.(276) A recent report by HMIs described hundreds of them as dilapidated and depressing, many as crumbling and beyond repair. Contraction on to fewer sites to accommodate a falling school population may allow abandonment of some of the worst buildings, but for appreciable improvement considerable finance will still be necessary.

The same may be said of the sizes of classes with which teachers have to cope. Pupil-teacher ratios have improved slightly as school rolls have fallen, but the opportunity has not been taken to get them to the level the DES itself has for many years stated to be desirable. Instead fewer teachers have been employed, and a further reduction of the teaching force by about 30,000 is to take place during the next six years. Nearly a fifth of primary school classes and 7% of secondary ones still have over 30 pupils. 'The Government have concluded that there is a need for some further limited improvement in the overall pupil to teacher ratio', but 'the extent to which this can be achieved, and the pace of any change, must depend on future public expenditure plans'.(156)

Moreover pupil-teacher ratios do not tell the whole story. The White Paper complains that 'Heads of department and deputy head teachers to some extent have too little time and scope for managing the planning and development of the curriculum and optimising the use of staff and other resources'.(27) This is largely due to the administrative duties they have to undertake, and the time spent on making reports and returns and keeping records seems likely to increase as a result of some of the suggestions in the White Paper. Yet there is no hint of more non-teaching staff to assist with this.

No appreciable increase is envisaged in the total finance available. 'To the extent that some expenditure programmes will need to increase, such increases will have to be financed either by reductions in programmes of lower priority or by further efficiency savings'.(280) 'The Government's plans for expenditure by LEAs in 1985-6, and, provisionally and in outline, for 1986-7 and 1987-8' show 'a significant increase over the previous plans in the White Paper (Cmnd 9143) for 1985-6' and 'should allow, for example, for some continuing improvement in the pupil-teacher ratio... and for some limited increase in expenditure on such crucial items as books and equipment', (281) but the estimates now revised continued rigorous cuts, resulting in acute shortages of books and equipment which will not be made good by the 'significant increase'. 'The actual level of services LEAs can provide will however depend crucially on their ability to contain costs, in particular pay, which accounts for about three-quarters of their net current expenditure. It is therefore important that they seek to restrain pay increases for their employees and also look for possible savings in their manpower'.(181)

Some savings are hoped for from putting schools meals and cleaning out for tenders by private contractors, but these are likely to be small and at the expense of standards of service. The major savings must be on teachers. Some no doubt will come from contraction of the teaching force. Apparently this will not be enough: the reference to pay restraint forecasts resistance to teachers' claims for salary increases to make up for their falling behind other professionals during the past few years.

The Secretary of State's calculation seems to be that with a teaching force that is larger than he requires he can resist teachers' claims. He does not seem to mind having a dissatisfied profession. Keeping up the quality of the intake, however, is going to be a problem. The profession is unattractive, not only because it is poorly paid but also because it enjoys lower social esteem and less power of self-regulation than other learned professions. The rather faintly expressed hope of recruiting teachers with experience in other occupations(141)—a highly desirable development—is unlikely to be fulfilled. Already there are shortages of the recruitment of people with qualifications marketable elsewhere—in mathematics, physics, craft, design and technology. The quality of candidates for initial training is likely to suffer. The future of the profession is being mortgaged for ready cash.

'There is much excellent teaching', says the White Paper, 'in maintained schools. Nevertheless, the Government's view, reached in the light of reports by HMI, is that a significant number of teachers are performing at a standard below that required to achieve the objectives now proposed for the schools'.(158)

One reason for unsatisfactory performance is that teachers are sometimes given responsibility for subjects in which they are not well qualified. It is proposed that 'each new primary school teacher should be equipped to take particular responsibility for one aspect of the

curriculum... to act as a consultant to colleagues on that aspect and to teach it to classes other than his own. In secondary schools teachers teaching a subject at A level should desirably have that subject as the whole or part of their studies for an honours degree or in certain cases as the single subject of an ordinary degree. For other secondary school work the teacher's academic background should include his main teaching subject as one of two or three subjects taken at the same level in a B.A. or B.Sc. degree, or as the main subject in a B.Ed. degree'.(162) The Education (Teachers) Regulations of 1982 are to be amended to require LEAs and governors 'to take account of the formal qualifications of the teachers in determining whether the staff of a school is suitable for the purpose of providing education appropriate to its pupils'.(166) Teachers will no doubt welcome this, perhaps with the reservation that it should be managed in such a way that divisions between disciplines should not be reinforced or collaboration between specialists inhibited. They will also note that it implies an obligation to provide resources for its implementation.

The chief means suggested for improving teachers' efficacy is 'the regular and formal appraisal of the performance of all teachers... with the most promising and effective being identified for timely promotion; with those encountering professional difficulties being promptly identified for appropriate counselling, guidance and support; and, where such assistance does not restore performance to a satisfactory level, with teachers concerned being considered for early retirement or dismissal'.(184) Teachers are not against appraisal. What they question is linking it with salaries: it smacks too much of payment by results. They would prefer merit to be recognised by promotion to special responsibilities which involve use of their teaching abilities. It is important that duties should be so distributed that all senior staff have time to deal with curriculum and teaching and not merely administration.

If appraisal is good for teachers, it must also be good for others in the education service. LEAs should be scrutinised, and so should the Secretary of State, who is responsible for seeing that they provide adequate education in accordance with a national policy. Proper accountability of the central bureaucracy would entail a radical political change, for it would involve Parliament's asserting its independence of the executive. At present the excellent reports of the Commons Committee on Public Expenditure are often brushed aside. Such a fundamental change is perhaps too much to expect. The public, however, must insist on the Secretary of State's taking full responsibility for securing a satisfactory education service. He must not be allowed to shift on to teachers the blame for all the failings and the onus for all the improvements necessary. Continuous appraisal of those responsible for the conditions in which teachers work must be a concomitant of appraisal of teachers.

To enable teachers to develop their strengths and remedy their weaknesses in-service training must be available. At present there is a pooling

arrangement whereby LEAs share a large part of the costs of sending teachers on certain types of course. The DES designates priority areas and makes grants to LEAs to employ replacements for teachers released for courses in these areas. The White Paper considers the pooling system has 'serious defects... It favours relatively long courses, and it reduces the incentive to individual LEAs to satisfy themselves that releasing a teacher to attend a particular course is likely to represent good value for money'.(173) A new specific grant is proposed to support LEA expenditure. Each LEA will have to submit information about its plans, including arrangements for identifying teachers' needs and making good use of teachers who had been released for in-service training. One suspects that the intention is to concentrate more on immediate needs and to eliminate opportunities for teachers to improve their qualifications. If so, it is short-sighted. Opportunities for self-development are good for the morale of teachers and for the general quality of the profession. Nor is it evident that the DES's judgment of what is desirable will be superior to that of LEAs.

The appraisal scheme and in-service arrangements, such as they are, are the only parts of the White Paper that offer any prospect of justifying the promise of the title *Better Schools*. Fulfilment of the promise depends entirely on teachers getting a better response from their pupils. Yet little effort is made to secure their co-operation. Much is expected from them, but little is offered them in return. There is no hint of better remuneration, better status for the profession or better conditions of work, no assurances about resources to support them. These are all ruled by the over-riding purpose of saving money. Over a century ago Robert Lowe said of popular education that if it was good it would not be cheap, and if it was cheap it would not be good. The Government is determined to get education as cheaply as possible.

[Bruce Pattison is Emeritus Professor of Education in the University of London. He was formerly Chairman of the Liberal Party Advisory Panel on Education.]

WHY TRIDENT IS RIGHT

by Cyril D. Townsend, M.P.

IT was on 1st March 1955 that the then Prime Minister, Winston S. Churchill, opened the debate in the House of Commons which foreshadowed the development and production of the hydrogen bomb—and subsequently the creation of the first British strategic nuclear deterrent. He told the crowded and concerned Commons:

We live in a period, happily unique in human history, when the whole world is divided intellectually and to a large extent geographically between the creeds of Communist discipline and individual freedom, and when, at the same time, the mental and psychological division is accompanied by the possession by both sides of the obliterating weapons of the nuclear age . . . It is now the fact that a quantity of plutonium, probably less than would fill this Box on the Table . . . would suffice to produce weapons which would give indisputable world domination to any great Power which was the only one to have it. There is no absolute defence against the hydrogen bomb. What ought we do do? Which way shall we turn to save our lives and the future of the world? It does not matter so much to old folk—they are going soon anyway. But I find it poignant to look at youth in all its activity and ardour, and most of all to watch little children playing their merry games, and wonder what would be before them if God wearied of mankind.

Eight successive British Governments, Conservative and Labour, have all considered our strategic nuclear deterrent an essential element in our defence policy. That means that several hundred Cabinet Ministers, with widely different political views have, over some thirty years, heard the arguments for and against and there has always been a majority in the Cabinet in support of an independent nuclear deterrent.

Mr. Francis Pym, when Secretary of State for Defence said:

For good or ill, we live in a world where nuclear weapons exist. We seek increasingly to control them in various ways, but we cannot disinvent them. The fact of their existence is built into the entire structure of the security and deterrent balance between East and West. Horrendous though the instruments are, that structure and balance has made a crucial contribution to keeping the peace in the NATO area for half a lifetime . . . I would dearly like . . . to see the world kept in peace and freedom by a security system which had less need to possess such awful instruments in reserve, or better still no need. To desire a new system is one thing; to make it real, effective and dependable is quite another . . . The Government are not prepared to dispense with, or weaken, the structure which shelters us now.

(Hansard, 24th January 1980)

Having studied this subject for many years, I am convinced we need to have our own nuclear weapons primarily because of what they contribute to NATO's strategy of deterrence and, through that, to Britain's own security. (I have little time for the suggestion that we need nuclear weapons to give us a seat at some mystical top table.) There is an overwhelming case for one Western European NATO member to have a strategic nuclear deterrent. It is just possible that the Soviet Union might not believe that the United States has a total commitment to come to the aid of Western Europe, and to help defend Europe by whatever means are necessary, without exception. I have been to see the French nuclear capability and was impressed. But for many years France has had a clear policy of non-commitment to Alliance strategy. No other Western

European country is even remotely a candidate. The Federal Republic of Germany has stated over and over again that she does not contemplate nuclear status and there are binding prohibitions that she has freely accepted under two separate treaties. Since the construction of the atom bomb Britain has had the expert knowledge and involvement. And what better institution to take on this awesome responsibility than the Royal Navy with its unique blend of tradition and technology?

There is also the more theoretical point that a second centre of decision-making, as represented by our deterrent, is of considerable importance. The Kremlin is faced with a greater risk and one that is less calculable. Thus the total deterrence of the Alliance is more powerful, more credible and therefore more effective. Britain has been making this unique contribution to Alliance strength for over a quarter of a century. Our allies have made it clear in public, as in the 1974 Ottawa Declaration, that they value its continuance. Speaking of the help the United States has given Britain over Trident, and its components, President Reagan said on 11th March 1982:

The United States' readiness to provide these systems is a demonstration of the great importance which the US Government attach to the maintenance by the UK of an independent nuclear deterrent.

One rather pointless argument is sometimes used. If we had not had a long involvement in the production and management of nuclear weapons we would not be seeking to become a nuclear power today. That might be so. What is unarguable is that to give up our capability, or feebly let it fade away, at a time when Soviet military power is thought to be growing, and the disparity between the forces of NATO and the Warsaw Pact is increasing, would be an act of folly. It would leave us open to nuclear blackmail, for no amount of conventional improvement could give us the same protection. Such one-sided disarmament would remove any incentive for the Soviet Union to negotiate on mutual, balanced and verifiable disarmament which must be the ultimate aim. We seek greater security with less nuclear weapons on both sides. Certainly there is no evidence to suggest that one-sided disarmament by Britain would persuade either the Soviet Union, or other nuclear powers to follow. The late President Andropov stated the Soviet Union would not do so. I note the history of unilateralism is a succession of unrequited gestures. The British people are wise to have nothing to do with it.

When Edward Heath was Prime Minister he had pressed ahead with a programme of improvements to our Polaris missiles, which Harold Wilson, and then Jim Callaghan had continued and sustained in secret. This programme, which had the code-name Chevaline, involved changes to the fire control systems and added advanced penetration aids. It cost some £1,000 million. The Polaris system is based on 1950's technology and Polaris has been withdrawn from service in the United States. Our Polaris submarines first came into service in the late 1960s and the steady Soviet advance in their anti-submarine warfare capability must call into question the ability of our submarines to survive. They are becoming too noisy. It would be irresponsible to rely on the present submarines much

beyond 1995 when their highly experienced crews will be in very much greater danger.

For all these reasons the incoming Conservative Government in 1979 carried out a long expected review of our deterrent, and finally came down in favour of Trident. I do not doubt the major political and financial importance of this decision and the deep emotions surrounding it, but it was really a rather obvious and straightforward decision to make, as I shall explain. There was every reason to think Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher would want to bring our deterrent up to date and there was rock bottom support in the Conservative Party for not having one.

The replacement system must be able to pose such a convincing threat that it will never have to be used. If a Third World War is to be prevented a potential aggressor must be aware he cannot win and will lose. Defence experts argue amongst themselves if our deterrent needs to be able to destroy Moscow, where the anti-missile defences are extremely sophisticated, or if the destruction of a high proportion of military and industrial centres would be sufficient. Suffice it to say that it must be capable of inflicting unacceptable damage.

The Royal Navy told me when I visited their submarine base at Faslane that, although the Soviet Navy can follow our nuclear propelled submarines out to sea they cannot continue to locate them on patrol. Our deterrent must be invulnerable to surprise attack. The increased range of Trident over Polaris will give our submarines even greater areas of the ocean in which to remain concealed from electronic eyes.

Having decided a nuclear-powered submarine was the obvious platform it was necessary to choose the delivery system. The choice was between ballistic or cruise missiles. John Nott, who followed Francis Pym as Secretary for Defence explained that:

... analysis drove us clearly to the conclusion that, for a given weight of deterrent strike, the ballistic method was both surer and cheaper. It is surer because it is less sensitive to uncertain assumptions about future Soviet defences, and because it gives much longer range and therefore more sea-room in which to hide. It is cheaper, because cruise missiles carry only one warhead each, so that considerably more submarines—the most expensive part of the total system—are needed for a given strike capability. It would involve a considerably higher capital cost, much higher running costs, less invulnerability and less assurance of penetration if we were to choose submarine-launched cruise missiles.

(Hansard, 3rd March 1981)

Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Lewin has had a long association with the nuclear deterrent. Writing in *The Times* on 6th February 1985 the former Chief of the Defence Staff explained further the arguments against cruise missiles, which are, of course, based on the World War II Vis.

They are vulnerable to even present-day Soviet air defence systems which, unlike anti-ballistic missiles, are not limited by treaty. It is impossible to put precise figures on what proportion of cruise missiles future Soviet air defence might be capable of shooting down in the two decades from the mid-1990s, but it could become very substantial. It is important for submarines to fire their missiles quickly to avoid the risk of counter-attack. Polaris boats can fire their outfit in minutes. This is more difficult with cruise. Through torpedo tubes, the only submarine launch mode currently available, repeated reload would be

necessary... this process would take hours during which the submarine would be increasingly at risk... Current cruise missiles have less range... and for technical reasons a dramatic increase is not in prospect.

Trident is designed to take over from Polaris in the mid-90s and to last until 2,025. It has very real advantages over any other ballistic missile system on both operational and cost grounds. The argument sometimes heard in Parliament that it is too sophisticated for our needs takes no account of the likely advances in anti-missile defences, at a time of massive and vastly expensive research into this subject in the Soviet Union, and in the United States under President Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative. It has been suggested that the Trident deal breaks the Non-Proliferation Treaty, but under that Treaty the transfer of nuclear weapons technology between nuclear weapons states is not banned.

In 1981 President Reagan insisted on a major review of the defence programmes of his country. One important result of that review was an acceleration of the Trident II (D5) project and these missiles will be with the US Navy from 1989. Trident II is both more expensive and more effective than Trident I (C4) which had been selected by the British Government. To retain a common approach with the US Navy, and to avoid having to operate a unique system, it was necessary for Britain to move on to Trident II, although we did not require its increased accuracy or capability. Britain has decided to limit the number of warheads to no more than could be provided by Trident I—128 warheads per submarine, and there will be four submarines.

This increased accuracy, which gives Trident II the ability to attack land-based missiles in hardened silos, has led to the charge by CND (who have chosen the cancellation of Trident as their campaign target for this year) that it is a 'first strike' weapon. A 'first strike' can be defined as a surprise attack designed to disarm the other side by destroying its nuclear weapons before they could be launched. Such an attack forms no part of the defence strategy of Britain or NATO. A successful first strike would be impossible because of the invulnerability of the new Soviet submarines, and Britain would only be able to target a very small proportion of the Soviet Inter Continental Ballistic Missile silos.

Trident is going to cost our country a lot of money at a time when the defence budget is under considerable strain. Can we afford it? My answer, without any hesitation, is yes.

Of course, it will be a major item in the defence budget. The Tornado aircraft programme, which has been essential too, has also been a major item. The final bill for Tornado, £11,300 billion is likely to be greater than the final bill for Trident. It was never put about in the defence world that we could not afford Tornado. The latest published official estimate of the whole cost of Trident is £9,285 billion.

Trident will consume only a small part of the real increase in the defence budget since 1978-79. Its cost fluctuates greatly with the pound/dollar exchange rate and the peak of dollar expenditure is some five years ahead. Over the fifteen to twenty years of the procurement period,

Trident will take only about 3% of the total defence budget and 6% of the equipment budget. Socialist France has been spending nearly 25% of her defence budget on her independent nuclear deterrent. Once in service Trident will, like Polaris, be very economical in running costs and in its demand on skilled manpower. Over the last twenty-five years we have been devoting a small percentage of the defence budget to our nuclear forces, so there is no dramatic change. The largest single item in the cost of the Trident programme is for the four submarines, about a third of the total, and they will be built by Vickers at Barrow in Furness, with subcontract work spread throughout the country. Some 20,000 new jobs will be created mostly in areas of high unemployment.

Trident's critics put it about that all this money could be better spent adding to, and improving, Britain's conventional forces. According to Lord Lewin, who is in a position to know:

Spreading Trident's running costs across the three services might allow the Navy to run 12 extra frigates, the Army four more armoured regiments (55 tanks per regiment) and the RAF perhaps one more base of 50 Tornados. Adding 220 tanks to NATO's 13,500 when the Warsaw Pact order of battle is 42,600 is not a dramatic swing in the military balance. These marginal increases in NATO's conventional capability might cause the Soviet planners to recalculate how many days a conventional war might last. For the same cost Trident can convince them that war is not worth starting.

(*The Times*, 6th February 1985)

Lord Lewin is presuming that the Treasury, following the cancellation of Trident, would not seek to cut back the size of the defence budget. I have yet to know a Chancellor of the Exchequer who could resist such a temptation!

Britain has a distinctive role in deterrence, and one that is welcomed by our allies as much today as it has been in the past. When the Government chose Trident II it selected the most cost-effective system likely to remain credible for the longest period. In 1985 it is too late to change to another system before Polaris reaches the end of its life.

It has been made clear that if genuine and major progress is made between the United States and the Soviet Union over disarmament, which looks increasingly unlikely in the near future, Britain would reconsider the need for her nuclear deterrent. But our deterrent is a weapon of last resort. The Trident force in the 1990s will be equivalent to only some 3-4% of the comparable Soviet missiles. I believe our country can afford Trident. Amid the harsh realities of a world 'divided intellectually and to a large extent geographically', Trident will provide Britain with a real deterrent well into the next, and hopefully more peaceful, century.

[Cyril D. Townsend is Conservative Member of Parliament for Bexley Heath.]

VICTORY FOR THE GREEK SOCIALISTS

by Mladen Gavrilovic

IF there was doubt about the results of parliamentary elections in Greece, it existed in the ranks of the conservatives of New Democracy. On the other hand, the Greek socialists were sure of their victory, even though they were aware of the fact that they had not fulfilled their promises during their mandate which was cut short by Papandreou's shrewd decision to call early parliamentary elections and thus ensure the continuity of his rule.

Andreas Papandreou has consolidated his power because, out of the seven million voters who took part in the elections on June 2, 1985, 46.47 per cent voted in his favour. Although, percentagewise, the victory was not of the same size as the one won in 1981 (48.07 per cent), it nevertheless represents a triumph.

The leader of the Greek liberal conservatives, Constantine Mitsotakis, although defeated, nonetheless managed to obtain—as against his predecessor—40.21 per cent of votes, as George Ralis obtained 35.87 per cent of votes in 1981.

In addition to the socialists and conservatives, the Communist Party of Greece (pro-Moscow) is again the third party in the Parliament with 10.03 per cent of votes, while the fourth party is the Communist Party of Greece (for the Interior), better known as Eurocommunist, with 1.83 per cent of votes.

With the subtle instinct of an experienced politician, Papandreou called the new elections five months before the expiry of the mandate. Such a move could be made only by a great strategist. The leader of the Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) was aware that he would have to contend in the elections not only with Constantine Mitsotakis, who was of the same age and was the nephew of the great Greek statesman Venizelos, but also with the Head of State, Karamanlis, if the latter remained in his post. The constitutional competences of the President of the Republic had been causing concern to Papandreou for a long time, as the Head of State controlled not only the Government but also the work of the Parliament. This tied the hands of the socialists to some extent. Consequently, Papandreou endeavoured to ascribe all the difficulties encountered by his Government to the 'faulty Constitution,' insisting on changes to which Karamanlis obviously could not consent.

And when the moment of truth arrived, President Karamanlis resignedly handed in his resignation twenty-four hours before the adoption by the Greek Parliament of decisions on constitutional amendments and on the holding of early elections. It was a wrong move on the part of the Head of State which suited PASOK. The latter was relieved of a nightmare. Papandreou immediately proceeded to the election of a new Head of State, nominating 'his man,' Christos Sartzetakis, for the post of President. The change at the top cleared the way for the socialists to remain in power. Had Papandreou waited until next autumn for calling parliamentary elections, their

results would probably have been affected by a further deterioration of the economic situation in the country, slowly growing influence of the Right and of those who began to turn to solutions at variance with the programme of the socialists. Thus, Papandreou made the right move at the right time.

The number of votes cast for New Democracy increased by 5 per cent in comparison with the results of the 1981 elections. At the same time, the socialist vote declined by 2.40 per cent. This is one more proof that Papandreou had calculated well when he decided to call early elections. His expectation was evident: after the stepping down of Karamanlis as Head of State, Papandreou requested Christos Sartzetakis to dissolve the Parliament and to call new elections. This decision was endorsed in the Parliament by a majority of votes in the absence of the deputies of New Democracy who tried to thwart this tactical move of the socialists by resorting to obstruction. It was, however, too late for that.

The strategic idea of the leader of PASOK was also based on the assessment that the leader of the Opposition, Constantine Mitsotakis, was, as yet, no match for him in the struggle for the Parliament. The founder of New Democracy, Karamanlis, after stepping down from the throne of the State, was no longer in a position to help Mitsotakis's conservatives effectively. The hopes of the leaders of New Democracy that the voters would be carried away by what happened in Great Britain, where the Conservatives won two elections in succession, or by what occurred in the Federal Republic of Germany, where Brandt's Social Democrats were defeated—did not materialise in Greece. Greece does belong to the West but it is sufficiently removed from the shores of the Atlantic to be exposed to the winds blowing there. The Mediterranean temperament came to expression this time also—and, in this respect, Papandreou's calculations proved to be more realistic than those displayed by Mitsotakis more as a vision and less as a reality.

One might add that Papandreou had left to his opponents very little time for the election campaign—only three weeks! Despite the fact that the Greek bankers and big capital had lent considerable financial assistance to New Democracy, the latter could not succeed. It could be said that the defeat of the Greek conservatives, led by Mitsotakis, was due less to the weaknesses of New Democracy's programme and much more to the strategy and wisdom of Papandreou!

The conflict which occurred in the months preceding Papandreou's decision to call early elections played an important role in the analysis of the cause of the defeat of the Right. After his electoral defeat in 1981, the leader of New Democracy, Rallis, resigned, ceding his place to Evangelos Averoff, a man of wide culture and considerable political experience, but lacking any tradition of leadership. Averoff did not wait for the new elections. He withdrew, as he was squeezed out by a group of politicians headed by Mitsotakis, a man of great ambition and self-confidence.

As expected, the foreign political activity of the country was not in the focus of the election campaign. Absorbed in conflicting situations in the Aegean and regarding Cyprus, the politically-minded public opinion of the

country was not divided by Greek diplomacy. Some rather imperceptible differences did not provide arguments for an election battle on this ground. Relations with Turkey and Cyprus are a national problem for Greece. Consensus in this matter has been more or less achieved among all parties and movements. However, differences of opinion arise when the attitude towards the West, NATO and the USA is in question.

While Papandreou pursued successfully his 'strategic game' concerning the anachronism of foreign bases in Greece, the inappropriateness of membership of NATO and the problematic nature of the European Economic Community, conservatives stuck to Karamanlis's policy of a decade ago aimed at strengthening ties with the West. In doing so, however, they failed to adapt themselves to changes in Western Europe which were taking place on the political scenes of France, Italy, Spain and some other countries. The Greek socialists made the most of this not only during the election campaign but ever since their arrival in power.

Papandreou has kept Greece within the European Economic Community during the past four years, although he promised, in his election campaign in 1981, to pull his country out. The leader of PASOK also took a firm stand with regard to the closing down of foreign military bases and even withdrawal from NATO. However, Greece has remained where it was under the rule of Karamanlis who was obsessed by the idea of bringing his country into Western Europe as a member of the 'European Ten.' It seems that Karamanlis had reached his zenith with this project. His star as statesman then began to lose lustre less because of his rise to the post of Head of State and more because of the strengthening of the position of the socialist Andreas Papandreou with whom he sought to work out a compromise. And while this compromise on Greece's belonging to the West, i.e. the European Economic Community and NATO, strengthened the position of PASOK, the founder of New Democracy slowly descended from the political throne of Olympus towards which Papandreou hastened with his socialists.

The road leading to the realisation of the socialist conceptions of the leader of PASOK, Andreas Papandreou, is now free—but replete with obstacles. It will not be easy to achieve what has been promised in the forthcoming period. Greece's roots in the West are very deep. As regards ties with the East, they still play the role of space for 'political manoeuvring' and establishment of an indispensable balance enabling, at least partially, the realisation of the project of liberating Greece from the presence of foreign military bases and an even greater influence of the Atlantic Alliance. Relations with the European Economic Community will not be smooth. It is not an easy task to reorient the economic structure of the country—and what is even more important, the finances and the whole banking system with the biggest capital based, undoubtedly, on the merchant marine and shipping—towards the projects of the Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement.

It should be noted that Papandreou has pursued, during the past four years, a positive policy towards the farmers: he has offered them advan-

tages by granting loans and cancelling or rescheduling debts. He has largely succeeded in checking the activities of urban capitalist usurers who had lived, for years, off the farmers and the so-called 'small businessmen' and craftsmen. Although he did not succeed in changing everything, Papandreou cashed in on the little he had done to win the confidence of voters in rural areas. This could not but affect small traders, artisans and even some businessmen in urban environments, primarily in Salonika, Athens, Larissa and other towns.

One may expect that the leader of PASOK will devote greater attention to matters of foreign policy in the coming period. The deteriorating situation of the Greek economy will require a greater inflow of foreign capital. This will call for better understanding on the part of the European Economic Community. Great political skill will be needed to achieve this. Papandreou will once again endeavour to take advantage of this situation in order to achieve, through business dealings with Western partners, a more stable economic and financial situation in the country—without which no further progress on the political scene of Greece can be achieved. Finally, New Democracy has been defeated. Both communist parties of Greece are not yet in a position to do much as PASOK's electoral victory has enabled Papandreou to gain full control over the situation in the National Parliament. If one adds to this the fact that a man of his own choice, Christos Sartzetakis, is at the head of the State, then one has the impression that Papandreou holds all the threads in his hands. Is it really so?

In his efforts to express himself on the international scene, Papandreou will probably manifest his affinity with the social democrats of Western Europe rallied round the Socialist International. However, PASOK will probably avoid becoming a member of the Socialist International in whose activities it is showing a certain interest—but no readiness to join this club. On the other hand, of interest will be the attitude of the leader of PASOK towards the activities of the non-aligned movement in view of the fact that since assuming power, and even before, he has been building bridges with the Third World—with the non-aligned and developing countries. First and foremost, he has established close ties with the Arab countries of the Mediterranean which have—in addition to the broadening of the political platform of the Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement in the field of foreign policy—brought important economic advantages by linking the national economy to economically powerful groupings in the Arab world.

In contrast with the political Right, the leader of PASOK is not obsessed by the fact that Greece belongs to the West. Instead of the East-West dilemma, his message to the Greeks is: 'Greece above all.'

[Mladen Gavrilovic is Diplomatic Editor of Tanjug, Yugoslavia. His article 'A Peace Zone for the Balkan Bloc' was published in *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 247, No. 1434.]

THIRD WORLD REVOLUTIONS

by Antoine J. Abraham and Ahmed Abdul Majid

THE Domino Theory, popularised by scholars and politicians alike in the 1970s, was strongly voiced to explain the cannibalisation of S.E. Asia by leftist forces. Today, the Domino Theory has been largely replaced by a new theory, that of Revolution Without Borders, to explain the proliferation of left-wing revolts in Central America. For all practical purposes, both theories are two sides of the same coin. The leftist revolutions in the Third World are products of extremely similar scenarios being played out there, regardless of geographic locale. They are, in fact, a continuation of the clash between tradition and modernisation in the developing nations. The roots of our General Theory of Third World Revolutions may be projected back to the end of World War II, and the intensification of the Cold War.

The Third World nations of Asia, South and Central America and Africa began an earnest search for wealth and power in the post World War I era. In the past, the Third World's leaders had relied heavily upon a traditional class, culture and power structure for their support but, eventually, they came to realise that technical and bureaucratic modernisation must be harnessed for their continued well-being, prosperity and power. Cultural isolation could prevail, with the exception of a small upper class elite, but military, administrative and scientific progress must come. By the end of the Second World War the moment of truth had arrived.

To maintain 'neutrality' or at least a neutral image in world affairs, students from the Third World have been studying, in increasing numbers, in the First World (i.e. the Democratic/Free World) and in the Second World (the Marxist states) to obtain the technological best those civilisation have to offer. It is almost impossible, however, for anyone studying in the West or the Communist Bloc nations to spend any appreciable time there without being affected by either the Democratic or Marxist way of life. In either case, those young and impressionable minds were greatly influenced by the modern cultures and the surrounding circumstances that impinged upon them, particularly the vast array of social services undertaken by the modern states on behalf of their citizens. When compared to the conditions of poverty, squalor and hopelessness in many of their homelands, the students quickly realised that technology and more sophisticated weapons systems alone would do little to modernise their nations. The die was cast.

Upon returning home after completing their education abroad, the new technocratic elite, representing a vast array of political ideologies, are faced with a major dilemma—to conform to a traditional culture with its 'centuries old' value system and customs or to revolt against it in favour of a new, more modern, socio-cultural life-style. Those who choose to conform and 'fit in' will be designated as the next generation of

leaders. The non-conformists, harbouring a wide variety of non-traditional aspirations from conservative to liberal democracy and socialism to variants of Marxism, have no place in the existing traditional political structure. Unable to change things from within they usually form an opposition coalition. Appealing to the 'masses' for popular support, beginning in the late 1960s, the 'loyal opposition' was no longer loyal to the traditional elite but rather to large, organised, militant groups and, consequently, violently oppressed by the traditional governments. The problem of tradition versus modernisation was ready for politicalisation in a new and more deadly phase of the never-ending Cold War.

The traditional political elites, usually supported by the nation's notables, large land-owners, and some of the upper clergy, rule as the legitimate government and act as such in the world arena. They are often represented at the UN and recognised by the western powers. They sit among the modern nations of the world; nevertheless, they make no advances towards modern political democracy nor will they provide modern social services for their people because that would undermine or erode their own wealth and power.

Of all the opposition forces they face at home, only the Marxist have recourse to foreign, 'Soviet' support, for the Communist states consider all traditional governments non-representative of the masses, or simply illegitimate feudalistic regimes. Local communist parties are formed in the Third World nations, the coalition is purged of its democratic elements, and the Soviet Union supplies the materials for guerrilla warfare through proxies or surrogates. The traditional government's only recourse is to seek aid against the rebels from the West, which usually means the United States.

Whatever the Third World leaders might be, they are certainly not insipid. It is generally true that most Third World leaders have a serious problem in developing stable democratic states or responding to the socio-economic needs of their people, for the infrastructure for it is lacking and many leaders care little about changing those conditions. Therefore, they point to the Marxist content of their opposition, hoping that the United States will charge in to rescue them 'like a bull in a china shop.' They know also that the United States cannot support the liberal democratic elements within those nations against the leadership there at that stage of affairs, for the United States would then be seen as an untrustworthy ally or a hypocrite for supporting a revolution against its own 'allies.'

That the Marxist opposition in Latin America and South East Asia relies on peasant guerrilla forces in the countryside is obvious, but it would be incorrect, misleading or overly simplistic to consider those forces Marxist. For the most part, the rebel leaders may be committed to a Marxist ideology but their forces are generally illiterate and politically uninformed. It is extremely doubtful that they actually understand the differences between a real democracy and the numerous variations of Marxism, although some political education may be apparent. Nor is it

true that the peasant forces are basically anti-American; however, US support on behalf of the traditional governments puts them into an anti-American posture, though often reluctantly. We give the rag-tag guerrilla forces little choice or room to move by negotiations and thus we destroy any residual good will or good faith towards the United States that may still exist.

What the poor peasants are fighting for in the Third World is a change in their life style and a degree of social security for the future. No doubt they have seen how the wealthy, traditional, minority lives and become extremely resentful, particularly because they have been forced to live at subsistence level with little or no hope of improvement for their children.

The Marxist leaders simply harness the existing resentment, focusing it to put themselves in power but they are painfully aware of the fact that the revolutionary forces that installed them could be used against them. Thus, they improve social and economic conditions for the lowest classes and undertake educational reform to change the traditional culture, while repressing the evolution of human rights.

We suggest, therefore, that the foreign policy of the United States be partly designed around the democratic groups in the Third World to support and sustain the new enlightened leaders both politically and financially in order to forestall the inevitable Marxist opposition groups from becoming the only source of reform and hope in those troubled areas of the world.

Although United States policy has been aimed at attempting to avoid open interference in the internal affairs of the Third World nations, the USA eventually gets involved militarily, as in Vietnam, when the almost total lack of morale in support of the traditional government in South Vietnam forced the United States to take over a war in part that was clearly 'not in America's best interests.'

Therefore, we should try to avoid a repetition of the 'Vietnam syndrome' in Central America and elsewhere, and act diligently to develop and maintain a liberal democratic leadership in the Third World, to meet with and support enlightened individuals and their followings before the only option left to us is the exercise of military power. Clearly, it is time to develop a dynamic potential for positive change in the developing nations, rather than attempt to stabilise the status quo.

Either way, we of the Western world are destined to be involved in the fratricidal conflicts of the Third World nations for the foreseeable future. Let us not forget that we have to expose the Marxist challenge for what it really is, and respond to it effectively for the sake of the Free World as much as for the peoples of the Third World.

[Dr. Antoine J. Abraham and Ahmed Abdul Majid are lecturers in politics at the New York Institute of Technology.]

MISHIMA—AGAINST A POLITICAL INTERPRETATION

by Stephen Chan

FIFTEEN years ago the Japanese writer, Yukio Mishima, died after an abortive coup attempt. This year, Paul Schrader's film of his life has been released. Already the subject of controversy, the film depicts Mishima's death not as a political one but as an indigenous expression of values—a statement of authentic culture in which the right-wing political label was incidental.

At first glance there appears some truth in this approach. Left-wing Japanese radicals have seemed as morbidly inclined and more violent than Mishima. The Japanese Red Army caused great bloodshed, and its members lived by a spartan discipline which almost mocked Mishima's. Critics of Mishima's work have invariably become commentators on his life. There are two schools of thought: one, to which Schrader belongs, stresses the primacy of cultural motivations; another which makes the plain statement that a man's political convictions, especially when sealed by his death, can be taken at face value.

Schrader's interest in things Japanese predates his cinematic career. One of his first film scripts, *The Yakuza*, caught brilliantly the values and code of Japanese society. Most of Schrader's films have had an other-worldly spirit. In *Cat People*, this was made explicit through horror. In *American Gigolo* he worked hard to create a mood of artificial behaviour, of short-term life-styles that either believed in nothing, or believed absolutely in an emerging, brooding and completely modern metaphysic. There is no decadence unless it has a social and cultural core.

In his film on Mishima, Schrader reveals a metaphysic which is ancient rather than modern, and one which is compulsive. Certainly Mishima's life appeared compulsive. His interest in bodybuilding and the martial arts seemed compulsive to the point of neurosis. Shortly before his death, he posed for a series of photographs, nude and with the body of a Greek god—induced through years of weight-training—depicting various forms of death. In the martial arts, he had achieved third-dan black belt levels in karate, kendo, and iaido (ceremonial swordsmanship). In all three arts, the essence of practice is to imagine an opponent whom one faces without fear of defeat or death. Eventually, this gives way to a facing of oneself and one's mortality, so that one pursues life without fear of death, expecting it rather as the culmination of training which has already overcome pain.

The concept of rehearsing for death becomes the theme of Schrader's film. The film opens with Mishima's last day—for which he had prepared the previous night in exemplary classical fashion: making passionate love to his wife and writing his final valedictory poems. From his last day the film proceeds by way of flashbacks to his earlier life, and to dramatised

scenes from his last novels. Each segment concludes with prophetic allusions to his death. This is a perfectly valid way of proceeding—except, of course, an interpretation could be advanced that Mishima was intending to depict a certain degeneracy in Japanese life, and its death as a valued cultural well-spring. The reply has always been that Mishima afterwards sought to personify the death of culture.

His attempt at a coup was certainly symbolic. It is surprising how few people have made the obvious statements that his private 'army' was extremely small, noted for its fine tailoring more than its military capacity. His take-over of a defence force base was no more than the taking as hostage of the base commanders—who were certainly surprised, having expected Mishima and his tiny band as tea guests—and an impassioned and, often, inaudible harangue of the assembled soldiers. He urged them to reaffirm cultural values and to defeat the modern political institutions that had eroded them, particularly the post-World War II constitution imposed by the Americans. Then, without offering a programme for an uprising, he retired to the commander's office and, in front of the bound commander, committed *seppuku* (ritual self-disembowelling). It all seems a piece of theatre, deliberately put on for the sake of its polemic. Those who view Mishima as a political animal, however, indicate the pointed references in his last speech to the need to overthrow the constitution.

The argument against the constitution is not necessarily that its provisions are modern and guarantee liberties and equalities that are at odds with the mainstream of Japanese class traditions. Feudal distinctions had eroded and been replaced by an ersatz descendant well before World War II. The samurai ethic had been sanctified with time, but the samurai class had lost its right to wear swords decades earlier. The constitution was not vilified because it enshrined changes but because these changes were put into a constitution that had been imposed. The constitution was the immediate effect of military defeat, and symbolised a further defeat by way of cultural decline. An attack on the constitution could be political, but it could also be cultural, or merely sentimental and nostalgic.

What did Mishima want? To turn back the clock to the days of the samurai? He, himself, had benefited by Japan's modern institutions. He had been a brilliant student of jurisprudence at Tokyo University; he was hardly displeased at his fame abroad; his books were all translated into English and other languages; he was frequently interviewed by foreign literary journals and made a literary tour of the United States while still a young and promising author. He had ascetic habits but lived comfortably, surrounded by antiques—cultural artefacts. Through his books, he strove to represent the spirit of Japanese culture, not as an artefact, but as something that resided in the Japanese personality. Commentators, uncertain as to exactly how much Japanese personality could be located or defined at large, personified it in Mishima.

For Mishima, this was expressed in his writing in the form of a brutal and morbid minimalism. Beauty, good, and life were all counterposed with death—the ultimate white and black. Leading to these two colours

was writing that spilled forth images in monochrome. His homosexual novel, *Confessions of a Mask*, ends with white and black fused: the beautiful body of a young man, the object of the protagonist's desire, bound and slashed by swords in his imagination. This is not merely the standard fare one finds in homosexual sadistic writing. It is an expression, in homosexual terms, of the opposites of beauty and violence cojoined in a form of love. 'The Sea of Fertility' is a title from his last works and expressed the contradiction without intervening factors. The Sea of Fertility is the name of a broad empty plain on the moon. In the imagination, there is a stark beauty there—but hardly fertility.

Contradictions are opposing forms. They are reconciled in death, in formlessness. From formlessness, new forms arise. A form of spiritual or metaphysical dialectic. But, apart from portraying this movement in his books, how far did Mishima wish to portray it in his life? There is no doubt that he had right-wing associates and sponsors. Much is made of the fact that the present Japanese prime minister, Yasuhiro Nakasone, in his earlier days as an extreme right-wing politician, was known to Mishima. The question is whether right-wing politics was primary or incidental to his life.

There is a coincidence between Mishima's real death and his cinematic one in Schrader's film. Without any programme for a real coup d'état, or any contingency plan in the event of the coup's (certain) failure, it was, in the literal sense, a *coup de théâtre*—a symbol, culminating in his death, for which he had assiduously rehearsed. One stage up from the nude photographs shortly before his death, he planned his death in powerful cinematic images. Was this a call for a political uprising, for which he had left no political guidelines, or a cultural statement of extreme intensity? If it were the former, one has no path to follow; if it were the latter, one is required to consider culture, its decline, and the concept of its rebirth, phoenix-like, through the death of one of culture's practitioners and advocates.

Altogether, by his life and literature, Mishima emerges as a man who believed in cultural values. Perhaps there is indeed no culture without politics? Insofar as Mishima was a political animal, he believed there could be no politics without culture.

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FALKLANDS OR MALVINAS? THE VIEW FROM BUENOS AIRES

by Peter J. Beck

AT frequent intervals along Florida, Buenos Aires' main shopping street, elderly men stood holding boards upon which were attached for sale a range of patriotic paraphernalia, including key rings, badges and emblems produced in the blue and white colours of Argentina. A prominent place was reserved for items depicting the Falkland Islands, or rather the *Islas Malvinas* as they are known there, as an integral part of Argentine territory; for example, badges displayed the outline of the islands overlain by blue and white stripes, while key rings carried the inscription 'Islas Malvinas (Rep. Arg.)'. Similar items, including car-stickers expounding the view that 'My Heart is in the Malvinas' (*Mi Corazon esta en las Malvinas*), were on sale at the various news-stands dotted along Florida.

During one week in May the political significance of these items for the British visitors—there are not too many these days—was accentuated by the front page stories carried on successive days by the daily papers displayed at these news-stands. The renewed press interest in the South Atlantic dispute was occasioned by the formal opening of the strategic airfield at Mount Pleasant on the Falkland Islands. Within Argentina this development was interpreted as the inauguration of a new phase in the post-war situation, thereby causing Dante Caputo, the foreign minister, to travel to both Washington, where he employed the OAS as a forum to denounce the enhanced militarisation of the South Atlantic region, and New York, where he exchanged views with the UN Secretary-General and addressed the Movement of Non-Aligned Countries.

Caputo's New York press conference (16 May 1985) was characterised by not only a greater than usual media interest in the Falklands topic but also his strong attack upon British policy because of the airfield's alleged 'offensive capability' in respect to Argentina in particular and to Latin America in general. This perceived threat to the security of the continent was compounded by its transformation into a possible scenario for East-West conflict; in turn, this observation about the creation of a powerful military base prompted Caputo to return to an increasingly familiar theme of Argentine politicians, who have seen 'Fortress Falklands' as a policy designed to establish the islands as a NATO base.

In this manner, the Argentine government's reaction to the new airfield served to remind the international audience about the continuation and conflict potential of a dispute that was becoming of lesser importance for a large part of the international community, although the moves represented also a kind of automatic response designed to satisfy domestic expectations regarding the constant need to uphold the country's historic and other rights to the ownership of the islands. To a large extent,

Caputo was playing to the gallery, such as to reaffirm Latin American solidarity at a time of wavering interest and commitment as well as to consolidate the Alfonsín government's domestic position in the context of severe political and economic difficulties, including massive inflation, banking failures—the airfield controversy coincided with the collapse of the Banco d'Italia—and the foreign debt problem.

At the same time, the airfield episode confirmed the extent of the gulf existing between Argentina and Britain as a consequence of the 1982 War. During this period the Thatcher government has stressed that the Falklands are British, and will remain British, as evidenced by its resistance to the attempts to return to the pre-1982 stance of regarding sovereignty as negotiable. In March 1985 Sir Geoffrey Howe, the foreign secretary, informed Parliament that 'we are not prepared to discuss with Argentina sovereignty over the Falkland Islands. The Government believes that Argentine activities in 1982 have ruled that out'. A month or so later, Mrs. Thatcher, responding during a BBC radio phone-in broadcast to a question about the initiation of such negotiations, expressed surprise: 'Why? The Falklands are British sovereign territory'.

But Argentina, albeit chastened by military defeat, has not gone away. The Malvinas question proves still a prime domestic and foreign policy issue for Argentina. The Malvinas paraphernalia on sale in Buenos Aires, in conjunction with Caputo's recent speeches to the effect that Argentina 'shall never abandon its claim', highlight the fact that the 1982 War solved little or nothing of substance; thus, the conflict restored British control over the Falklands but failed to resolve the long-running Anglo-Argentine sovereignty dispute, which constituted the root cause of the war and proves the fundamental reason for the continuing Anglo-Argentine non-relationship, such as reflected by the absence of diplomatic relations and the almost inevitable failure of the bilateral talks held at Berne in July 1984.

The existing Anglo-Argentine impasse has developed basically out of their rival positions on sovereignty, since repeated British statements regarding the unreasonable and unattainable demands of Argentina have been paralleled in Buenos Aires by accusations of British intransigence, and especially by attacks upon the immovability and lack of realism of Mrs. Thatcher. In such circumstances, it proves impossible either for the British government to satisfy the twin aims of its Falklands policy, which have been defined by Howe as 'our determination to fulfil our commitments to the Falkland Islanders (and) . . . our efforts to promote better relations with Argentina', for the Falkland Islanders to feel secure in the light of doubts about the durability of Argentine democracy, reports concerning Argentina's post-1982 rearmament and of pressures upon British defence spending, or for the Alfonsín government to implement its wish 'to resolve the question of sovereignty by means of a frank and complete dialogue with the Government of the United Kingdom'.

At the governmental level the prospects for improved Anglo-Argentine relations appear bleak, particularly as long as the British government

refuses to place sovereignty on the agenda and as Argentina treats this action as the pre-requisite for talks on other matters. The two governments remain on different wavelengths, as is illustrated by their rival perceptions during the recent Mount Pleasant airfield episode; thus, Argentina's military interpretation of the airfield failed to recognise its political significance for a British government anxious to demonstrate its commitment to the Falkland Islanders. Similarly, during May 1985 Argentine politicians over-reacted to reports of British arms sales to Chile, which were presented in Buenos Aires as part of a policy to encourage a Chilean attack upon Argentina.

Alfonsín and Caputo have oft stated that 'the recovery of the Malvinas will be one of the central aims of our foreign policy' (Alfonsín, 11 March 1983, Caputo 15 May 1985). Although such statements might be dismissed as mere political rhetoric, the visitor to Argentina cannot fail to be impressed by the natural and sincere acceptance within all levels of society of the fact that the *Islas Malvinas* belong by right to Argentina, especially as geography and history teaching at schools, in association with media, philatelic and other activities have produced an unquestioning belief in the strength of their country's case to sovereignty over the islands. The events of 1982 reinforced rather than undermined this attitude, since a few weeks of Argentine occupation over the Falklands gave substance to the case and created images—for example, of the Argentine flag flying over the Malvinas, of letters carrying Argentine stamps and franked *Islas Malvinas, Republica Argentina* or of Port Stanley's re-naming as Puerto Argentino—which have not been dulled by either military defeat or the post-1982 attitude of the Thatcher government. This sense of commitment has been boosted by a growing appreciation—to quote Nicanor Costa Méndez, who was foreign minister in 1982—that 'time is on Argentina's and not on Britain's side' (15 May 1985).

Already Argentine observers have been encouraged by the signals emanating from Britain, where there is evidence of a relative lack of popular interest in the subject, an indifference accentuated as the 1982 War becomes more distant, and by a growing realisation of the diplomatic, military, fiscal and other costs of the 'Fortress Falklands' policy. In fact, during 1984 Gallup Polls showed significant majorities among British opinion in favour of improved relations with Argentina as well as of the view that 'Fortress Falklands' was basically untenable as a long-term policy. In certain quarters, the democratisation of Argentina has fostered the anxiety for reconciliation, such as on the grounds that good Anglo-Argentine relations are too important to be threatened by the Falklands question.

The enduring Argentine anxiety, indeed impatience, for movement on the sovereignty question has been neither diminished nor deterred by repeated discouraging statements emanating from London, and this objective, fuelled by deep-seated goodwill for Britain in many sections of Argentine society on account of historic, economic, cultural and

other ties, has prompted the pursuit of several unofficial efforts towards Anglo-Argentine dialogue in order to compensate for the existing impasse at the official level and perhaps to prepare the way for the eventual re-establishment of diplomatic relations. As a result, since 1982 a number of Argentine politicians, academics and others have been involved with their British counterparts at various joint sessions held at such places as Bonn, Buenos Aires, London and Maryland. Three Anglo-Argentine exchanges have already been held under American academic auspices at the University of Maryland during September 1983, April 1984 and February 1985, and John W. Burton, Director of the University's Conflict Resolution Project, has employed the term 'second-track diplomacy' to describe a process designed to bring parties together in an analytical framework and to involve persons not part of, but with access to, government. On the British side of the sessions, a prominent role has been performed by such bodies as the South Atlantic Council and the Royal Institute of International Affairs as well as by such parliamentarians as George Foulkes, Bruce George, Robert Harvey and Cyril Townsend. However, the relative simplicity of the British side is paralleled by a more confused Argentine position.

Within Argentina there exists a certain ambivalence regarding close links with Britain, and pressures emanating from right wing and other nationalist circles have encouraged an understandable caution on the part of the advocates of Anglo-Argentine dialogue. The political dangers have been compounded by implicit physical risks, a point reinforced by Lord Kennet's account of his 1984 visit to Buenos Aires with other parliamentarians sympathetic to an Anglo-Argentine rapprochement:

British parliamentarians have been down there; I was one of them. It was not very pleasant; our lives were threatened; we were pelted with eggs, which was less important... there were explosions for which the so-called credit was claimed by a nationalist organisation protesting against our presence.

The impact of these anti-British nationalist tendencies has been supplemented by an unwillingness within Argentina to accept any Falklands solution other than the straight and immediate transfer of sovereignty; thus, 'intermediate' solutions, including leaseback, conflict with general perceptions, thereby further restricting the scope for any advocate of negotiations with Britain.

Nevertheless, a number of individuals, including such prominent senators as Adolfo Gass, president of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Julio Amoedo, several academics and study groups centred upon CARI (Argentine Council for International Relations), AARI (Argentine Association for International Relations) and the Centre for South Atlantic Studies have emerged as part of the search for points of contact with both Britain and the Falkland Islanders, that is, for talks about talks designed to secure an appropriate solution of the Falklands problem. Much depends upon the future ability of AARI either to co-exist or to integrate with the initiatives deriving from the relatively right-wing orientation of CARI and from the so-called business lobby represented through the Centre for South Atlantic Studies.



Early in May 1985 an effort was made to harmonise the work of these diverse interests, but there remains still the possibility of competition and division rather than of consensus in the quest for dialogue with Britain. In addition, the confused situation renders it difficult for interested groups and individuals in Britain to know which Argentine element to cultivate, a problem exacerbated by the question marks surrounding the nature of the inter-connections between official circles and those involved in second-track diplomatic activities.

Obviously, the Argentine government's involvement in the Maryland-type discussions proves a matter of conjecture, but clearly the Department of Foreign Affairs keeps more than a watching eye upon developments, a process facilitated by the inputs deriving from their unofficial policy advisers. In any case, the search for Anglo-Argentine dialogue, albeit only if sovereignty was part of any discussions, constitutes an Argentine policy objective, thereby harmonising with the Foreign Ministry's recent and detailed evaluation of the various options available for a settlement of the dispute, especially on the grounds that the interests of the islanders could be accommodated more easily by a democratic Argentina.

However, official circles in Britain share the Falkland Islanders' lack of faith in the durability of Argentine democracy, and the knowledge of such reservations encouraged a radical deputy, Ricardo Alagía, to deliver an impassioned political statement during the discussion section following one of my recent lectures in Buenos Aires; thus, his attack upon the pre-1982 military regime led into an emphasis upon the need for Britain to appreciate the extent of the political changes in his country as a consequence of the fall of the military. Certainly, the Alfonsín government appears to be succeeding in its efforts to democratise the country—for instance, civilian heads are being appointed in place of the military and human rights trials are in progress—in spite of unfavourable political and economic conditions, such as of the problems consequent upon the military tradition, large foreign debts and hyperinflation. One should not overlook the extent of Alfonsín's achievement in merely surviving, let alone in advancing the cause of democracy, as each year passes. Although it is not the British government's responsibility to make concessions on the Falklands question solely for the sake of facilitating the survival of Argentine democracy, the passage of time will undermine the force of arguments against sovereignty negotiations based upon the alleged instability of the democratic regime.

In the meantime, the unsatisfactory state of Anglo-Argentine relations possesses wider implications, such as in terms of causing not only regional insecurity but also problems for other governments, including the USA and Britain's EEC partners. In February 1985 Caputo stressed that 'all nations interested in peace should be concerned about this conflict', and these wider considerations were pressed again a few weeks later by Alfonsín during the course of his address to the US Congress:

The delay in solving this controversy produces international intranquility, for it nourishes a situation of tension, it creates a critical focal point in the South Atlantic, and the danger that both our territory as well as the area in general

will find itself involved in strategic plans alien to our region.

These implicit references to the East-West conflict were revived in May 1985 by the NATO comments made by Argentine politicians at the time of the airfield controversy.

In the future dialogue and exchanges between Argentine and British politicians, academics and others, including islanders, should be encouraged to fill the communications void existing between Buenos Aires and London at the governmental level as well as to provide an informed and sympathetic understanding of the respective positions. In this respect, the mere fact of being invited on a lecturing visit to Argentina to talk about the Falklands dispute proved more important than the actual content of the lectures, especially as post-lecture discussions enabled an informed and responsible exchange of views with a wide range of interested parties.

In practice, these sessions moved on almost automatically towards the prospects for a long-term solution of the Falklands problem and threw up various points of consensus, including an appreciation of the point that sovereignty will have to be negotiated at some stage; in turn, many perceive an indivisible link between such talks and the eventual transfer of sovereignty, albeit qualified perhaps by a transitional stage based upon leaseback and by the final transfer of title to Argentina subject to guarantees for the islanders.

However, at present this type of 'Hong Kong' solution remains only a hypothetical possibility, especially as both the British government and the islanders have resisted any such developments.

Brian Lapping, who was involved in the recent television series on *The End of Empire*, has observed that:

If a single characteristic animated the End of the British Empire more than its contemporaries and predecessors—and therefore made it more successful than them—it was the suppression until 1982 of the Falklands spirit.

From this perspective, recent British policy towards the Falklands should be interpreted as being in conflict with historical as well as with fiscal, geographical and military realities. One MP, Bruce George, has argued that the islands have acquired an exaggerated importance in the minds of the governments and people of Argentina and Britain, especially as the impact of war and the emphasis upon principle—for example, the manner in which the British stress upon the self-determination of the islanders is countered by Argentine nationalism—have encouraged a tendency to overlook the fundamental demographic and economic problems of the Falklands.

George expressed the hope that more politicians, including those from Argentina, would visit the Falklands in order to appreciate the reality, since his experience could be equated to 'the diplomatic equivalent of a cold shower... their enthusiasm might have abated somewhat if they did'. Whether this would happen is debatable, since the British government's blinkered view of the islands is paralleled in Argentina, where the Falklands have always been perceived more in terms of the flag than of their basic utility. In the meantime, Argentina is prepared to wait,

especially as in Buenos Aires there is a tendency to believe that progress will be possible when and if Mrs. Thatcher leaves the political scene. Alfonsín has oft-complained that 'the difficult role is to deal with Mrs. Thatcher', while in May 1985 Costa Méndez concluded a press article with the question which was on the lips of many people encountered during my visit to Buenos Aires: 'can real progress be attained with Mrs. Thatcher in power?'. In a sense, there exists a danger that this assumption will promote unrealistic hopes of movement on the Falklands question upon the occasion of either her retirement or fall from power.

In Buenos Aires one prominent senator took me to task for being pessimistic about the prospects for short-term progress on the sovereignty dispute; in fact, he ascribed such pessimism to my status as a historian. However, my response stressed the need for realism and pragmatism rather than for naïve optimism, and concluded with a historical reference drawn from an Argentine source. In June 1937 Dr. García, the Argentine Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Ministry, told the British ambassador that 'in 200 years' time, when the Argentine nation had become the greatest nation in the world, the question of the Falkland Islands would find its solution'. Upon this basis, there is still a long time to wait, although this comment should not stifle hopes that the sovereignty dispute can be resolved sooner rather than later.

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The October issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Guided Missiles and Misguided Men* by Sehdev Kumar, *A Day in the Life of the 'New Republic'—Brazil after the Dictators* by Frank Colson, *Any Hope for the Trinity?* by R. B. P. Milburn and *Theatrical Hyper-realism in the Plays of Adele Shank* by C. Lee Jenner.

CURBING UNION MILITANCY IN AUSTRALIA

by John J. Ray

NOW that Britain's coal strike is at last over, one must wonder was it worth it? No doubt, for Britain's long-term economic survival, Mrs. Thatcher was simply doing what she had to do, but could not the agony have been brought to a halt sooner? Recent events in Australia suggest that ways to this end are available.

'But how can a country with a strike record marginally worse than Britain's teach anybody any lessons?' might be asked. The answer is that there have been big changes recently. Imagine, for instance, that Britain's striking miners had been supported by the power station operators and that Britain's electricity was cut off for two hours out of three until the miners won their demands. In that case, surely Arthur Scargill would by now be the uncrowned King of England! Yet something very much like that happened in Australia recently and yet the strikers were still routed.

In February 1985, linesmen (power line maintenance workers) employed by SEQEB (the electricity generating authority) in the State of Queensland (like the USA, Australia has a federal system of government with substantially independent States) struck in support of a demand that SEQEB abandon its practice of employing private contractors rather than its own linesmen to install new lines. The Queensland government, led by the redoubtable Sir Johannes Bjelke-Petersen ('Sir Joh' to one and all) responded by sacking all strikers. As with Britain's miners, however, about a third of the linesmen from the beginning refused to go on strike. Sir Joh then hired private contractors (by and large, ordinary electricians) to do the linesmen's work. The power station operators (members of a different union from the linesmen) then came out in support of the linesmen and deliberately turned off the State's power for two hours out of every three. This went on for ten days in the midst of the summer heat and the contents of all private and commercial refrigerators rotted. Food supplies were seriously curtailed and industry came to a dead halt. Even petrol began to run out. Would not any political leader crumble under such pressure? Not Sir Joh. Basically, what Sir Joh did was to threaten the power station operators with the same fate as the linesmen (dismissal) plus the extra threat of massive personal fines. This was backed up by the obvious fact that if Sir Joh could hire private electricians to do the job of a thousand linesmen, he could hire private electricians to do the job of a handful of power station operators as well. Faced with going from affluence to bankruptcy overnight, the operators backed down.

The only concession wrung from Sir Joh was that in 30 days' time he would offer the striking linesmen the opportunity to sign contracts which would enable them to go back to work. The contracts would, however, include a no-strike guarantee, would require them to work longer hours than heretofore and would not restore to them their superannuation benefits. In other words, the strikers would have to eat dirt if they wanted their

jobs back. Their superannuation losses alone would amount to tens of thousands of dollars for most linesmen. Sir Joh also entrenched his victory by passing a batch of legislation that made future strikes in the power industry grounds for instant dismissal and instant personal fines. The police were also given sweeping powers to arrest any picketers or other users of intimidation. In 10 days, Sir Joh gained a bigger victory than Margaret Thatcher gained in 11 months. The Queensland electricity industry is back to normal and all that the Australian union movement can do is fulminate. Queensland has been effectively rid of one of its most troublesome unions. Using the full power of the State against unions *can* work. All it needs is the resolve. Had Margaret Thatcher, for instance, insisted on the law being obeyed and arrested all picketing miners, surely the British strike would have crumbled pretty quickly too. She might have had to reopen one or two wartime internment camps to hold them all, but if law-enforcement requires it, why not? Mr. Scargill certainly saw his campaign as a war. Wars require wartime measures.

On the other hand, of course, no society wants to live in a state of civil war and persuasion or voluntary co-operation is surely always to be preferred to brute force. In this respect, too, Australia has in recent times made considerable advances. The Australian Federal government at the present time is led by a former trade union boss—Bob Hawke. It is as if Len Murray were Prime Minister of Britain. Perhaps the major difference is that whilst head of the ACTU Bob Hawke was far more successful at settling industrial disputes than Len Murray was as head of the TUC.

Perhaps because of his background as a Rhodes Scholar and as an economist, however, Bob Hawke is far more wedded to economic rationality than would seem conceivable for a British Labour leader. He sees his role as Prime Minister not as an opportunity to give the unions all they have ever wanted but rather as an opportunity to conciliate. He fully accepts that a high proportion of income already goes to the workers and that expropriating the rich would not help anybody. He sees his main challenge, therefore, as increasing the national income rather than redistributing it. One of his overriding purposes has been to emulate the industrial relations systems prevailing in such countries as Austria, Germany and Sweden. He convened an 'economic summit' at which union leaders, business leaders and political leaders all came together to decide on ways of working co-operatively together towards improving national economic productivity.

Since the 'accord' has been in place, industrial disputes in Australia have indeed dropped drastically. There are a few maverick unions who need someone like Sir Joh to tame them, but the outcome of including the union movement in the process of setting economic goals can only be called a brilliant innovation by Anglo-Saxon standards. And let it be noted that Australians are accustomed to hear strike leaders being interviewed on their TV who amazingly often seem to talk in accents that betoken a childhood spent somewhere North of Watford. Australian union militancy is substantially a problem imported from England. So what works on Englishmen in Australia should also work on Englishmen back in England.

THE GREAT MOSQUE OF CORDOVA

by Habeeb Salloum

IN the year 1000 AD the streets of Arab Spain's capital, Cordova, vibrated to the cries of *Allahu Akbar!* and the *zugharid* (victory calls) of the women as al-Mansur's armies returned from yet another triumphant campaign. Every summer Muhammad Abi Ibn 'Amir, viceroy of Muslim Spain, had led his armies north to battle the Christians and every time victory was his prize. For this he had been named *al-Mansur* (the victorious). Now, as he rode through Cordova, one of the largest and richest cities of that era, he felt proud, for on every side his eyes beheld the glory of Muslim Spain. His pride had firm foundation, for at that time, this capital of western Islam was the leading city in the world.

Al-Maqqari, an Arab historian, in his book *Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain*, quotes an Arab-Andalusian doctor who described Cordova of that epoch:

Cordova surpasses all other cities in the world in four principal things: its bridge over the Guadalquivir, its great mosque, the city of al-Zahra' and the sciences cultivated therein.

Cordova, in this age of glory, had a population of 1,000,000 literate inhabitants—perhaps in all the cities of the world it was only rivalled by Baghdad. Within its walls and environs it had 21 suburbs, 12 royal palaces, 3,000 country villas surrounded by gardens filled with exotic plants, 1,600 mosques, 900 public baths, 70 libraries, some containing over half a million manuscripts, over 200,000 homes, 63,000 mansions and 80,000 shops. Streets were paved and brightly lit. Sewers carried away the refuse and well-kept parks dotted the city—this at a time when the largest city in Christian Europe had a population of only 10,000 with no sewers or lights and only streets of padded earth. Unlike the city dwellers in Arab Spain, the inhabitants of those European towns were mostly illiterate. Even the clergy could hardly read and write. It would take many centuries before they would reach the level of Cordova's illustrious age. Visitors from other lands who were privileged to behold Cordova's magnificent buildings and public works were dazzled.

All aspects of learning flourished, not only in Cordova, but in all of Arab Spain. Spanish Muslim technicians and scientists, the best in the world of that era, were in demand in other countries. Being a capital of this advanced land and one of the most important cities in the Muslim world, Cordova defused knowledge to mankind. As befitting a queen of cities and a spring of enlightenment, poets and men of letters wrote in glowing terms when describing its splendour. One Arab poet rhapsodised:

Do not talk about the court of Baghdad and its glittering magnificence; do not praise Persia and China with their beauty and greatness. For there is no spot on the earth like Cordova.

The fame of Cordova even reached distant Germany where the nun Hrosvitha called the city the 'gem of the world'. 'In the western parts of the globe,' she wrote, 'there shone forth a beautiful ornament—a city well cultured—rich and known by the famous name of Cordova, illustrious

because of its charms and renowned for all resources especially abounding in the seven streams of knowledge and ever famous for continual victories.'

In its days of splendour, Cordova was the heart of Muslim Spain. However, the heart of Cordova itself was its Great Mosque. It has come down in history as the largest and foremost mosque in the western Islamic world. It became the heart of the city where, from its walls, markets, schools and other mosques spread in all directions.

Construction of the Great Mosque of Cordova was begun in 785 AD by 'Abd al-Rahman I. Known as *al-Dakhil*, this sovereign of the House of Umayya was the first to rule independently over Arab Spain. He built the mosque on the site of St. Vincent, a church he had purchased from Cordova's Christian community. In later centuries, the prominent rulers of Muslim Spain, 'Abd al-Rahman II, 'Abd al-Rahman III, al-Hakam II, and al-Mansur, all enlarged and beautified the mosque. Century after century this august house of worship evolved until it became known as the jewel of Islam. In the year 1000 AD, the mosque was considered to be one of the wonders of the world.

The whole area of the mosque, 189 metres by 137 metres (25,893 sq. metres), was enclosed with 18-metre high buttressed walls. These were pierced by 21 horseshoe arches having doors encrusted with shining brass. Its roof was protected by one inch thick plates of lead and its outside was decorated with beautiful designs.

The mosque was divided into two parts: the courtyard on the north and the prayer chamber on the south. The courtyard had an arcaded path on three sides while the prayer chamber had 19 arcades from east to west and 31 from north to south. The 1,293 columns, many of which came from Roman ruins, were made from jasper, marble and porphyry topped by capitals covered with gold. They supported 360 horseshoe arches and piers which carried another row of semi-circular arches. These ornate arches along with the elaborate decorations throughout the mosque, made this house of worship one of the most beautiful buildings to be found in the world.

The double tier of horseshoe arches, besides supporting a roof over a large area, gave the mosque a feeling of spaciousness. The floor was made from red brick and marble and was covered with mats and rich rugs.

Over 300 attendants worked around the clock to maintain upkeep of the mosque. Over 10,000 pots of oil were used at night to light the 2,400 lamps, which included 280 chandeliers of different sizes. The lamps were made in different patterns from brass, silver and copper. Some were converted Christian bells brought back a number of years before by al-Mansur from Santiago de Compostela.

In the part of the mosque which was added by al-Hakam II, there were three domes where the art of Muslim Spain was displayed in all its reserved for the caliph and his nobles) was the talk of the Muslim world. splendour. The *maqsurah* (enclosure surrounding the *mihrab* which was Al-Maqqari describes the *maqsurah* as having three doors of pure gold

and a floor paved with silver and columns placed in clusters of four with one capital. These were inlaid from top to bottom with gold and lapis lazuli. In addition, the adjacent parts were covered with mosaic work intermixed with gold.

The *mihrab* (sacred niche), octangular in shape, had a cupola carved from a single block of marble. Gold covered the walls. The dome was a work of multi-coloured mosaic and had seven binding intersecting arches which in later centuries were to influence Italian renaissance architecture. These were supported by finely proportioned columns.

The *minbar* (pulpit), on the side of the *mihrab*, was constructed from 36,000 pieces of ivory and wood of ebony, sandal, citron and aloe. These were fastened together with gold and silver nails and studded with precious stones. It was the repository of a Qur'an written by the Caliph 'Uthman which was kept in a case of gold encrusted with rubies. This Qur'an, with its case, was stored in a bag of rich silk and was placed on a stand of aloe wood constructed with gold nails.

The *sahn* (courtyard) took up an area of almost one third of the mosque. In it were situated four large fountains: two for males and two for females. These were supplied with running water from the mountains of Cordova. With the perfume of flowers and trees, it must have seemed like a fairytale garden.

The minaret had no equal in the lands of Islam. Built by 'Abd al-Rahman III, it was a masterpiece of architecture. Thirty-three metres high, it had two staircases, each with 107 steps, one for ascending and another for descending. On the summit were three large apples, two made of gold and the middle one of silver. They were encompassed by six petalled silver lilies and topped by a huge pomegranate of pure gold.

The mosque was such a wonder of architecture that it became a model for Andalusian and North African mosques and influenced even the architecture of the Christian churches. With its tall, richly coloured pillars; carved wooden roof painted in red, yellow and blue the bewildering arabesque designs of the *mihrab* and *maqsurah* and its other rich ornamentations, it was, indeed, a masterpiece of Muslim art.

The thousands of worshippers included many women. In Cordova's golden age, women in Muslim Spain had more rights than in any other country in the world. Travellers who visited the city have written that three of the mosque's portals were reserved exclusively for the use of women.

Today, 984 years after al-Mansur's armies had returned in triumph, the mosque still stands, a portentous monument to Muslim Spain. Converted into a cathedral in 1236 after the Reconquista, it is now known, as it was in the days of Islam, as *La Mezquita* (the Mosque). Although only a shell of its former self, it nevertheless carries an aura of its Muslim past. To a great extent, the exterior of the mosque is the same as when al-Mansur prayed within its walls. However, the minaret is no more. Its remains now form a part of the cathedral's bell tower.

As one enters the *Mezquita* through the *Puerta del Pardon* (Gate of

Pardon) built in the 14th century in superb Arab style by *mudéjar* (conquered Muslims) craftsmen, the fragrance of orange blossom permeates the air. The courtyard, known as the *Patio de los Naranjas*, is decked with orange and palm trees. Between the trees there is a 10th century stone baroque fountain surviving from the Muslim era and four others replacing those which have disappeared.

From the courtyard, the principal entrance into the prayer chamber is through the *Puerta de las Palmas*—a former Arab style doorway. This opening is through a wall which in Muslim times did not exist. As one enters, darkness seems to engulf the entire building. The open archways of the Arab age are now walled in Christian chapels. When the eyes become accustomed to the dark interior one begins to see and feel, among the forest of columns, the glorious centuries of the Moors.

Today, there remain only 856 columns, still topped by the same double row of arches—red and white horseshoe arches below and semi-circular above, as in the days of al-Mansur. At first glance they appear as clustered rainbows in the sky. However, these are only part of the remains. The ceiling over the principal aisle is a restored portion of the original carved and painted flat wooden ceiling.

During the 16th century, the Christians destroyed the central interior of the mosque and built, in its stead, a cathedral. The Emperor, Charles V, who had been pressured by church officials to permit the scarring of the mosque, is reported to have reproached these officials when he saw what had been done saying:

You have destroyed something unique to build something commonplace.

Although the cathedral has destroyed some of the mosque's grandeur, thankfully much remains, as for instance the *mihrab*, with its Arabic calligraphy and picturesque decorations.

For 749 years the mosque has been a church. Even if today it is a pale ghost of its former glory, it nevertheless is still breathtaking to behold. True, gone are its rich rugs and wall hangings. The open archways are now clustered chapels of Christian saints. Yet its majesty is still not destroyed. In past ages Christian fanaticism tried to destroy all vestiges of the Arab heritage, but today the Spaniards are renovating the mosque. No more are the Moors viewed as conquering enemies, but are considered ancestors of the inhabitants of present-day Spain.

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A NEW ASSESSMENT OF DENTON WELCH: PART II: NEMESIS PAST PETER PAN'S POOL

by Richard Whittington-Egan

PUBLISHED on February 22nd, 1945, by Routledge, *In Youth is Pleasure* was undeniably inferior to its precursor. The subject matter of *Maiden Voyage* had been the adventure of running away from Repton, the events of his last term there, and an account of his personal Grand Tour, Chinese version. The subject matter of *In Youth is Pleasure* antedates that of *Maiden Voyage*. Masquerading as Orvil Pym, Denton Welch goes back to that summer of 1930 when, as a fifteen-year-old boy, he spent a Thames-side holiday with his father and brothers in the hotel near Weybridge.

Accepting the book Herbert Read wrote, on January 17th, 1944:

I have read your book with the greatest possible interest. There can be no question that it fully maintains the brilliant qualities which distinguished your first book . . . I confess to a certain disappointment in that it is a continuation of the theme of your first book and does not yet show your ability to go beyond the autobiographical medium. But the real trouble—and here I agree with Sackville-West—is one which is personal to you and which you must decide. The picture of the hero you present is one which most people will find perverse and even unpleasant . . .

The *Times Literary Supplement's* critical appreciation was patently diminuendo.

An earlier book by the author . . . *Maiden Voyage*, won some golden opinions. Described as a further instalment of his personal interpretation of boyhood, its successor is cast unambiguously in the form of fiction, and as fiction, it must be said, the book is unremarkable, on the whole, save for an airy and capricious oddity of fancy. True, there is a freshness and exactness of language which Mr. Welch at his best commands that he may yet put to good use in a novel. Here, however, it is eclipsed by other and less promising qualities. . . . The narrative has a directness of style that is not unattractive.'

Those less promising qualities were seized upon by Richard Church, reviewing the 1951 edition:

Denton Welch, whose work has attracted so much attention, was also given to infantilism, but not in style. With him it took the form of obsession about faeces, and the more horrid moments and aspects of physical life in all its manifestations in nature and the human body. All children pass through this stage, usually at the first sign of the awakening of sexual curiosity and shame. Mr. Welch, with a Keats-like intensity of verbal expression, made a speciality in this matter. This is so great that it turned his mind from any free attention to the continuity of events, and consequently from the making of a methodical narrative.

Mr. Church quotes Denton's description of a *pêche melba*:

'The *pêche melba* arrived with its dripping veil of thick red Escoffier sauce. The two slices had been joined together so that the buttock-like shape of the fruit was again apparent'. He comments:

You see the obsession, not only in the direct image, but in the epithets chosen; the veil, the thick red sauce. The whole book is in this temper. It is an unwholesome, a diseased temper. But it gives an intensity to the writing; a visual intensity. There is a significant phrase where the author writes: 'He pressed back into the hedge, watching them with all his eyes.' He has, indeed a hundred eyes, like a bluebottle. And he has many of the same interests as a bluebottle.

This scatological interpretation, finding Denton bluebottle-eyed rather

than Argus-eyed or, *double entendre*, peacock-eyed, this theme of his 'unwholesomeness' crops up quite often. It must be remembered that in Denton's day homosexuals were an endangered species and, in that repressive climate, he recorded that *In Youth is Pleasure* had been seen on display in a shop in Charing Cross Road 'labelled boldly and baldly: "Of Interest to Students of Abnormal Psychology".'

While, on the one hand, I do not think that any critic has taken into proper account the sheer *sexual frustration* of Denton Welch's 'ruined' life, I think that, on the other, too much is made of the fact of his sexual inversion—almost as if to compensate for the fact that he could not make much of it himself. His lover, Eric Oliver, has told me that Denton, although capable of erection, was incapable of orgasm. His pleasure was perforce voyeuristic. He also said that Denton was a hundred per cent bred-in-the-gland homosexual. But there were surely additional contributory psychological factors: his father's cool distancing from him, counterpoised by his mother's especial closeness to him.

Colin MacInnes wrote knowingly in 1963: 'There is also, at rare moments, what one must call an onanistic tone and, more tediously still, a sado-masochistic . . .'

The antennae and tendrils of 'sensitive' readers quivered. Typical from Denton's post-bag, courtesy of Michael De-la-Noy: 'I bought and read your *Maiden Voyage* . . . It quite over balanced me, and I had the sensation similar, I imagine, to that of the traditional shipwreckee who sights a sail after many years of isolation.' Comments Denton: 'He says my sensual passages excite him almost too much. *Which are these?* . . . I find in answering this sort of letter I feel stiff and dry. How can I flow and glow as he has seemed to do?'

In this general context one notes, too, Somerset Maugham's interest and praise. Although not mutual—Denton read two of Maugham's short stories and dismissed them as 'stupid'—the old party's engagement was predictable. Not only did Denton hail from a place about which Maugham might well have spun one of his cruel traveller's tales, but he would also have provided a suitable subject for treatment, a made-to-measure Maugham character on a Maughamian Chinese screen. In real life, too, Willie would surely have inclined towards him, petal to petal, pansy to pansy. Moreover, the twain shared the antisocial habit of putting their social acquaintances into their books.

A dissenting voice, that of Kate O'Brien, shrilled against *In Youth is Pleasure* in the *Spectator*:

It is an essay in Mr. Welch's usual theme, which was already becoming over-worked before he got to it—the pursuit of sensation by a bored and cantankerous boy of fifteen. Orvil Pym comes from his public school to an expensive hotel in Surrey, to spend the summer holidays there with his father and two older brothers. The family is rich, and the period seems to be the luxurious early thirties of this century. We are invited to watch the child closely as he fusses exclusively after his own undistinguished adventures in self-indulgence and self-pity. We examine his small, cold sensual panics and vanities. Meantime, because Mr. Welch can write pictorially, we get to know the hotel and the river, the feel of the weather and the appearances of people. And at last, after an unsatisfactory holiday, Orvil goes back to school, is bullied by a coarse

big boy in the train, and screams. That is all. There is no morality; there is no conflict, save a whine against whatever clashes with the youth's selective taste in sensation. It is, in fact, a hollow trifle, and makes somewhat uncomfortable reading in this tragic day.

And Marguerite Young complained in the *New York Times* of March 31st, 1946, that *In Youth is Pleasure* 'repeats, unfortunately, the situation of *Maiden Voyage*—an errant schoolboy's quest for self-knowledge in a more or less alien world, a world of mysteries, many of them engendered by the boy himself. Welch seems, in fact, the lyric, youthful poet celebrating youth—but while the poet can repeat himself, with slight variations, in poem after poem, prose narratives should not so nearly approximate each other as these do.'

She recognises Denton Welch's distinction of literary style, a discursive, impressionistic lyricism, and that he is a subjective, impressionistic writer, aware of dualisms, paradoxes and the truth which escapes any definition of it, whose concern

is largely with the wonderful, the deviate, the strange—not with the so-called 'realism' which rejects the adventure of the dreamlike creation of language. Beauty goes hand in hand with terror, formal elegance with informal brutality, the archaic with the modern. *In Youth is Pleasure* has the distinction of style and vision which characterise *Maiden Voyage*—and it may be more complex in theme and symbol than the earlier volume. Welch's work shows, in both volumes, the influence of sensationalistic psychology and of other writers who have been influenced by it such as Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Alex Comfort. There is no escape into any general, vague statement. Every reality has to be broken down into smaller and smaller parts. For Welch, as for perhaps the best stylists in the tradition of the sensationalistic, reality is minute, made up of many diverse fragments never wholly realisable. No small detail misses Welch. We see the hand and then the cherry-coloured fingernails—although we may never see the body. We always realise life only partially. Through a play with half-realised, unrelated details may come about a new understanding of our complex experience.

What, for convenience, we may designate Phase Two of Denton Welch's life, which was to fuel both of the two further books and the journal which he would write, opened with his return from China early in 1933, and his enrolment as a student at the Goldsmith School of Art, in New Cross, South London. He was now nearly eighteen, and more than halfway through his life. He lived first, briefly, in the guest-house in Adam Street, off Baker Street, where his brother Bill had rooms, before moving into lodgings kept by a Miss Evelyn Sinclair at 34 Croom's Hill, Blackheath, close to Greenwich Park. Here, green and dying, young and alone, eternally questing *à la Corvo divus amicus desideratissimus*, he sang in his daisy chains.

This period of his life begat such stories as 'The Earth's Crust' and 'A Party', and the novella, *A Novel Fragment*.

During the summer vacation of 1933 he decided to set off on a walking tour from his grandfather's house in Henfield down to Devon. His account of it was published twenty-five years later, as *I Left My Grandfather's House*.

This hiking business, the Hiking Movement of the 1930s—'that zeal for rucksack and open road through which so many young men... expressed their vague social discontent'—irresistibly recalls Professor C. E.

M. Joad, in shorts and open-necked shirt and hefty, clumpy boots, bearing stick and rucksack, book, pipe and cargo of philosophic 'high think' and sub-Fabian high principles along the highways and byways and over the stiles and footpaths of newly-pyloned England.

Professor Joad, by the way, popular air waves pundit and brains trustee of the nineteen-forties, used Denton's short story, 'Narcissus Bay', which had appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1945, as an example of decadent fiction in his *Decadence: A Philosophical Inquiry* (1948). The point Joad made was that, in his view, Denton ascribed to the belief that *any* experience is significant and worthy of record, irrespective of the quality of the experience or the nature of the object of which it is an experience.

He was in Devon again in 1934, summer holidaying at Brixham with a party of fellow art students.

Having brought with him to London the bicycle which he usually rode when he was down at his grandfather's house in Sussex, Denton determined to make use of it at the Whitsun week-end in 1935, when he planned a visit to his Aunt Edith at Leigh Vicarage. Accordingly, on Friday, June 7th, 1935, he set out from Croom's Hill a'wheel.

He had ridden through Catford, past Peter Pan's Pool. It was as he was pedalling quietly along the Bromley Road, just beyond Beckenham Place, a small, open-to-the-public, eighteenth-century house, where he had stopped for coffee and biscuits, that he was, in a split and splitting second, crushed off his bicycle by an ill-wished and worse-driving member of the monstrous regiment of women drivers who, seeming unable or unfit to control her tin Lizzie Juggernaut, smashed his spine and ruined his kidneys and bladder. That day he began his thirteen years dying. He had been broken, literally, on the wheel.

The name of the woman who destroyed Denton Welch was Mrs. Annie Hutley. She lived in Woodyates Road, Lee. The car she was driving was owned by William George Falconer, described as a transport contractor, of Silwood Street, London SE16. In January 1936, Mr. Justice Lawrence approved the settlement of an action under which Mr. Maurice Denton Welch, aged twenty years, of Sloane Avenue Mansions, SW, and his father, Mr. Arthur Joseph Welch, obtained £4,000 agreed damages in respect of personal injuries to the infant plaintive.

He was taken to Lewisham Hospital. Barely a month later, he was transferred to the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, in Queen Square, Bloomsbury. And from there he went to the Southcourt Nursing Home, on the corner of Ramsgate Road and Swinburne Avenue, in Broadstairs. It was there that he met and fell in love with Dr. John Easton, and it was while convalescing at Southcourt that he and his friend, Gerald Leet, went to Sickert's to tea. When Dr. Easton left Broadstairs to set up practice in Tonbridge, Denton followed him there. He was to spend the rest of his life in Kent. He found a ground floor flat at 54 Hadlow Road, Tonbridge, and Evie Sinclair, his former landlady at Croom's Hill, joined him as his housekeeper. That was in February 1936. His subsequent homes in Kent were: The Hop Garden, a modern

sun-trap house at St. Mary's Platt (1940-1941); temporary lodgings at Pond Farm, East Peckham (1941-1942); Pitt's Folly Cottage—actually cramped rooms over a garage—at Hadlow (1942-1946); Middle Orchard, at Crouch (1946-1948).

During his first three years in Kent, Broadstairs remained his Royal Bognor. In 1937 he seems to have been briefly back in residence at the Southcourt Nursing Home, and in 1939, his condition having deteriorated, he was at Broadstairs again, to spend several months in the luxurious Cliff Coombe nursing home on the Eastern Esplanade.

In 1939, too, following a number of abortive visits to a London psychiatrist the previous year, Denton made a half-hearted suicide attempt or gesture, swallowing sixteen Prontisil tablets.

Once safely installed in the Hop Garden with Evie, Denton settled down to the writing of *Maiden Voyage*. Work was interrupted when, on December 3rd, 1941, the Hop Garden was wrecked by fire. Denton and Evelyn camped out in two bleak front rooms provided for them by Mrs. Jane Gardener of Pond Farm, until, in 1942, they moved into Pitt's Folly Cottage. Here, on July 10th, 1942, Denton made his first entry in the journals which were later to be published.

It was also in 1942 that he came to know a woman painter, Noël Adeney, who, with her artist husband, Bernard, had a holiday home, Middle Orchard, at Crouch. She was to write a novel based upon a wish-fulfilment relationship with Denton, *No Coward Soul* (The Hogarth Press, 1956).

The fourth and, alas, final, phase of Denton's life may be said to have begun with his introduction—by his friend Francis Streeten—to a land-boy named Eric Oliver. That was in the early part of November 1943. A series of emotional ups and downs, sweeping and jagged as the graphs of Denton's temperature chart, ensued, but the crags and chasms gradually levelled to a preserving plainland of happy marriage. Now, Eric's loving care united with Denton's heroic determination to conserve, or prise from niggard circumstance, a further impossible five years' living.

The reprieve was put to good use. Early in 1944, Denton began writing *A Voice Through a Cloud*. Happy . . . contented . . . time smoothed into a novel gear. It no longer palled. The ratchet-wheel began to spin. Poems shaped themselves. Short stories took form. The journal pages piled, celebratory, up. But the life-clock ticked inexorably. The cloud cuckoo piped the non-returning hours. The hands stood just short of thirty-four years. Suddenly . . . as suddenly as that . . . it was all over. Alive one second, dead the next. Now and for ever more only a voice through a shroud.

On the afternoon of Thursday, December 30th, 1948, in the loving arms of Eric Oliver, Denton Welch died. Shrouded in the old black priest's cassock he loved to wear, his coffin palled with the red Aldermanic gown he used to dress up in, Denton was, after a funeral service at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Watlingbury, cremated at Charing.

On January 7th, 1949, two days after his funeral, *Brave and Cruel* was

published. It contained ten short stories—'The Coffin on the Hill', 'The Barn', 'Narcissus Bay', 'At Sea', 'When I Was Thirteen', 'The Judas Tree', 'The Trout Stream', 'Leaves from a Young Person's Notebook', 'Brave and Cruel' and 'The Fire in the Wood'.

Reviewing it on the day after publication, *The Times Literary Supplement* commented that some of the stories were presented in a more or less autobiographical form, even to the extent of the narrator being called by the author's own name.

All deal, in one manner or another, with the psychological discomforts of childhood and adolescence, states of mind to which Mr. Welch has evidently given a great deal of thought. The stories are convincing and well expressed; but it must be admitted that there are moments when one cannot feel anything but heartily weary of the succession of misunderstood small boys who throng autobiographical fiction. On the whole Mr. Welch indulges in self-pity less than most; though the reader never feels altogether safe that it is not waiting round the corner. The author is at his best in a story like 'The Judas Tree', where he is dealing with a figure whose aberrations put in the shade his hero's own uneasy musings and desires. The longest story, which gives its name to the book, describes one of those not uncommon cases in which a maladjusted young man, Micki, pretends that he is an ex-RAF officer with a fine record; and becomes engaged to a girl whose family is completely taken in by him. Micki's fantasies about himself are well indicated; but one feels that more 'bite' is required in the telling. However, if Mr. Welch can remain severely objective, he has talent to be developed.

Too late for development. The imitation laurel wreath was all unknowingly being laid upon a tomb . . .

Now safely dead he was ripe for praise. The literary undertakers moved in to pour it upon his posthumous, not-quite-finished novel, titled by its publisher, John Lehmann, *A Voice Through a Cloud*. The organ stops were pulled out.

Thus, Harold Nicolson in the *Observer* of March 12th, 1950:

He was an artist of real promise and a writer of real, if incomplete fulfilment. His first essay in autobiography, *Maiden Voyage*, earned general praise. His collection of short stories, *Brave and Cruel*, showed increasing power. And this, his last book, proves that, by his death, the meagre world of contemporary letters has suffered a tragic loss.

By March 1935, the tally of Denton Welch's published works stood at four—*Maiden Voyage*, *In Youth is Pleasure*, *Brave and Cruel*, and *A Voice Through a Cloud*. His *Journal* was yet to come, in abbreviated, bowdlerised form in 1952, and in all its full splendour and misery 'as writ' thirty-two years later, abundantly to confirm that opinion. It is not so much a journal of callow introspection as an oriel window on the only world that was available to him. And if that world was riddled with intimations of mortality, that was his privilege. In that shifting landscape he sought—and found to his surprise—an ideal friend. And all this in graceful, memorable, poignant prose which is like nothing so much as himself.

[*A New Assessment of Denton Welch: Part I: Boy of Summer in his Ruin* by Richard Whittington-Egan was published in *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 246, No. 1433.]

VISUAL ARTS AT THE AMERICAN FESTIVAL

by Philip Vann

THERE were almost as many visual arts events in the American Festival in Britain (officially 8th-31st May 1985, but actually extending, in many areas, far into the summer), as there are states in the US or varieties made by that quintessentially American manufacturer, Heinz. To say that it was the US that was being celebrated, joyfully proclaimed about and sensually feasted upon (surely the aim of any festival) is to put what was a mammoth, ambitious, rich, varied, bewildering, sometimes mature, often inchoate mass of events into a nutshell. Like America itself, one cannot reduce the evidence of the visual arts here to easy, uniform categories. One can only approach individual artists and exhibitions, criticise them, in context, on their own merits and defects and hope to extract from them, where appropriate, some Essence of Americana.

The Festival, organised primarily and splendidly by those wizards of co-ordination, the British American Arts Association, and sponsored by dozens of leading British and American companies to the tune of almost half a million pounds, embraced all the major arts. The visual arts events, with which we are now concerned, were centred in London, with additional exhibitions in Cardiff and Glasgow. Sadly, though, too few people were aware of the Festival. Saddest of all were those Americans, resident in Britain, who were also ignorant. Somewhere along the line, the American gifts of media hype and self-advertisement had atrophied.

Let us begin at the beginning, both historically and ethnically, with the North American Indian and Eskimo artists who displayed their traditional skills at the Museum of Mankind. A large, windowless room, closed to the plains and air of New Mexico, etc., or, indeed, to the taxis and fumes of Burlington Gardens, was the scene of intense acts of ancient creativity. Nathan Jackson carved a huge totem pole, complete with grizzly bear, eagle and Indian Chief. Crowds of uniformed English schoolchildren stood by, spellbound, as Nathan solemnly sculpted away. All images of TV cowboys and Indians dissolved with the force of the sculptor's grave dedication to his task which must have characterised his forbears long before the white man (let alone black and white Islington adolescents) were dreamt of on the Northwest American coast. Nearby, his wife, Dorica Jackson, wove Chilkat blankets, not on a loom, but on warps attached to a horizontal bar. These are shoulder robes, with symmetrical designs in blocks of warm colour, representing animal crests among the North American Indian tribes. Henry Shelton was busy carving *Kachinas*: the spirits, attributes, animals and plants which reside in the dance masks of the Hopi Indians. Henry laughed and joked and explained to onlookers the derivation and meaning of his work. He didn't feel any strangeness, he said, working in these surroundings. In fact, all the artists present were used to performing to droves of curious children and temporarily childlike adults. A certain poignancy may be felt in that among the most vital and authentic artworks in the

Festival were the ancient Indian textiles and sculptures: a majestic, proud figure of a thunderbird; objects intricately beaded, quilted, braided, with essential decorative rightness and abstract power. Wylma Wayne's Gallery was host to a collection of works by the early nomadic Indian tribes, whose senses of colour and design were united, to our eyes, in a most sophisticated yet intrinsically simple, organic manner.

Much of the modern art in the Festival was of a neo-Primitive mark. How ironic that contemporary artists should strive so hard, in this artificial age of conspicuous consumption, to be archaic. And yet their work pales into insignificance when set beside the fruits of the great Indian cultures: Hopi, Navajo, Mohawk, Santo Domingo, Seminole, Eskimo, whose works of beauty were never less than utilitarian.

Down the road at the Mayor Gallery in Cork Street, the Italian-born New York dealer-*par-excellence* in Abstract-Expressionist, Pop, Op, Minimalist and now Post-modernist Art, Leo Castelli, was being paid tribute to. A few select items, by such worthies as Jasper Johns, Claes Oldenberg, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella and Andy Warhol were on display in antiseptic, uncluttered spaces. It is easy, yet necessary, to deflate the pricey pretentiousness of their works. Don Judd's 'Untitled' (1972), a 'unique piece of green plexiglass and stainless steel', was merely a see-through rectangle. The art has been pared down beyond that which can be called minimally elegant or merely restrained; and no doubt the price has been pared up and up and up. This reviewer felt too abashed to enquire the cost of works such as Warhol's 'Fragile—Handle with Care' (1962), where these words are repeated, 77 times, white on red motif. Frank Stella's 'Play Skool Screen' (1983) was simply a very bad red and white painting with various nauseating substances, together wired up to a rusty plug on the wall. A patriotic mini-banner attached, hinted at the futility of chauvinism and the degeneracy of the nation. Point taken, but this is not remotely a work of art. It is a painter's excreta, highly priced, set against the proverbial discreetly-white wall.

At least Stella's vastly ambitious works at the ICA—his 'Installations'—evidenced some thought and much hard work. Jumbled, scumbled, scrambled, daubed and smashed about; higgledy-piggledy, multi-layered, screwed-up; brilliantly, wildly, asymmetrically coloured: materials such as magnesium, aluminium, fibreglass, enamel and fluorescent Alkyd (*sic*) formed overgrown structures, cryptic to a lunatic degree, redeemed only partly as exercises in garish playfulness. But these are the games of an eternal late-adolescent, joyously exploring but not mastering his materials. With titles such as 'Playskool, Gym', these 'installations', squatting in the ICA's classical Mall rooms, should be put in schools to be drooled over, have gum stuck on them, and, if they can take it, be climbed all over.

The Edward Toteh Gallery showed New York Gallery art, mostly not very good, at New York prices, astounding to London ears. Irony, something New Yorkers are very hot on, was almost overwhelming one here, albeit in a manner unintended by its perpetrators. An American critic has introduced us to the work of Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt: 'a cultural Catho-

lic of working class parents, he could not relate to a world formulated by a mass media intent on suppressing individuality . . . here was the schism between the personal view of the artist and the demands of an engulfing cultural Mammon.' And here he is engulfed, if on his own terms, by cultural Mammon. His deliberately religious, kitsch crucifixion and resurrection, his fluffy cherubs and floating angel fish sell for thousands of dollars. Lani-gan-Schmidt is a minor phenomenon, it is true, and not a bad and uninteresting artist within the narrow confines of glitzy baroque, but, heaven knows, you don't get much for your money.

However, many an ordinary New York collector would not think twice about spending twelve and a half thousand dollars on Laurie Anderson's 'Untitled' (1981)—'a title is extra?!' one can hear Woody Allen exclaiming—a map silkscreened on plexiglass, with coloured plastic spectacles and an audio tape with its cacophony of what I took to be human shrieks and gulls' cries.

This leads us naturally on to one of the undoubted highlights of the Festival, George Steiner's lecture, 'New York—Capital of the Century', in which, with his accustomed erudition, wit and moral sense, he analysed the many components and symptoms of the great city, heir, as it is, of pre-War Budapest, Prague and Vienna, buzzing, as it does, with nervous energy and heightened Jewish-derived culture and intellectuality. He spoke of its 'pursuit of happiness or at least of marketable *angst*, which is a form of happiness', which seems to describe its relationship with its many thousands of practising artists. He referred to its 'hundreds of millions of sounds, words, pictures, images', pouring forth daily. Amidst such surfeit, such an *embarras de richesse* or, rather, a multitude of poverties, where stand distinction, uniqueness, quality and signs of discrimination on the parts of artist, critic and collector? It is a relief to be able to say that the Festival did contain, among much costly junk, works by several artists of remarkable character and strength, indicating that New York and the US as a whole does foster—like the poet Allen Ginsberg's paradisiacal sunflowers, hay flowers, asphodels, blooming even in the grim desolation of Harlem backyards—artists capable of deep meditation and the creation of objects of beauty.

Josef Albers, born in 1888 in Westphalia, taught at the Bauhaus until it was shut by the Nazis in 1933. He then moved to the US. When Steiner describes 'the refugee-artist, the refugee-designer, the refugee-architect' it is men like Albers of whom he is thinking—intensely self-communing, continuously reassessing, possessed of a hypercritical sensibility, scientific and ultimately metaphysical in its artistic preoccupations. At Gimpel Fils, seventeen of Albers' 'Homage to the Square' pictures and studies, were on display. In each case, there are four squares, one inside the other, each square with its own colour. We learn the simple, yet profound lesson here, namely that colour depends on colour, that colour learns and grows from and is defined by colour, and that our visual responses, and consequently our aesthetic ones, develop from infinitely sensitive gradations of colour selection. One critic has dismissed these works as mere objects of retinal stimulation. They are more than that. They are colour poems and meditations on

planes of light, which absorb the viewer according to their degree of inner certainty and harmony, their juxtapositions and interactions of climates and vibrations. Like Mondrian, Albers is a supremely melodic, architectonic painter. Sometimes, we are inclined to forget how beautiful and mysterious is the nature of colour. Albers reminds us.

I had never seen Judith Rothschild's works before (shameful to say, they are not included in any major British collections) and, initially, I was shocked and disturbed by her collages, cut-outs and relief paintings at the Juda Rowan Gallery. 'Over-derivative from Matisse without his sensuality and decorative finesse,' I thundered to myself. After about an hour, I was shocked anew by the violence of my reaction against this negative first impression. I began to adjust to Rothschild's uniqueness, the language and music she has invented, which are the results of years of seclusion, careful study and unswerving self-discipline. Her pen and ink drawings, such as 'Briseis' (1984) are fluent and fluid like Matisse's, but the very ambiguous uses of imagery are entirely her own.

Shapes interweave, embrace and jostle with each other: flowers, petals, stems, vegetable forms. But these entwining, elementally sexual forms invariably suggest the human form, limbs, torsos, lovers, groups of friends and family. Disembodied, dancing torsos may sound faintly revolting, but the effect, far from being morbid or bewitched, is light and lyrical, infused with gaiety, sunniness and an almost drunken energy. Rothschild aspires to a clear, white, classical perfection, but one that is down to earth, the marriage of Apollo and Dionys. She has been painting since the early 1940s and has exhibited widely. She has steered her own course, undeflected, skirting contemporary movements and fashions, and these present works—non-representational paintings as much as abstract representations—delight us with their sheer naked health and openness.

Some have argued that the Festival organisers were mistaken in showing works by British artists who have studied in America (as at the AIR Gallery) and by American craftspersons living and working in Britain. The criterion, so this argument runs, should be the exhibition of works by Americans working in America. In this transatlantic, multinational age, this surely carries little weight. The US for better and for worse, in its rich, imperial way, is a world power and influence. It both imports and exports its ideas and its art. I personally believe in any chance to show good work—and let the frameworks and criteria take care of themselves which, with a helpful bit of sophistry, they usually do. The standard of work at the AIR Gallery, including paintings by John Walker and Mario Dubsy, was exceptionally high, better on the whole than much of the indigenous modern American art on display elsewhere. At the Craft's Council Gallery, Janet Leach's hunky, black pots with their barbarian elegance and Steven Newell's big glass plates/platters, technically most assured, dreamily imbued with rhythms of the moon, lovers and fish, were extreme poles of a wide, unclassifiable body of work produced abroad. I wanted to leave the Gallery wearing one of Kaffe Fassett's eminently wearable pullovers. To dissect, for example, a tiny area of his patch work—there were flecks and stripes of

blue, silver, brown, purple and turquoise. The overall result is not some gaudy texture, but rather that of a mellow, pastel melange.

'American Images: Photography 1945-1980' at the Barbican Art Gallery was an exhibition as meandering, in its way, as Los Angeles, and equally without a focus or a centre. Imagine embarking on a road journey East Coast to West, from North to South, lasting over three decades, and you might come up with such a diverse range of images of class, politics, city, country, nature, sex and mysticism as this inexhaustible show contained.

The well-known names were all there (with, unaccountably, the exception of Robert Mapplethorpe): Arnold Newman's stylish, sympathetic portrait of Edward Hopper; Paul Strand's beautifully-structured photos of beautifully-structured peasant faces; Weegee's fatty, sweaty, sexy New York of Manhattan and Harlem; Diane Arbus' terrible vision of the maggoty underbelly and acned visage of America. This exhibition contained so many images approaching greatness in their immediate impact and artistic staying power, and so broad was their range of commentary on post-1945 American life, that only the insights of the great modern American writers can match them and do them justice. I would suggest, for a start, Williams (Tennessee and William Carlos), Stevens, Roethke, Hemingway, McCullers, Snyder, Ginsberg.

As far as it is possible to extract a single feeling from the hundreds of photos by dozens of artists, it was that of a dream and nightmare world, unreal, surreal, anything but obviously real, a world of human pathos amidst Promethean human ambitions, wealth and folly and unfathomable, non-human natural spaces. We all know the America of Coca-Cola and of regular guys, but these images imply that the great American striving, the Dream itself, has created great subversive anomalies, indicating potentially murderous bigotries, hatreds and greed, but, if the tide turns right (though not further Right), one distinct with liberating possibilities.

In conclusion, to return to Indian inspiration, Wylma Wayne's Gallery in New Bond Street was host to a collection of works by Desmond Rayner. He was inspired by the art of the early nomadic Indian tribes, whose sense of colour and design were united, to our eyes, in a most sophisticated yet intrinsically simple organic manner.

American Images: Photography 1945-1980, based on the Barbican exhibition, is highly recommended (Penguin, £14.95).

[Philip Vann is a writer and arts journalist. He was a co-organiser of the exhibition of British Naive Painters and the special Limehouse Exhibit at the Barbican Centre from July 8th-August 8th, 1985.]



CORRESPONDENCE

A CLOSER LOOK AT NORTHERN IRELAND

Dear Madam,

Following Professor O'Leary's article on Northern Ireland in *Contemporary Review* (No. 1431, Vol. 246) and Sir John Biggs-Davison's comment on it (No. 1433, Vol. 246), may I add a few observations of my own?

The total estimated area of Northern Ireland is approximately 5,462 square miles, estimated population in 1980 was 1,547,300 (males 763,700, females 783,600). The religious denomination breakdown, expressed as a percentage of the total population is:

Roman Catholic 31.4. Presbyterian 26.7. Church of Ireland 22.0. Methodist 4.7. Others 5.8. Not Stated 9.4.

A separate parliament and executive Government was established for Northern Ireland in 1921.

This small country, or province, has, since 1969, produced statistics of the most horrifying nature:

At least 2,400 killed and 26,000 injured.

Security forces have arrested and interrogated more than 22,000 people.

Prison staff increased from 300 to 2,500.

Prisoners from 600 to 2,453 inmates.

RUC personnel from 3,200 to 8,555.

UK troop level from 3,000 to 21,200 in 1972, now at 9,000.

Compensation paid for criminal injury and damage at £533m.

Unemployment from 38,600 to 121,600.

Successive Secretaries of State—Callaghan, Maudling, Whitelaw, Pym, Rees, Mason, Atkins, Prior and now Hurd—have produced nothing other than verbal waffle backed by their Governments who have failed to produce a political solution, always opting for a policy of short-term crisis management, which inevitably fails. One has the impression that the present Government, like previous ones, does not care for the civil rights of the present minority. Whilst one can appreciate the feelings of frustration, resentment and injustice that lead people to madness and evil, violence does not help. In fact, I believe that violence merely adds to the fears which have created the unjust situation in the first place; so it becomes a vicious circle.

The Catholic minority in the North has experienced repression in the past of their political, social, cultural and economic rights from a majority who themselves still fear for such repression if they become part of a united Ireland.

It is sad beyond words that Christians should be busy slaying each other when, by unity, they could achieve so much for the human dignity as expressed in the teachings of the Man to whom they give so freely their lip-service but ignore when they run counter to their selfish wishes.

Yours faithfully,

Harrow, Middlesex.

TONY HUGHES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE INFLUENCE OF WITTGENSTEIN

Wittgenstein. A. J. Ayer. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £14.95.

Professor Ayer may or may not prove to be one of the most significant philosophers of our period. But as a writer of English prose he is in the class of Bertrand Russell. Praise could scarcely be higher. His *Language Truth and Logic* published in the middle thirties is probably the only philosophical text which non-philosophers suppose themselves to have understood in the last half-century. Every page of the present short book is full of sparkle. The biographical Introduction and the final chapter on Wittgenstein's influence are easy reading which for all 'Freddie' Ayer's skill can hardly be said of the others.

Wittgenstein's last words were 'Tell them I have had a wonderful life. It was certainly unlike anyone else's.' Born in 1889, a member of a wealthy Austrian family (three of his four brothers committed suicide) he studied at Cambridge from 1912 to 1913 under Bertrand Russell. He made a tremendous impression on Russell, as indeed he did on the other leading Cambridge pundit G. E. Moore. Moore continued to revere him: 'When I did get to know him, I soon came to feel that he was much cleverer at philosophy than I was and not only cleverer, but also more profound, and with a much better insight into the sort of inquiry which was really important and best worth pursuing, and into the best method of pursuing such inquiries.' 'I think that this was a view that Wittgenstein shared, though he admired Moore's character.' The later Wittgenstein came, however, to repel Russell: his positive doctrines seem to me trivial and its negative doctrines unfounded. 'I have not found in Wittgenstein's *Philosophical Investigations* anything that seemed to me interesting and I do not understand why a whole school finds important wisdom in its pages.' (Russell.)

Wittgenstein fought throughout the first war in the Austrian Army until taken prisoner. In 1922 appeared the immortal *Tractatus*, the only philosophical work of his during his lifetime. For some years he taught in a school, convinced that he had disposed of what was interesting in philosophy. In 1929 he was lured back to Cambridge where he terrified the brightest and the best, becoming Professor in 1939. During the second war he served as a medical orderly, disguising his professorial status. After the war he resigned his professorship which he had never enjoyed in 1947, and died in 1951. I have always understood that he died, as he was born, a Catholic. There is no confirmation of the former point in Professor Ayer. Many books, as Ayer tells us, have been written about Wittgenstein's philosophy. No one doubts the fact of his extraordinary influence but what did it amount to except in the sense of an enormous excitement that he added to the philosophical way of life. The two best known trends in English philosophy in recent years are logical positivism which came from Vienna and was brilliantly popularised by Freddie Ayer and the linguistic philosophy of the nineteen-fifties. It does not appear from this book that Wittgenstein was a major factor in introducing either.

Professor Ayer who is by no means uncritical of him records his appreciation of his brilliance and originality. 'In these respects I put him second only to Bertrand Russell among the philosophers of the twentieth century.' One thing at least is certain about Wittgenstein that in his later writings, published posthumously, he entirely repudiated the *Tractatus* with which he made his fame originally. Many more books will appear about him, but if Professor Ayer cannot summarise his doctrines I doubt if anyone else can.

FRANK LONGFORD

PRESIDENT CARTER AND THE MIDDLE EAST

Jimmy Carter/The Blood of Abraham. Sidgwick & Jackson. £13.95.

The major success of Jimmy Carter's single-term presidency (cynics might say 'his only success') was the Camp David agreement (September 1978) between President Anwar Sadat of Egypt and Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel. It ended the series of Egyptian-Israeli wars, and the peace between the two countries has held ever since. That success, however, was qualified. It cut Egypt off from its Arab neighbours, and ensured the violent censure of Sadat; it may well have led to his assassination four years later. And, with one frontier secure, Israel turned north and north-east and began those invasions of Lebanon that have for three years now almost destroyed what was once the idyllic city of Beirut, and brought waves of blood-letting throughout Lebanon. Nor has Israel honoured its commitment at Camp David to halt the policy of settling conquered lands with Israelis, nor admitted any right of survival for those who call themselves Palestinians. The blood of Abraham has not ensured any sense of kinship.

In 1983 Jimmy Carter paid a long visit to the Middle East and had conversations with King Fahd in Saudi Arabia (ruler of the most stable and most interesting of the complex of Arab and Islamic countries), with Hussein in Jordan (a skilful and courageous operator with a weak 'power-base') and, not least, with President Assad of Syria. His accounts of these conversations, and notably that with Assad, are the most valuable part of the book. In these conversations, Jimmy Carter's own religious conviction was a source of strength and ease. And just as, after his defeat in 1940, Wendell Willkie became F.D.R.'s best and most open-minded 'roving ambassador', President Reagan could do worse than use in an official capacity this ex-President who clearly has knowledge of and acceptance in the Middle East. And he has in the newly-established Carter Centre at Emory University in Georgia a small-scale but impressive 'think-tank' which, on Middle Eastern problems, stands comparison with the often over-publicised establishments of New England.

And his conclusions? He recognises, of course, that Russia is there, as everywhere, keen to exploit. It conducts there, as in Afghanistan and so much of Africa, an open war against the West. But Assad ought not to be assumed to be merely a puppet. Carter is fully aware of the long historic role of 'Greater Syria,' and of the historically-recent character both of the Lebanon and even of Beirut. Britain gets little mention—and the occasional references are too often to its 'sovereignty'; its role as the abettor (and for long the financier) of the newly-created (and artificial) Arab Kingdoms, is slighted; American public awareness of the Middle East and of its importance only began after 1945.

Jimmy Carter is rightly cool towards Israel; he is proud of its accord with Egypt, but probably over-estimates the role that Egypt can now play as

Middle-Eastern peacemaker; his contacts with Mubarak seem weaker than those with other Arab leaders, and his tour of Egypt more a travelogue than is the case with his other visits. So indeed with Israel: its recent record of ruthlessness in the Lebanon, its refusal to halt the settlement plans or to recognise the Palestinians, lost it Carter's sympathy—as it has the respect of much of the rest of the world.

This is an interesting and frank book, constructive and desperately well-intentioned. There is much amateur re-discovery of ancient and Biblical history that gives the book—occasionally—a jejune flavour. But those less well-informed on geography and recent history will enjoy its word-pictures. And few could cavil with its honest re-appraisal of his own Camp David settlement, or with the constructive efforts of the ex-President to suggest a new attempt at Middle East peacemaking.

ESMOND WRIGHT

PHILOSOPHY AND REFLECTIVE LIVING

Ethics and the Limits of Philosophy. Bernard Williams. Collins Educational, £10.95. Fontana Masterguides, £3.95.

Bernard Williams has a particular gift for confronting the more difficult areas of ethics. In his new book, *Ethics and the Limits of Philosophy*, he makes a centrally significant distinction between ethics and morality. Ethics, he says, is an all-embracing term covering all possible questions about how life should be lived: morality is essentially concerned with notions of obligation, with matters of individual conscience. It therefore relates to our ideas, whether right or wrong in themselves, about free will and personal responsibility. Are ethics, then, a collection of such notions put together into a set of agreed views, rather as a government is elected? Clearly not for, whereas people severally think they 'know' which acts are right and which morally wrong, it is evident that different societies, whilst composed of individual men and women who, possessing these 'innate' powers of judgement, proceed entirely differently from one another when approving or condemning diverse public acts.

Our ethical and moral views turn out on reflection to be exceedingly complex. Various philosophers, especially Aristotle and, in our own times, G. E. Moore, have tried to build these views and the resulting principles into a hierarchy of importance. No such structure can, however, cover the contradictions and inconsistencies of our ethical practices. It seems that in spite of the powerfully possessive instincts of many philosophers towards ethics, it defies the help of even the most analytically precise techniques and insights. Reflective living, says the author, is the only process through which meaningful decisions can be made and this has little to do with philosophy as such, although clear thinking must inevitably be useful too.

Professor Williams's illuminating book deals with the Socratic question, 'How should one live?', both historically, as answered by Aristotle, and in the modern context. He suspects that no answer can be given that is detailed enough or applicable to human beings generally. Within societies individuals vary too much. Above all there is conflict in their own minds in any case. This is not, however, to say that any kind of relativist view will do instead of an objective moral assessment of a problem. The long historical build-up of what morality means cannot be disregarded with impunity in any society. The author is by no means supposing that an idiosyncratic perception of a

given situation will justify a decision about what is to be done. Rather he is concerned to show that, whilst no entirely objective view is possible, and no infallible perspective on ethical knowledge can be attained, there are at least reasonable measures that may be taken to arrive at a 'right' response. The irreconcilable tensions in personal relationships pull people in different directions but contemporary philosophers have been more concerned with the 'characteristics' of morality than with the broader ethical picture. Linguistic analysis of abstract terms like 'good', 'right' and 'ought' has led to no prescription because, by definition, no facts can do away with the ultimate necessity for making a decision about how to act on them.

Bernard Williams doubts, however, that there is a finite distinction between fact and value although he recognises the logical usefulness of these terms. The problem lies rather with what he calls 'thick' concepts, notions like 'courage', 'generosity', 'loyalty' and other virtues, recognisably ethical in character but unable to be placed in any hierarchic order since they indicate a mixture of acts and obligations. Similarly, the baddies like 'brutality', 'treachery' and 'disloyalty' have a place in discourse that is not wholly a matter of logical relations but equally of feelings and knowledge in any situation. All such terms embody an expression of human behaviour, all relate to people's feelings and describe in some connection their particular priorities.

The argument is conducted by Bernard Williams in his inimitable serious, refreshing and engaging style and his important book is exciting to read.

BETTY ABEL

FROM ATHEISM TO BELIEF

One Man's Advent. The Very Reverend Antony Bridge. Granada. £8.95.

This book is highly entertaining and one can almost hear the rich and fluent conversational tones of the author himself who has enjoyed writing it. He loves words and uses them so well, perhaps especially in the early part where he amuses, shocks and reflects. Some of the things he says are very funny but he is never flippant and his intention is deadly serious. His purpose is to give an account of his travel from atheism to belief in response to the will for meaning, and he intends and succeeds in being a help to others. Antony Bridge, born in 1914, became a professional painter. He was ordained in 1933 and is Dean of Guildford. He would assert, however, that no man's journey is the same as the next man's, and that the end of it is not always comfortable. There are inevitably times of darkness when we just have to wait. One cannot call the process a pilgrimage for that suggests a known end and it is clear that he was not aware of the end towards which he was being impelled. Unlike so many autobiographical accounts which captivate during the childhood and youth periods, and then rapidly forfeit our interest, this book uses the foundation of that period as a solid base for further interest.

He has a great compassion for ordinary people. We can note the affectionate way he speaks of those with whom he had to do. He is never judgmental about people, with the possible exception of those who taught him at Marlborough, and perhaps not even these, because it was the ethos of the place rather than the personalities which caused him to rebel. He revolted against the discipline and conformity.

Throughout history some have looked to satisfaction in the gaiety and freedom of life, and some in its discipline. There has been a swing from

emotion to control of feeling, from the permissive to the restrictive. Antony Bridge reveals an enormous zest for the good things of life, yet too the discipline is clear in the sheer hard work and application shown in his wide reading and in his attachment to the dignity of worship in movement and music. The non-enthusiastic eighteenth century approach is not for him, nor on the other hand the rhythms of the charismatics.

His war experiences could have caused despair. For him, optimistic humanism was no more. Gradually he came to view the world in a new way which answered promptings which had caused him to pause earlier on. He came to see God as the source of reality and love and eventually Christ as God's supreme work of art.

In addition to the sensible section on the Resurrection, some of the most impressive pages are those when he talks of the moments of illumination which occur with the most skilled in art or religion or science. They are non-rational without being anti-rational. These are the occasions of break through. Both religion and art are matters of inspiration, but he also finds that this is true with the great leaps ahead in science.

This is an important book. It can be recommended warmly.

LAURENCE TANNER

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH: A DIFFERENT VIEW

Dorothy Wordsworth. Robert Gittings and Jo Manton. Clarendon Press. Oxford University Press. £12.50.

In my view, *Dorothy Wordsworth* is a disappointment. It gives me no pleasure to suggest that it is routine in treating Dorothy Wordsworth and that, while it seems false to her mind and her development as a writer and to the complexity of her personality, it lacks the charm of adequate evocation of setting. One recalls the sense of place in Robert Gittings' *Life of Keats* as a strong convincing feature of the book.

Now that we have the *Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth* (originally edited by de Selincourt) in the revised volumes edited by Chester Shaver, Mary Moorman and Alan Hill covering the years 1787-1839 (up to Vol. VI, 1982), there is no excuse for being reductive about the Wordsworths. We also have de Selincourt's excellent *Dorothy Wordsworth: A Biography* (1933). 'Dorothy Wordsworth was no ordinary woman,' wrote de Selincourt, 'and it is never safe to judge the exceptional by the commonplace.' Robert Gittings and Jo Manton seem baffled by unusual persons and tend to turn Dorothy Wordsworth into someone no more remarkable than the botany teacher at a local school. By concentrating on externals they tend to oversimplify the causes of the formation of her mind, dismissing her sexuality in a few words, and liken her to 'one of those clinging like sterile buds to the family stem,' while suggesting that it is 'difficult to find terms' for her friendship with Coleridge. And indeed, they do not seem to have anything fresh to say about the relationship of Coleridge with the Wordsworths.

Relatively few minor details have come to light about the Wordsworths since de Selincourt's work of 1933. An exception is the text of Annette Vallon's letter of 1835 to Dorothy Wordsworth, which is very welcome in *Dorothy Wordsworth*. Future biographers may remember that Dorothy had the courage of her perceptions as well as a deep inwardness and remarkable sensitivity to nature. Take for example, as a touchstone, the beginning of her

journal entry for 16 May 1800. 'I went round by the stepping stones. Rydale was very beautiful, with spear-shaped streaks of polished steel.'

PARK HONAN

AN INTERPRETATION OF ROMEO AND JULIET

The Other Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet. Edited by William T. Betken. Bardavon Books, New York. Hardback \$29.95. Softback \$12.95.

William T. Betken is a man with a magnificent obsession—but not a delusion. He proves his case throughout this labour of love. He deplores the way in which modern readers and audiences do not fully understand—although they often think they do—every precise Elizabethan nuance. He has therefore painstakingly prepared his own 'libretto', alongside the most conservative edition of *Romeo and Juliet* ever previously published; that is to say the edition which has the least number of departures from the 'good' second Quarto, as compared with the 'pirate' first Quarto. This 'libretto' is a form of parallel, line-by-line translation into modern (American) English, retaining the metre and occasionally the rhyme of the original text, and is an optional extra which may be ignored by scholars. It will be seen that Mr. Betken is both a populariser and a serious exegetist. Interspersed are general *Comments*, which are always enlightening, and *Notes* which go towards specificity and accuracy of meaning, and are more extensive than in any edition of the play ever produced, including the obsolete 1871 Variorum edition. Additionally, there are remarkably good *Staging Notes* at the end of each scene. Mr. Betken has a masterly grasp of Elizabethan bawdy, with due acknowledgment to Eric Partridge, although I cannot fathom why he abjures the bird's nest in the night, and brings the obscure, tedious prose passages of knockabout bawdy to a kind of lumbering life, while his *Glossary of Bawdy Terms* throws valiant light upon what all but the most sharp of wit had occasion to suspect, but could not be sure of. For good measure, there is an appendix of pertinent extracts from Arthur Brooke's narrative poem, *Romeus and Juliet* (1562), which was Shakespeare's undoubted source. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* has already been accorded the same treatment, and all thirty-seven of the plays are to be covered under the generic title of *The Other Shakespeare*.

Mr. Betken wears his scholarship very lightly, and the whole opus is informed with the most infectious gusto, and lack of pedantry. Amusing informalities such as 'this reasoning process was ninety-nine per cent perspiration' ought not to deter the Dryasdust! His edition is absolutely recommended to students to enhance their understanding and appreciation. His comparative and lexicographic approach—sifting every word for its true meaning—is much more effective than the usual scattering of footnotes, which as he observes, leave the reader with the illusion that he has understood all, and that the unannotated bears its face value.

His 'libretto' is in some ways a slightly uneasy hybrid—he retains, for instance, the original "ere". My own opinion is that it should not be performed publicly in place of Shakespeare's text, although I divine that Mr. Betken, ever wistful to revivify, would not be averse to such performance. One has only to compare the quality of Betken's *A lover can climb up a spiderweb/ That's wafting in the dancing summer air* with *A lover may bestride the gossamer/That idles in the wanton summer air*. Generally, however, he preserves more than he alters, although it is a pity to lose, for example, the mandrake, which has an immediate appeal to the student, who also, with

delight, finds it in Donne: Betken substitutes *shrieks like dead men forced to roam the earth*. It is too easy to make fun of his substitutions for the American ear; *Now will he sit under a medlar tree* is mysteriously transmogrified into *Now he will go sit in an eggplant patch!* He is not impressed by what he calls A. L. Rowse's 'omniscience' in his 'contemporary' renderings of the plays, which are 'delightfully simple in that there are no footnotes'. Chaps who rush in, he says, are displaying something other than courage. Dr. Rowse, however, would never have perpetrated the painfully inept variation of the difficult line *For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch into In shrines saints' statues 'n prayers' hands may touch*. Nevertheless, sourness—whether of the medlar or blander eggplant variety—is not the prevailing aftermath of this learned and entertaining volume.

MOLLY TIBBS

CONAN DOYLE AS DETECTIVE

The Story of Mr. George Edalji. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Grey House Books. £15. Introduced and edited by Richard and Molly Whittington-Egan.

This is a fascinating study of the creator of Sherlock Holmes, himself investigating a miscarriage of justice. It arose out of the conviction in 1903 of George Edalji of mutilating horses, cows and sheep, and finally wounding mortally a pit pony. He was also said to be the author of poison-pen letters written between 1892 and 1895 and in 1903. He was sentenced to seven years penal servitude. At that time the Court of Crown Cases Reserved was incapable of dealing with an appeal in this class of case. Edalji's father was a Parsee and parish priest at Wyrley, Staffordshire. His mother was an Englishwoman. The family was unpopular locally and the main butt of the poison pen letters. There was an outcry against the conviction, and the Home Secretary, in 1907, appointed a distinguished Committee of Inquiry which regarded the conviction as unsatisfactory but thought that the jury were justified in their view that Edalji wrote the poison letters. In the result he was pardoned but not awarded any compensation. This infuriated Conan Doyle who conducted a campaign, following his own investigations, through the press and writing to the Home Secretary to have Edalji's name completely cleared.

In this volume, Richard and Molly Whittington-Egan have reproduced the campaign documents and have written a valuable Introduction, in which they analyse and comment on the known facts of the case and the weight of Conan Doyle's investigation and his conclusions. They argue that Conan Doyle in his enthusiasm was affected by a state of emotional disequilibrium and they point to weaknesses in his argument. Nonetheless they appear to accept that Conan Doyle cast reasonable doubt, at least, upon the view that Edalji wrote the letters. Others may find Conan Doyle's case more convincing. Perhaps the most intriguing question is why Captain Augustus Anson, the Chief Constable, 'conceived an incorrigible animus against George Edalji' and instituted the proceedings. This book, beautifully produced, is well worth reading.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Punishment and Welfare (Gower. £19.50). Interesting, questioning academic study of punishment, criminal justice and social regulation by David

Garland of Edinburgh University. He presents a useful critical history of penology in Britain, but also explores new ground by demonstrating how

penal reform grew out of the complex set of political projects which founded the modern 'Welfare State.' He argues that many of our modern penal problems, and the way in which society views the offender or deviant, have their origin in political positions and theoretical compromises which evolved in the early years of the twentieth century. (M.T.)

Secret Wisdom: The Occult Universe Explored (Jonathan Cape. (£12.50). The splitting of the atom saw the shattering of the belief, which had flourished since the days of Democritus, that such a rendering down, a fundamental division, would solve the riddle of the universe. Thus, Science is failing to supply an answer to the Eliotean 'overwhelming question.' 'Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"' If we make the visit to the church, religion will only substitute the unrevealed truth of perfect faith for imperfect knowledge. Occultism—the esoteric doctrine which is the 'Secret Wisdom' of David Conway's title—is herein offered as potent potential provider of solutions to mysteries, human and universal. The author sets out to 'present the occult view—its why and its how—as transparently as I can,' and places in our hands a thoughtfully thought-provoking book, which owes more to Blavatsky and Steiner than to spoon-benders, witch-queens, and extra-terrestrial voyagers. Opening the notionally endless series of hollow Russian peasant doll-figures provides unceasing pleasure—and a mounting count of diminishing realities. (R.W.E.)

William Shakespeare and 'The Birth of Merlin'. (Philosophical Library. New York. \$19.95.) In this fascinating study, Mark Dominic seeks to upset the generally accepted

view that *The Birth of Merlin* is the work of William Rowley alone and not in collaboration with Shakespeare. He argues that 'all the evidence, external, textual, and stylistic, is in agreement, with no significant contradictory evidence to obscure the verdict' for collaboration. The volume also contains the text of the play.

Christian England. Volume 2 'From the Reformation to the Eighteenth Century'. (Collins. £4.95 paperback). This valuable study by the Very Reverend David L. Edwards, Provost of Southwark Cathedral, London, was first published in 1983. 'I have attempted to be more comprehensive than any previous one-volume history of English religion in this period'. It includes, of course, a most turbulent century, in which politics and religion are closely intertwined and frequently at odds. This is an outline study, written objectively with clarity and insight. For the general reader it provides an introduction and a basis for further study. Balance is always a problem in such a wide coverage and there are bound to be comments. For example, many readers may consider that more attention should have been given to the importance of East Anglia in the growth of puritanism and its impact nationally.

Hans Andersen, His Classic Fairy Tales. (Gollancz. £3.95). This paperback edition reproduces the hardback edition of 1976 with its translation by Erik Haugaard and illustrations in colour by Michael Foreman. The latter catch the magic, imagination and wonder of the texts. There are eighteen stories, including many of those best known. Although written for children, they have given great pleasure to adults for generations.

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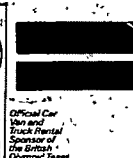
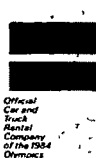
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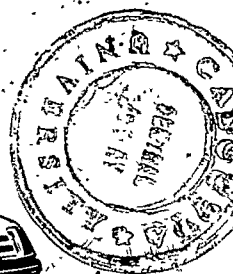
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**ANY HOPE FOR THE
TRINITY?**

R. L. P. Milburn

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AND MISGUIDED MEN
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Sehdev Kumar

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October 1985

Vol. 247

No. 1437

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<i>Contents</i>		<i>Page</i>
Any Hope for the Trinity?	The Very Rev. R. L. P. Milburn	169
At the Midpoint in the Cycle of Violence	Michael Olshausen	177
Guided Missiles and Misguided Men: Reflections on Hiroshima and Nagasaki	Sehdev Kumar	180
UN Agencies Clash Over Tobacco Cultivation	Thomas Land	188
A Day in the Life of the 'New Republic'— Brazil After the Dictators	Frank Colson	191
A Theology of Money	Rudi Weisweiler	197
Theatrical Hyperrealism in the Plays of Adele Shank	C. Lee Jenner	202
Sources of Poetic Inspiration	J. C. E. Bowen	208
Poems: Brainstorm	Peter Russell	211
To the Rationalist	Pamela Constantine	
Correspondence: Sir Keith Joseph and the 'Better School'	A. L. Rowse	212
What is a 'Landslide'?	Peter Thomson	
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		
Quarterly Fiction Review	Rosalind Wade	213
Non-Fiction Reviews		217
Lord Longford, Richard Whittington-Egan, Molly Tibbs, John Biggs-Davison, Betty Abel		
SHORTER REVIEWS		223

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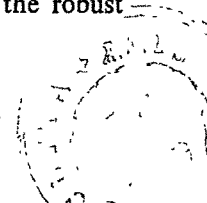
ANY HOPE FOR THE TRINITY?

by R. L. P. Milburn

IT is reported of the twelfth-century scholar Alan of Lille, who fancied himself as a subtle interpreter of high and noble themes, that he once gave an elaborate sermon about the Trinity. At the end of this display he was so overcome with shame at venturing to discuss a subject clearly beyond his powers that he imposed upon himself a vow of lifelong silence. By contrast Dr. Geoffrey Lampe—remembered with affection by many—while Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, addressed the members of Trinity College on Trinity Sunday, 1978, and posed the rhetorical question ‘What future is there for the Trinity?’ He then suggested that the answer should be ‘Not much’, anyhow if the reference is to anything like the doctrine in its traditional form. On Lampe’s line of thought, which is typical of many academic theologians today, not to mention bishops, any doctrine of the Trinity has by now outlived its vitality and should be allowed to slide from the centre of things and find its place, semi-fossilised, only in the remotest zones of abstract speculation.

Philosophers of the Kantian mould will no doubt unite in arguing that any attempts to comment on the nature and attributes of God are doomed to failure simply because the theme extends by definition beyond the range of human capacity, and even St. Augustine of Hippo declared ‘You can say all kinds of things about God but nothing that you say will be really worthy of Him’, a belief which did not prevent Augustine from writing many thousands of words on the subject. Similarly the Hebrews of old, for all their vivid sense of the presence of God lying behind phenomena, were disposed to summarise their discoveries and explanations, as Job certainly was, with the comment ‘Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not; things too hard for me which I knew not’. At the same time they had no taste whatever for a neutral agnosticism on such matters. Since man is, according to the book of Genesis, distinguished from the rest of creation by being made ‘in the image of God’, there exists the possibility, indeed the duty, of looking and listening, even under humiliating restrictions, for such elements of Reality as openly declare themselves. The state of affairs may be expressed in the robust Victorian accents of Robert Browning:

This world’s no blot for us
No blank; it means intensely and means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.



'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth' may then become the motto, but different people make different deductions concerning the message and this fact led to an awareness that decision even on philosophic matters is not merely, perhaps not primarily, an affair of the intellect but is controlled by an instinctive judgement or point of view. One thinker who stressed the idea that belief arises out of life while arguments do not create it nor can systems authenticate it was Cardinal Newman. Just as St. Teresa found truth 'through a certitude remaining in the heart which only God can give', so Newman invoked what he calls the 'illative sense', an instinctive yet powerful mood, akin to taste in the fine arts and to what the theologians call 'grace', which conveys to an individual assurances that range deeper and more convincingly than those derived from logical reasoning, however necessary reason may be as a check and control. Some people have an instinctive sense of pitch in matters of conduct as of art, others sheer away from such clear principles and lose themselves in a morass of folly. This, at any rate, is what St. Paul means when he refers to some as the predestined vessels of honour, others as the vessels of wrath.

The earliest Christians, when working towards a doctrine of the Trinity, had no desire whatever to indulge a taste for speculation and hide their own insights behind a cloud of complicated language. Their task was rather the missionary aim to do what St. Peter said ought to be done and 'give to every man a reason concerning the hope that is in you, yet with meekness and fear'. It thus became necessary, if the faithful were to be instructed and the mischievous speculations of cranks warded off, that something should be laid down in short and clear-cut terms, concerning the rich and boundlessly varied theme of God's existence and nature. A creed, therefore, for use at baptism, and confessions of faith, to guard against lopsided interpretations, evolved fairly quickly: in them a doctrine of the Trinity is adumbrated from the start. And one fact may here be stated with certainty. The Christian doctrine of the Trinity never had any link with such other presentations of three-fold Godhead as may occasionally be found expressed or hinted at in the religions of Egypt and the Far East. The Christian Church sprang up as, in St. Paul's phrase, 'a branch from the old olive-tree' and its sole ancestor was the austere monotheism of Palestinian Jewry where 'the Lord our God is one Lord' and 'thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind and soul'. There is but the one God whose world-wide embrace, as the prophet Amos pointed out, brings the Philistines from Caphtor and the Syrians from Kir as well as Israel out of the land of Egypt. On the other hand, the injunction to 'love the Lord thy God' implies that God is not content merely to exercise power but hopes for, indeed counts on, a response on the part of human beings. As a devout Cambridge Platonist later put it: 'The spirit of a man is the candle of the Lord', and the God of the Hebrews, however grandly remote, was thought of not as locked away within his self-sufficiency but as concerned to warn his people through the lessons of history, stimulate them by the haunting touch of

beauty and lay down through the mouth of poet and prophet unbreakable guidelines for their regard. If the expression 'God is love' has any meaning, it implies a Power who is ready to communicate in all these ways. Some, moreover, have thought it only natural that if God shows himself, even though veiled, in the pageant of history and the works of nature, He should go on and declare his character openly in the universal language of a human life, the one God accepting, through an Incarnation, all of which his Creation consists, the suffering and uncertainty no less than the majestic power. Along these lines the Russian philosopher Soloviev used to remark that he would think nothing of a God who stood on the touchline shouting 'Be good: accept hardship: be prepared to redeem at a cost to yourself' but failed, for his part, to practise what He preached and involve himself in the *mêlée*.

The first generation of Christians approached things rather more directly. They had been impressed by the character and teaching of Jesus to the point when some at least of them were ready to follow St. Peter's lead and exclaim 'Thou art the Christ', and had been still more impressed by the Resurrection appearances—however, these are to be explained in detail—which served to transform a terrified band of Galilean artisans into a bold companionship 'ready to turn the world upside down'. The first essay in Trinitarian theology is the compact creed 'Jesus is Lord' as found in St. Paul's letters to the Corinthians and to the Romans and implied in the even earlier letter to the Thessalonians. This neat little declaration of faith represents a remarkable turn round of fortune since it is being uttered in the year 52 A.D. and thus within a quarter-century and within easy human remembrance of the catastrophic fiasco of the Crucifixion. In spite of Jesus' death by the gruesome equivalent of the hangman's noose, the greeting offered to the Thessalonians right at the beginning of their letter is in the name of 'God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ'. In other words, Jesus is linked up in a claim to obedient reverence such as is appropriate only to God. Along with much naïveté of expression and transient imagery drawn from Hebrew worship, the belief is emphasised that God functions personally along two lines: that He is transcendent, raised above all accidents of time and change, yet at the same time no less truly immanent, bound up with the fortunes of his Creation.

There is one constant factor in the history of Christian doctrine, anyhow during the early period, and this is that no speculation, however brilliant, had much chance of acceptance unless it could be buttressed by a text of Scripture. And in Scripture, the passionately monotheistic Scripture of the Old Testament, might be discovered passages which seemed to support the paradox of a God near at hand as well as above. Notable here were references to the divine Word whereby, as it were, conversation was established between God and his world, the Word being his instrument in creation and minister of his purposes. Not only, in the Psalms, is the prayer of the distressful answered when 'God sends his word and heals them' but, in the Book of Proverbs, the Word, here

called the Wisdom of God, declares 'The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way: when He marked out the foundations of the earth, then I was by Him as a master-workman and I was daily his delight'. In another, rather later, Old Testament essay on the same theme, this Word, or Wisdom, is described as 'a shining-forth from everlasting light and copy of God's goodness', expressions which thus lay conveniently at hand for St. Paul to use when he interpreted Christ Jesus to the men of Colossae as the 'copy' or 'image' of the invisible God through whom and in whom all things were created.

Before the end of the first century, such passages as 'I and my Father are one' in St. John's Gospel had made inevitable the attempt to explain God as 'in two Persons'. It is, however, appropriate to recall that the Latin word *persona* and its Greek equivalent did not necessarily betoken quite such sharp individuality as does the term in English. The first significance of *persona* is that of an actor's mask, hence the 'character' or 'part' which anyone plays in the tragi-comedy of life, the aspect under which a man makes himself known in his surroundings. So, when the time arrived inescapably to philosophise about distinctions within the Godhead, the matter could be put in this fashion: 'Now, the Word is God's *persona*, his outward face whereby He spreads his light and may be recognised'. Thus Clement of Alexandria; or again, in the words of Hippolytus, Clement's contemporary, 'God manifested himself in two character-parts but as a single authoritative power'. The matter was complicated by the instinctive desire to incorporate a third divine, and therefore eternal, character within God's unity, the reason being, as before, a combination of religious experience with Biblical text. The word 'spirit' is used in Scripture quite freely and untechnically to indicate God in action or man in his better and more uplifted moods. But the sweep of power which gripped the little band of earnest churchmen at Pentecost and continued to enliven and inspire them with confidence seemed of so distinctive a character as to claim its own especial *persona* as Holy Spirit within God's self-disclosure. Nor was it easy to overlook the testimony of Christ himself who, anyhow according to St. Matthew, had told the disciples to baptise in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost and had, on St. John's testimony, promised them the gift of the Holy Spirit to be their Advocate, ready to set inspired utterance within their unsophisticated lips.

Naturally enough some confusion arose concerning the respective functions of Word and Spirit, but St. Paul, again very early on, could write to his friends at Corinth and conclude, without explanations, by wishing them the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit. Thereafter the three-fold formula comes rapidly to be established, the more effectively when it occurs not so much in philosophic debate as in casual reference. Thus, the martyr Ignatius of Antioch, when composing his letters of advice to young churches round about 108 A.D., reminds the men of Ephesus that they are 'stones of the temple of the Father, made ready for the Father to

build with, hoisted up on high by the windlass of Jesus Christ, that is to say the cross, and using as a rope the Holy Spirit.'

Human imaginations and human language are necessarily inadequate fully to embrace divine things, and in popular thought, remote from academic hair-splitting, God in Three Persons could easily be understood as implying three Gods set side by side. This appears even more clearly from art-forms than in literature. To take a fourth-century example, the so-called Dogmatic Sarcophagus now in the Vatican shows on one side the Creation of Eve. Adam, in this particular scene, is lying on the ground while Eve stands before the throne of the Creator. Two assistants, one clasping the throne, one with his hand on Eve's head, are solemn, bearded figures, closely resembling one another. The Genesis text 'Let us make man' is thus interpreted literally, as a plural of number rather than of majesty, and the effort of creation is shown as shared between the three Persons of the Trinity. This mode of illustrating the Trinity as three allied but independent individuals led on to the grand mediaeval pictures where the Father sits, solemnly crowned, on his throne, with, between his knees, the Son nailed to a cross while the Holy Spirit, in the likeness of a dove, hovers overhead.

Against any such splitting-up of the One God the early Fathers strove manfully, so far as the resources of their terminology allowed. But the balance of Trinitarian teaching could be upset from other sides also. The sharp-minded Sabellius pressed the idea of God as the masterly actor who, on the stage of human history, displayed his various character-parts not all at once but in succession, first Father, then Son and, finally, continuing Spirit; while Arius, an able and attractive priest of Alexandria, was so convinced that any distinction of the Godhead into Persons uprooted the foundations of true religion that he poised Christ uneasily in a mid-position which made Him neither God nor man and relegated the Spirit to total obscurity. No less vehement were the arguments of those who transferred the debate from metaphysics to psychology and demanded to know how the Word of God could possibly exist when harnessed to an individual human nature. The so-called Monophysites held that the human form and human nature of Jesus were little more than an envelope enclosing the divine effulgence, while their opponents, the Nestorians, ever anxious to safeguard the reality of Christ's redemptive action as that of man for men, assigned to Christ a split personality, the divine element being connected with the human nature only by the loosest of bonds. Some there were, however, who, anticipating William Blake by fourteen centuries, had not the slightest trouble with the doctrine of an Incarnation whereby God and man exist side by side within one Person since they were convinced that a humbler yet comparable spark of divine illumination dwells within every human frame, lighting the way through the doors of perception to those eternal pastures where tranquil joy for ever reigns. Here again the artists, though rather later on, made earnest efforts to proclaim, even if they could not explain, the paradox of eternal Truth manifesting within a world of constant flux.

Thus the Gospels of Rabula, a Greco-Syrian manuscript dating from the year 586 A.D. depicts Christ on the cross. The soldier Longinus, standing by, has thrust his spear home and the blood flows. Christ therefore sleeps the sleep of death yet his eyes remain wide open since, as contemporaries used to remark, Christ is asleep as man on the cross but as divine 'He keeps his watchful eyes ever open.' On this line of imagery, God the Word, impelled by charity to demonstrate his nature in the clearest possible fashion, shows himself willing, as St. Paul puts it, to 'empty himself and take on the form of a servant,' thus pinpointing, in a special and uniquely effective manner, God's general readiness to condescend from his exalted sphere and, by an effort of self-limitation, concern himself, in one way or another, with the chancy affairs of history.

Three Persons in one Substance, the one God existing in three co-equal entities: it took three centuries of keen and sometimes violent debate before this Trinitarian formula was finally hammered out at the Council of Constantinople. Arid and technical in form, it yet claims to preserve valuable insights contributed by men of light and learning at a time when the two great civilising currents of Hellenism and Hebrew thought were merging and interacting in the amalgam of Christianity, and it certainly aroused such a flurry of debate and discussion in fourth-century Asia Minor that shoppers took to complaining that they were unable to purchase a piece of fish without being treated to a discourse on generate and ingenerate being. One question which this type of Trinitarian doctrine in some sort resolves is 'What was God doing before the creation of the world?' We are nowadays assured by the physicists, or some of them, that the universe came into being with a big bang at a point in what could, presumably, be described as time. If God is eternal, how was He exercising his natural characteristics before the big bang occurred? Was He merely, as the poet Shelley suggested in one of his earlier *jeux d'esprit*, lounging about in insipid idleness? The answer which the Trinitarian formula enjoins is that Father and Son ever existed in a vital, loving relationship, their bond of union being the animating love which is another name for Holy Spirit. Some of the Moslem mystics, for all their unbending monotheism, even make the point that where there is love there must be trinity as well as unity. Abu Yazid of Bistam therefore indicates that love is impossible until lover and a beloved exist just as knowledge is impossible until there is a knower and a known. So another Muslim thinker puts it: 'There exist He who unites and He who is united, and that means Three'. This is not so very different from the picture given by Dante in the *Paradiso* of a world created by the ineffable Power along with his Son (Wisdom) and the Love which animates the one and the other unto eternity. Viewing matters from the other end and starting with a trinity of Light, Life and Love, St. Teresa discovered that 'when she was truly alone with God', the three aspects which presented themselves so vividly to her gaze melted into one, and she 'saw God in a point'.

From quite early days reflective churchmen sought for hints of the Trinity in the world as it is presented to us. The fiery Tertullian put

forward root, plant and fruit as one suggestion, or again, rather more happily, the sun, its ray and what he calls the 'ray's tip'—the point of light which strikes upon the objects of earth, warming and illumining them. Neoplatonist philosophers had laid it down that the structure of the universe is repeated in every part of it, and Augustine, at times, was determined to find in the individual artefacts evolved by the Creator something like what Leibniz later called 'living mirrors of the universe'. He was on the whole less successful with his trinitarian examples than was Basil of Caesarea who looked up at the rainbow and saw three colours, merging into one another, which, in their threefold variety, embraced the whole world in one span. However, the idea that, while the fullness of truth is inaccessible, small, partial truths are impressed by the Creator on his handiwork can soon move over into artificiality and such naïve efforts as that of St. Patrick declaring his three-lobed shamrock leaf to be a purposive likeness of the Trinity.

A more promising line of comparison between human and divine is that suggested by the saying 'We need not search for God's footprints in nature when we can behold his face in ourselves,' or, in the words of Pope Leo I, 'What everyone of the faithful has in his own soul is more than what he admires in the sky'. Here again Augustine took a lead and, turning from outward objects to introspection, found a sort of embryo trinity within mankind. He distinguished the memory without which no sensible action would be possible from the understanding which plans and decides and that again from the will, sometimes equated with charitable impulse, which is needful if any plan is to be put into effect. This rough and ready trinity within us seemed to Augustine to correspond, even though in sketchy and restricted fashion, to the great Trinity of God: the uncreated Light, eternal Father and fount of things: the Life or Son, explained as the hidden steersman of the universe, and, thirdly, the Love which, settling within the heart of men, has power to attract them to rise above everyday limitations and make not merely a rebound to pressure exerted by God but a response to his call.

It is along the lines suggested by Augustine that recent apologists for the Trinity have been inclined to proceed. Assuming that creative activity is the mode in which human nature most nearly approximates to the divine, they have detected three essential components of such activity. First comes the idea or master-plan, without nothing could start off or have any meaning if it did so. Next there is the vigorous action which translates plan into practice and makes it work, and thirdly has to be included the effective and continuing power that touches the hearts of individual men, since without some such result creative activity becomes purposeless and barren. The supposed analogy between the richly complex character of God and its feeble echo within mankind can be put in exaggerated terms, as perhaps by Izaak Walton's friend Christopher Harvey:

The whole round world is not enough to fill
The heart's three corners but it craveth still.
Only the Trinity that made it can

Suffice the vast triangled heart of man.

This is, however, little more than a gloss on the robust testimony of the mystically-minded William Hilton: 'Man's soul is made up of three powers,—recollection, reason and will,—standing in the image and likeness of the Blessed Trinity'.

The comparison is bound to be imperfect since, in the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

God keeps his holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream.

Nevertheless, if any comment on an exalted order of being is allowable, this order may be expected to reflect, even while surpassing, the highest and most subtly developed characteristics of the order immediately below, and the human faculties, in their fullest and most refined development, become a pointer towards the nature of the Divine.

Three in One and One in Three
Dimly here we worship thee:

The dimness of the worship is unquestioned, and no one can guarantee that, as time marches on, some adaptation of the traditional language may not be demanded by the pressures of new insights and discoveries. For the present, however, the Trinitarian formula stands on a reasonably firm basis of intuitive apprehension drawing support both from a background of historical fact and from the complex range of human personality. By virtue of this assumed kinship, distant yet intimate, between God and man, while much in the universe, 'seen through a glass darkly', will necessarily remain alien, incalculable and bizarre, an unarguable awareness of beauty and love and the impress of truth will make it apparent that, as St. Paul put it to the Athenians of old, 'in Him we live and move and have our being'.

AT THE MIDPOINT IN THE CYCLE OF VIOLENCE

by Michael Olshausen

THIS question persists in the aftermath of the Beirut kidnapping of the thirty-nine American hostages: why did the leadership of Amal, the Lebanese Shiite militia, embrace the terrorism? Their people are an exposed minority. What did they expect to gain by courting retaliation from a major power? Their cause, the return of the Shiite detainees in Israel, had some merit. Why, then, embrace an act so criminal—mass kidnapping and a murder—as to discredit that cause and poison American public opinion into the bargain?

Added to the humiliation inflicted by the Marine barracks' bombing, this recent episode is a malignant example of history repeating itself. Time and again through a period spanning more than nine centuries, a cycle of bottled-up passions leading to daring, but short-lived strategies that in turn have brought down retribution on them has characterised the Shiites of Lebanon. A confluence of geography, religious tenets, and temperament produces in them a self-destructive and other-destructive tendency that once again is running its course. Understanding the history of the Shiites of Lebanon is therefore indispensable to an understanding of their behavioural dynamics. This, particularly, is true for Israel, which aroused the Shiites' enmity through a cavalier act. It will have to deal with the Shiites now for quite some time to come.

Though it may seem hard to believe, in the light of their low economic and social status, the Lebanese Shiites once knew a 'golden age.' In the 11th century, they were the dominant, majority group in virtually all Lebanon. Their protectors were the Shiites of the Egyptian Fatimid dynasty, the only Shiite ruling house in Arab-Islamic history. The afterglow of this dominance has, like the Diaspora, a legitimising, mythological force.

The Fatimids fell in the 12th century to Salah al-Din, the legendary Saladin, who drove the crusaders out of the Holy Land and exterminated, as thoroughly as he could, the Shiites of Lebanon. The Shiites, in their blind desire for independence, had committed fraternal treason by siding with the Christian crusaders against their own Sunni Moslem brethren, the mainstream line of Islam.

No quarrel is more dangerous than a family quarrel. The scattering of Shiite communities in Lebanon today—in the Bekaa Valley and in Mount Amal (from the tribe of Amilah) bordering Israel—is a legacy of Saladin's victory over the crusaders. Had the Shiites fought loyally, they might have populated all of Lebanon. Instead, they misconceived their circumstances.

The Ottoman Turks, devout Sunni Moslems, who conquered Lebanon in 1517 had little use for the Lebanese Shiites, apart from taxing them. The Shiites' feudal overlords, reconfirmed by the Ottomans, were the Druze, a closed sect of believers in reincarnation and among the fiercest

warriors in the world. Even the Ottomans avoided confronting them.

The Shiites remained subservient to the Druze, in particular, to the Jumblatt sheikhs, until Napoleon invaded Palestine in 1799. Now they saw an opportunity to throw off their Druze and Ottoman oppressors. During the French siege of the fortress of Acre, the Shiites furnished Napoleon with their aid. But a squadron of British warships aided the fort, and the bubonic plague raged through northern Palestine. The French army retreated.

Regrettably, for the Shiites, the commander of the fortress at Acre was the then infamous Ahmad al-Jazzar. Al-Jazzar, whose name means 'the Butcher,' had earned that soubriquet as the court executioner in Cairo to the Ottoman Pasha. The Shiites suffered years of retribution. They had become too insular a community to be able to imagine fully the potential adverse consequences of their acts. The same with Saladin. The same in many other lesser instances, as well.

In 1860, Druze warriors massacred thousands of Maronite Christians in Lebanon and Damascus. The Maronites, during the 1830s, had gained the upper hand in Lebanon under the now non-discriminatory policies of the again-occupying Egyptians. But as people often do who have been oppressed, the Maronites gladly trod on their former masters, the Moslems and Druze, and created a time bomb. After the Egyptians retreated, the Druze, with Moslem support, including Shiite hotheads, massacred Christian villagers by the dozens.

Europe, even Russia, was outraged and promptly reorganised Lebanon into a protectorate, nominally Ottoman, to guarantee to the Christians their personal safety. The Shiite areas were excluded, however, and left to Syria, which was overwhelming Sunni. Lebanon prospered, while once again the Shiites reaped the rewards of their rash behaviour.

The Ottoman Empire eroded from within throughout the late 19th century. The last Sultan was the paranoid and despotic Abd al-Hamid, who had not much use for the Shiite troublemakers who helped to cause the *de facto* loss to him of coastal Lebanon, a crown jewel. His repression was totalitarian. By 1920, when Lebanon emerged as a state out of the French Mandate, itself a dubious artifact of the Allied victory in World War I, the Shiite areas, now reattached to Lebanon, were still recovering.

Lebanon's 'confessional' legislature is the Chamber of Deputies. The number of Deputies for each faith is proportional to that faith's following in the general population. The Shiites, being poor, have had the highest birth rate in Lebanon for many years. But there hasn't been a census in Lebanon since 1932.

Elias Canetti, winner of the 1981 Nobel Prize for Literature, described Shiite Islam in *Crowds and Power* (Continuum, New York) as one of the world's great 'religions of lament.' Its doctrines, he observed, allow Shiites to commit violent acts, but to transfer, by identifying with the persecuted martyrs of their faith, blame and guilt to another. Of course, they actually have been persecuted. But frequently they have brought their sufferings on themselves.

The continuing danger for the United States is that the other parties to conflicts in the region will deal manipulatively and cavalierly with the Shiites, goading them into further acts of fundamentalist violence. The cycle will only be completed then by an act of violent repression.

Fundamentally, the Shiites of Lebanon are a people who want their fair share of the Lebanese pie, but who otherwise want to be left alone. Paradoxically, they often find themselves involved up to their necks in conflicts with others—now with the United States and the Palestinians—who need not have been their opponents. Then things go haywire.

Prognostication, thus, is a very inexact science, and yet ominous regional trends are clearly visible, even now. In Iran, the Ayatollah Khomeini will die relatively soon, to be followed by a period of turmoil, even, perhaps, by a counter-revolution. As in the mid-18th century, after the fall of the Safawid dynasty, the ties between Iran and the Shiites of Lebanon will then somewhat weaken. Meanwhile, Syria, a Soviet client state with irredentist designs upon Lebanon and even greater malevolent designs upon Israel, hatches its schemes. A quasi-secular state with an Alawite (a heterodox Shiite) military command, Syria is headed by General Hafiz al-Asad, who, according to Henry Kissinger, is an unusually intelligent man. If Syria cannot defeat Israel, it can keep alive and balloon the recently instilled resentments of the Lebanese Shiites toward Israel, until the Shiites take on a far greater significance militarily than the PLO ever had.

The Shiites, after all, are fairly concentrated and number close to one million. In this light, the recent delivery 'via Amal' of some 42 Soviet-built T-54 tanks (old, but still serviceable) to the Shiite 6th Brigade of the Lebanese Army (reported on 31 July in the *Washington Post*: 'Syrians Move Tanks To Beirut,' by Nora Boustany, 30 July, Beirut) can be seen as preparatory, under the guise of attempting to quell Lebanese civil disturbances, to fomenting enhanced Shiite-Israeli hostility. To maintain its regional influence, Syria needs to keep the Middle East pot boiling, and the Lebanese Shiites are well suited to such a task. If, in the end, Israeli retribution should fall upon them, Syria would suffer very little and could even reap substantial rewards in propaganda and in the instigation of stresses within Israel. It is a treacherous game, the tragic losers of which would be both the Shiites and the Israelis, who deserve to live in peace.

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GUIDED MISSILES AND MISGUIDED MEN: REFLECTIONS ON HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI

by Sehdev Kumar

The means by which we live have out-distanced the ends for which we live. Our scientific power has outrun our spiritual power. We have guided missiles and misguided men.

— Martin Luther King, 1963.

JULY 16, 1945. In the early hours of the morning, in the vast desert at Alamogordo in New Mexico, USA, the first ever Atom bomb, ironically named the *Trinity*, was being tested. It was the fruit of four years of work of Manhattan Project under the stewardship of brilliant physicist Robert J. Oppenheimer and General Groves. No medieval cathedral, no pyramids, no movement of armies across the plains and the mountains ever matched in scientific prowess and commitment of men and state resources on such a grand scale as the Manhattan Project. More than 120,000 scientists, engineers, mathematicians and others had set off in mid-1941 with an unlimited budget to create the ultimate weapon of destruction—the Atom Bomb.

The initial impetus and thrust for the A-bomb came not from the army or from the politicians but, ironically, from the noblest of men among the scientists, Albert Einstein. For years, as a Jew and the most eminent scientist of all times, Einstein had been hounded out of Germany by the Nazis. For years, as a staunch pacifist, he had travelled all over the world pleading for peace. He had even written to Sigmund Freud asking him to apply his psychology to control man's 'psychosis of hate and destructiveness.' In the mid-'30s Einstein had made the USA his home, venerated by all but understood by few. On August 2, 1939, at the behest of two of his very esteemed colleagues, Leo Szilard and Eugene Wigner—both from Hungary—Einstein wrote to President Roosevelt acquainting him with the possibility of a new and unprecedented source of energy from the atom. He cautioned that Hitler's scientists—many of whom were internationally renowned—might already be tapping such energy for an Atom bomb. Einstein urged the President to be alert and to undertake the making of such a bomb in America.

Soon after Einstein's letter war in Europe broke out and many of the great physicists who had fled Fascist Germany, Italy or Hungary and settled in the USA, now feared the worst. So when Einstein's letter was finally brought to the President's attention, the die was cast with one of the most pithy statements in the history of decision-making. Summoning his secretary, General Edwin ('Pa') Watson, the President commanded: 'Pa: This requires action.' The initial action was minimal, but it led the way to real action two years later when Manhattan Project was started in Los Alamos in New Mexico. In the field of Atomic Physics in 1940 there was not a physicist or mathematician of repute in America who

was not drafted for the Project. Such brain power had never met before in one place, in the whole history of man, to face the most challenging of tasks: the making of the bomb.

And so, four years later, perched on a 100-ft high steel tower, the Trinity was ready to be tested. Oppenheimer, Groves, scientists, engineers and generals had gathered at a distance of 20 miles to watch the greatest spectacle on earth. At 5.30 in the morning it exploded. First the light—so dazzling that it could have been seen from another planet—and then a thundering roll which echoed from the distant mountains. There was a gasp of elation. People jumped with joy; but it was short lived.

Oppenheimer, an occasional student of Sanskrit, recalled lines from the *Bhagavad Gita*: 'Brighter than a thousand suns . . . I am become death, the destroyer of worlds.' The 100-ft steel tower had disappeared into thin air. Kenneth Bainbridge, a Harvard physicist and commander of the Trinity test, uttered within sixty seconds of the explosion: 'Now we're all sons-of-bitches.'¹

The power released by the explosion was 50-100 times greater than the wildest guesses the most brilliant scientists had made, based on their mathematical calculations. The success of the bomb, after the initial euphoria, created a limp and gloomy silence, 'each of us groping to understand what we had witnessed.' They drank a bottle of Scotch in a mood of profound uncertainty.

Jim Tuck, a British physicist from Manchester, who had all along rejoiced at being in the company of great scientists of the world in Los Alamos, kept asking: 'What have we done? . . . What have we done?'

Early on in the War, it had become clear to the Allied Intelligence that Hitler's scientists were not engaged in making an A-bomb. Physicist Samuel Goudsmit, whose father and blind mother had been cremated by the Nazis in Holland, was a member of the intelligence unit of the Manhattan Project. His task was to uncover any German attempts at making an Atom bomb. In 1945, as Goudsmit followed advancing Allied forces into Germany, it became evident to him beyond any doubt that the German scientists had not even toyed with the idea. 'Isn't it wonderful,' Goudsmit remarked to one of his associates in the Manhattan Project 'that the Germans have no Atom Bomb? Now we don't have to use ours.' His colleague, a career military man, responded instinctively: 'Of course, you don't understand, Sam, that if we *have* such a weapon, we are going to use it.'²

Indeed, after the success of the Trinity had been established, General Groves and others, who had worked so hard on the creation of the Bomb, hoped and prayed that Japan—the Enemy—would not surrender before America had the opportunity of using the Bomb.

Although the Generals were very clear that the Bomb must be used, the scientists themselves, even before the test, were quite divided about its use. Some had suggested that the Japanese observers be invited to witness the test; others wanted a warning issued to the enemy about their new and ultimate weapon. In a document that bore the signatures of 76

scientists—amongst them Einstein, Bohr, Szilard and Franck—attempts were made to impress upon President Truman and the US Secretary of War the true nature of the monster that had been created at Los Alamos. The document stated unambiguously that 'a nation which sets the precedent of using these newly liberated forces of nature for purposes of destruction has to bear the responsibility of opening the door to an era of devastation on an unimaginable scale.'³

However, such pleas were given little attention. On July 26, 1945 the Potsdam Proclamation, made on behalf of President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill and Chiang Kaishek, demanded a complete and unconditional surrender from Japan, or 'an utter devastation of the Japanese homeland.' There was no mention in the Proclamation of the Bomb. Churchill wrote of Potsdam:

... the decision whether or not to use the atomic bomb to compel the surrender of Japan was never an issue. There was unanimous, automatic, unquestioned agreement around our table; nor did I ever hear the slightest suggestion that we should do otherwise.⁴

President Truman himself said:

The final decision of where and when to use the atomic bomb was up to me. Let there be no mistake about it. I regarded the bomb as a military weapon and never had any doubt that it should be used.⁵

In July 1945, after the Trinity test, there were two Atom bombs in the American nuclear arsenal. Billions of dollars and four years of relentless work had gone into making them. The military believed that they couldn't possibly be left unused. 'If we didn't use them,' General Groves said later, 'there was no way the American public would have pardoned us.'

On August 6, 1945 at 8.15 a.m. a B-29 bomber, named *Enola Gay*, after the mother of the pilot, dropped the Atom bomb on the city of Hiroshima. The bomb was christened 'Little Boy'. Through some cosmic parody of names and symbols, the devil had delivered a monster of a gift to 315,000 inhabitants of the city. On August 9, 1945 another bomb, called 'Fat Man'—probably in honour of Churchill who had just lost the elections in Britain—was dropped over Nagasaki; the name of its carrier was 'The Great Artiste'. Both cities, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, had remained virtually unharmed during the war. They were chosen as targets primarily to ascertain the nature and the full potential of the new weapon over an urban population. Along with the bombs, to make various measurements, a number of scientific instruments were also dropped over the cities. With the second bomb, one Los Alamos scientist, Luis Alvarez, had dropped one hand-written note for one Japanese nuclear physicist Professor R. Sagane, who had worked in the US before the War. It read:

... do your utmost to stop the destruction and waste of life which can only result in the total annihilation of all your cities if continued. As scientists, we deplore the use to which a beautiful discovery has been put, but we assure you that unless Japan surrenders at once, this rain of atomic bombs will increase manifold in fury.—signed From: Three of your former scientific colleagues during your stay in the US.⁶

It is doubtful that Professor Sagane ever received the note; however, the next day, on August 10, Japan surrendered unconditionally.

As over a hundred thousand people lay dead in Japan, and many more writhed in such pain and suffering as had never been known before, there were celebrations all over America. In the meantime, scientists debated with each other about the ethics of it all, and wondered if they had unwittingly become mere pawns in some insidious chess-game of politics, of which they understood little. Some of them felt guilty, some ashamed; some duped and horrible. 'The physicists have known sin,' Oppenheimer was to say later: 'We were all aware of the fact that in one way or another we were intervening explicitly and heavy-handedly in the course of human history; that is not for a physicist a natural professional activity.'⁷

All over the world the scientists, particularly the nuclear physicists, became a subject of great derision and of great adoration. In England, to the warm applause of his large audience, one distinguished professor asked:

Will nobody ever stop the scientists? Won't somebody put them in a bag and tie them up—or into a lethal chamber before they have completed our destruction?⁸

In schools and colleges in many countries, young students debated whether science was a blessing or a curse. Hiroshima and Nagasaki became household words, as symbols of man's worst barbarism, and as tragic victims of the unchecked power of science. With the possible exception of poison gas in the First World War, no other laboratory product created such world-wide feeling of dismay as the two Atom bombs.

For years the scientists were cloistered in their laboratories doing experiments or propounding theories which few people understood, or even cared about. But now, overnight, the scientists had entered the centre-stage of world affairs. In their defence, or as self-justification, the scientists recalled how, many decades earlier, Taoist alchemists, while searching for elixirs of love, had unknowingly discovered gunpowder. In various ways, they tried to console themselves, but consolation did not come easily to them. Their consciences, as in *King Richard III*, 'hath a thousand several tongues,'

And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

At the same time, however, from men in high positions there was no lack of adoration for the scientists. They called them 'Titans', and 'harbingers of a new world', and compared them to Prometheus, who had stolen fire from the gods and brought it to the earth. 'Suddenly physicists were exhibited as lions at Washington tea parties,' said physicist Samuel Allison. '... they were invited to conventions of social scientists, where their opinions on society were respectfully listened to by life-long experts in the field, attended conventions of religious orders and discoursed on theology, were asked to endorse plans for world government, and to give simplified lectures on the nucleus to Congressional committees.'⁹

In the months that followed the tragedy of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, both adoration and revulsion on such a grand scale were utterly new

experiences for the scientists as a group. What was more, their close brush with the inner circles of political power and unlimited research facilities and funds at the Manhattan Project had transforming influence. Until the 1930s, America's contribution to world science had been relatively insignificant. Instead, Cambridge, Göttingen and Paris attracted the great scientific minds. In these centres of learning, practical men of science created the apparatus for their experiments on a glass-blowing bench, with a soldering iron. When in 1932 Cockroft and Walton bombarded lithium with protons and artificially 'split' the atom for the first time, the apparatus cost some £500. The amount seemed something of a scandal to many scientists, particularly to the great British physicist Rutherford who had made his major discoveries 'coaxed from pink-string and sealing wax constructions' costing only a few pounds.¹⁰ In America, however, with their cyclotrons and linear accelerators, by late '30s, research in physics was already becoming a very expensive business. The Manhattan Project made scientific research glamorous, 'a sexy affair,' as one scientist put it. Even as some of the scientists fretted and fumed about their role in creating a monster, the temptations to think big—with big instruments, big money, big energy, as atomic power promised, and with big scientists—were far too alluring to be abandoned on moralistic grounds. Many years after the War, Robert Oppenheimer referred to it as the lure of 'the technically sweet'. He said:

When you see something that is technically sweet, you go ahead and do it and you argue about what to do about it only after you have had your technical success. That is the way it was with the atomic bomb.¹¹

Dismissing the moral qualms of some of his colleagues, the great Italian physicist Enrico Fermi—who by establishing controlled chain reaction had broken new grounds for the making of the Bomb—had remarked: 'Don't bother me with your conscientious scruples! After all, the thing's superb.'¹²

Technology has its own in-built ethics; those who wield a hammer know the world only by what can be struck with a hammer. In the beginning of this century, when the flying machines became a reality, *The Times* declared editorially that no civilised nation could ever think of bombarding another from the air. Today technology demands that no nation can be considered civilised without a massive air force, ready to destroy the enemy in a thousand ingenious ways.

After Hiroshima and Nagasaki it became imperative—technologically and politically—to reach beyond the 'ultimate weapon'. From Atom to Hydrogen bomb seemed like a natural step in the development of science. Those few who hesitated to take this next step—like Oppenheimer himself—were suspected of betraying both science and the country. For most scientists, the H-bomb provided an even greater challenge—both scientific and technical—than the A-bomb. New laboratories were to be set up, new machines built, new challenges to be created and solved. It was a new affair all over again, and it was very exciting.

In this new thrill and excitement, one cannot help detecting a certain promiscuity of the spirit. The thrill was less of knowledge and under-

standing, and more of power and technology. Perhaps unwittingly science was in the process of creating a new ethic for itself. As the naturalist Loren Eiseley once wrote: 'Understanding sometimes leads to power, but power seldom leads to understanding.' The scientists were discovering that their pursuit of science was also the pursuit of power. The new wars were to be fought in the laboratories and on computer terminals. The scientist was the new hero in a brave new world; Frankenstein had suddenly metamorphosed into Dr. Strangelove—the crippled nuclear physicist in Stanley Kubrick's celebrated film, who thought nothing of the annihilation of a million people. Only now, looking back, one can see how the Manhattan Project had quietly and surreptitiously injected a mechanical worm in the heart of science. Science became machine-based; its study of matter so matter-of-fact that scientists began to appear as mere extensions of their tools, rather than the other way around. The glorious era which had placed the scientists amongst the gods was coming to an end. A Newton, a Galileo, a Mendel, a Darwin, an Einstein or a Bohr had become a threatened species. Science was a career rather than a vocation. All over the world, in the Soviet Union as much as in America, the scientists and students of science and technology tended to become 'reactionary'. In a word, science had become the Establishment. German physicist Werner Heisenberg, the enunciator of the famous Principle of Uncertainty, expressed it very eloquently in one of his lectures:

Dedication to the machine makes us tend to act in a machine-like manner. Whoever has a machine heart loses his simplicity. Whoever loses his simplicity becomes uncertain in the impulses of his spirit. Uncertainty in the impulses of the spirit is something that is incompatible with truth.¹³

In America, as a new shuffle and commitment of sensibilities was becoming apparent, the new heroes began to emerge, of which Edward Teller and Johnny von Neumann were the most prominent. These new heroes were brilliant and incisive, and they suffered very few moral qualms. It was these new men who made the H-bomb their baby, and they weren't going to let anybody abort it. It so happened, in August 1949, a mere four years after the American A-bomb, that the Russians exploded a similar bomb. The Cold War became red hot. The question in America was no longer whether the H-bomb *should* be built, but whether it *could* be built. Such rare and impassioned pleas against the H-bomb as the following by Hans Bethe in April 1950 were no more than a whisper in the wilderness:

If we fight a war and win it with H-bombs, what history will remember is not the ideals we were fighting for but the methods we used to accomplish them. These methods will be compared to the warfare of Genghis Khan, who ruthlessly killed every last inhabitant of Persia.¹⁴

Bethe argued for international control of atomic weapons and for the outlawing of the 'greatest menace to civilisation, the hydrogen bomb.'

But such were the imperatives of technology, the pull of big science, and the real or imagined fears of the enemy that within three months of his plea Bethe too joined Edward Teller in helping to create 'the greatest menace to mankind.'

Today, the bombs used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki seem like fire-crackers; to have regarded them once as the ultimate weapon appears now as a mockery of the genius of man and his relentless hunger for new inventions. In the sea, on land and in the sky, the two super powers now have such power of devastation that they can destroy all life on earth several times over. And yet the search for the ultimate weapon goes on and on. With the current defence budget for the world of \$800 billions, every man, woman and child is being defended against the 'enemy' with an annual expenditure of \$175 a year. That amount is more than is available to a large number of people in the world in a year for food, clothing, water, education, housing and health care, all put together.

Cheap political rhetoric aside—of whatever ideological colour—there are voices all over the world that are beginning to ask: 'Who is the enemy?'

Some think it is human nature itself, that 'psychosis of violence and destructiveness,' as Einstein put it, is intrinsic to man. Some regard it as an inevitable outcome of the military-industrial complex that, President Eisenhower suggested in 1961, prevails in America. Others see the enemy in communism and its world-wide intentions and design. There have even been serious suggestions that wars and violence are propagated by men, who regard them as proper and valiant male activity. It has been argued that by assuming the persona of mother 'Enola Gay', the A-bomb 'Little Boy' was delivered by the collective ego of the male scientists. The 'thrusts' into space; the piercing, explosive power of warheads and missiles may be, it is said, latent expressions of the sexuality of men, their need for assertion, and their fear of impotence. As early as 2,500 years ago Aristophanes recognised this in his play *Lysistrata*. It will be remembered that the women of the republic decided that their men could not be allowed both war and love. They issued an ultimatum to their warring men; make love or war not both. In the play, men chose love and abandoned war. But that perhaps was only a writer's fancy!

The military-industrial complex has widened its range. Until 1950, who could have imagined that USA and USSR—the two countries which have blazed new and quite extraordinary (though different) trails in human civilisation—would be equally zealous 'Merchants of Death' in exporting weapons of death to countries already poor and famished?

Optimism seems unwarranted, yet it may still be worthwhile to remember the words of one of the noblest of scientist-thinkers of our times, Teilhard de Chardin:

Some day, after mastering the winds, the waves, the tides and gravity, we shall harness the energies of love; and then for the second time in the history of the world, Man will have discovered fire.¹⁵

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The November issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Will Sri Lankan Democracy Turn to the Left?* by Buddhadasa P. Kirthisinghe, *The Position of the Turks in Bulgaria* by Anton Kolendic, *The 16+ Reform* by Stanley Alderson and *The D. H. Lawrence Birth Centenary: D. H. Lawrence: The Poetry* by Frederic Vanson and *D. H. Lawrence in Italy: Allurements and Changes* by Frederick Owen.

UN AGENCIES CLASH OVER TOBACCO CULTIVATION

by Thomas Land

A SIMMERING controversy over investment in tobacco cultivation in the poor countries has exploded into a heated and embarrassing conflict, involving several global development agencies wielding vast influence over public health and agricultural planning. The tobacco companies seem to be gaining ground in a widening public confrontation between two of the United Nations' most powerful organisations and their supporters, divided over the current steep increase of cigarette manufacture and consumption around the impoverished belt of the globe.

They are the Geneva-based World Health Organisation (WHO), which is concerned with the medical and social costs of smoking, and the Rome-based Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) which is reluctant to advise Third World farmers to forgo the short-term profits which they can make from cultivating tobacco. The UN Industrial Development Organisation (UNIDO), a much smaller although widely influential global agency based in Vienna, has now joined the debate by adopting the FAO's pragmatic, short-term approach to tobacco profits.

The embarrassing policy split between the opposing camps in the UN 'family' of organisations could affect profoundly the crucial process of development planning in public health and agriculture throughout the hungry world.

At best, the conflict of priorities between the two widely trusted specialist agencies will cause confusion in many government departments which have come to rely on their authoritative advice as well as multi-lateral aid funds. At worst, it can lead to conflicting policies and a wastage of resources on a gigantic scale in areas of development planning where routine decisions frequently affect the health and livelihood of huge populations.

UNIDO was one of 10 UN agencies participating in secret discussions back in 1981, seeking to resolve the differences of opinion through compromise. The FAO and the World Bank grudgingly agreed to reduce their considerable financial and other support to Third World tobacco growing projects; but a WHO participant disclosed afterwards that 'frank discussions' at the meeting 'revealed that there were considerable differences of approach to the problem by different organisations reflecting often very different constituencies, although it was recognised that smoking-related diseases cause major economic losses'.

Attempts at disguising the split are now being abandoned. The WHO has just called on the governments of the deprived countries to curb the activities of the tobacco industry—which enjoys the support of the FAO.

Tobacco is grown in about 120 countries, many of them in the developing regions which have recently overtaken the rich world both in the

production and in the consumption of cigarettes. Many poor countries have entered the tobacco business in a big way during the past decade or two in the hope of raising a foreign exchange income to finance economic development; yet the bulk of the cigarettes produced in the Third World are also consumed there by an explosively growing local market; and the WHO considers that the control and reversal of the now developing 'tobacco epidemic' there 'could do more to improve health and prolong life . . . than any other single action in the whole field of preventative medicine'.

Other major issues in the controversy concern the global environment and economy. One of every eight trees cut down is used as fuel for curing tobacco, according to an authoritative recent estimate, contributing to the rapid deforestation of the planet which in the long-term could lead to shifting rainfall patterns and permanent drought affecting the great breadbasket regions of the Northern Hemisphere.

A study published by War on Want in London recently concludes that developing countries have been unable to resist the spread of the tobacco business 'because the companies offer a package deal which operates on every level—from teaching the farmer how to grow the crop to capitalising the processing plants, guaranteeing the market through brand names and advertising and offering profit opportunities to the ruling families'. An analysis issued by the UN Conference on Trade and Development observes that 'at all stages of the production and marketing chain, a handful of giant companies, whose epicentres of power remain Britain, the United States and South Africa, exercises decisive control'.

But the FAO offers a very different assessment. The organisation asserts in a recent, closely argued study that the tobacco industry creates many immediate and tangible social and economic benefits—especially in the poor countries.

It concludes that:

tobacco growing generates large-scale rural employment in over-populated areas and provides a ready source of cash for smallholders who would otherwise be dependent on less remunerative crops or on subsistence farming. In nearly every producing country, tobacco is one of the most valuable crops grown, and its contribution to the total agricultural income is almost invariably significant, reaching 25 per cent in the case of Zimbabwe. Tobacco is also one of the most remunerative cash crops, yielding net returns per unit of land which may be several times higher than those obtained from industrial crops or staple foodstuffs. In addition, tobacco leaf is an important source of foreign exchange for exporting countries, making a substantial contribution to the agricultural export earnings of many countries especially in Africa and Asia.

Tobacco manufacturing also creates extensive opportunities for employment . . . particularly in developing countries where manual methods of production are still the rule. The wages and salaries paid by tobacco factories compare favourably with those paid by other industries . . . World exports of tobacco products were valued at \$3,500 million annually in 1978-81 and, although only 6 per cent of this total accrued to developing countries, some of them earned sizeable amounts of foreign exchange from this trade.

Finally, tobacco products are a very important and easily tapped source of tax revenue for governments in both developing and developed countries . . . In view of these factors, farmers continue to have strong incentives to produce tobacco and governments to encourage its cultivation and manufacture.



While the WHO fears an epidemic of smoking-related diseases sweeping the developing regions within a decade, the FAO is concerned with filling empty bellies today. Each point raised in the tobacco controversy is important and each of the statistics cited is probably true. But it is not a rational controversy because the opponents have carefully refrained from answering each other's arguments. Governments and financial and political pressure groups in the hungry world are thus invited to take sides according to their perception of their immediate interests or, more likely, to suit the personal preferences of their leaders.

The tobacco lobby therefore seems to have gained the upper hand partly because short-term considerations tend to favour the industry and partly because personal preferences may well be influenced by the companies' recently intensified, vigorous advertising campaigns in the Third World. The climate of preferences among influential health professionals in the developing regions is illustrated by statistics published by the Royal College of Physicians in London. While most British doctors have given up smoking, 72 per cent of medical students in Lagos smoke, and so do 39 per cent of doctors in Bangladesh.

And the global trend may now be accelerated by the decision publicly taken by UNIDO to promote the use of solar energy for tobacco curing in Asia. The project envisages the application of an 'appropriate' technology for the exploitation of a renewable source of energy to protect the environment by saving scarce wood supplies while raising rural incomes to improve the quality of life in the villages.

It is a very modest project in terms of effort, capital investment, energy generation and indeed woodlands potentially saved; but it may do disproportionate damage globally to the WHO campaign to curb tobacco cultivation. For the project, every peripheral aspect of which seems to satisfy the objectives of the health and environment lobby, commits the authority of UNIDO to the cause of the FAO and the tobacco industry by encouraging cigarette production in the developing regions.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE 'NEW REPUBLIC'— BRAZIL AFTER THE DICTATORS

by Frank Colson

AS political activity slows down with the onset of cooler weather so many Brazilians must be tempted to arrive at a balance of the events which have occurred over the last seven months—since the meeting of the Electoral College sealed the fate of the military regime born 21 years earlier. One thing seems sure, the new government which came into power on March 15, was an indication that a sea-change in the political and social life of the country is underway. The way people react to events seems to have changed in some barely tangible fashion.

There is a sense in which groups in the society, whether striking workers or the brash and hard-driving businessmen, feel they can carve out a world for themselves. In part this reflects the inevitable sense of relief now that the country is no longer formally governed by 'the military'. Newspapers no longer carry the 'orders of the day' issued by senior officers or the President. At the same time political comment is not wrapped in the technical jargon so beloved of the men who created the regime which collapsed between June 1984 and that fateful meeting of the Electoral College on January 15.

The implosion of the late military regime has left the country in a strange state. 'Public opinion', the vocal middle class of the cities, wants change, liberalisation and 'democracy' but has no real idea of what democracy really entails in the industrial economy and vastly variegated society which Brazil has now become. A huge new electorate, some of which has never held the franchise, is able to vote for the President for the first time since 1960, but has no experience of even the liberal regime which prevailed from 1946 to 1964, since few among the voters were older than 18 at the time. The substantial expansion of both literacy and education under the rule of the generals was also designed, some would say deliberately, to emphasise the fragility of democracy, suggesting the economic change should be granted primacy. An electorate comprised of an ingenious, hardworking and hard-driving population will not easily be tolerant of failure, but not afraid to shoulder the onus left by those 21 years of irresponsible government. The mood for change is matched by a deep sense that 'austerity' should prevail.

It is an illustration of the remarkable sense of survival possessed by the politicians in Brasilia that many of them have caught the mood for change and understood some of the signals coming from below. Tancredo Neves symbolised that mood when he proclaimed that 'the spending had to stop'—shortly before his collapse on March 14 of this year and eventual death on April 22. The enormous 'mansions' inherited by senior government officers and their staffs from the outgoing regime are gradually being auctioned off—a tradition of official austerity, which

dates back to the nineteenth century Empire—is once again emerging to the fore.

Political conversations are still dominated by the memory of Tancredo Neves, his campaign against the outgoing government of General Figueiredo had taken the political world by storm in the months preceding his election. Tancredo, a consummate political tactician, had constructed a coalition drawn from the political 'centre' of the country, commanding support from politicians of opposing views. His death, still the subject of bitter argument, was probably brought about by his belief that those who had supported his opponent were prepared to use force up to the minute before his inauguration. As a result, the ruling 'Democratic Alliance' is virtually a personal creation. It contains members from almost every political grouping in the country (gaining the support of the 'clandestine' Communist Party' and was designed to bring about institutional changes. Tancredo was willing to go a very long way indeed to secure the institutions of his New Republic (as the new government is known), bringing in a Constituent Assembly which would draw up a Constitution reflecting the new political and economic reality of the nation—all would have the right to vote, city and state governments would be freed from the tentacles of Brasilia, and the army sent back to the barracks.

Once Tancredo was dead the fabric of the Democratic Alliance died with him. In true *mineiro* style (Tancredo came from a school of politics famous for its caginess) Tancredo had committed few of his detailed promises to paper, and his first ministry reflected a delicate balancing act rather than a group of men dedicated to a central purpose. The most important figure within the new government was not to be a politician at all, but an erstwhile civil servant, his nephew Francisco Dornelles. Dornelles occupied a crucial role in Tancredo's apparent stratagem—this massively competent figure would inaugurate the new 'reign of austerity' and bring government expenditure under control.

The notion of 'strict public accountability' was to have been crucial to Tancredo's thinking, a man of immense political experience (he had begun his political life in the 1930s and had been minister in the 1950s and early '60s), he calculated that as the scale of maladministration became apparent through the public audit of the expenditure ministries, so the public would become aware of the extent to which the military and their supporters were responsible for the current economic malaise. A 'tough' civilian but conservative government would have been given time to impress the country's international creditors with its serious intentions, complete the negotiations then pending for a rescheduling of principal on almost half of its \$102bn foreign debt, and bring the unpopular IMF 'programme' begun in 1983 to a successful conclusion. Such a 'tough' government would have then accumulated substantial international reserves to adopt a tough stance with the bankers during early 1986, in preparations for general elections for a Constituent Assembly to be held in November of that year.

A reader of the newspapers sitting in one of the office blocks in the business centre of Rio de Janeiro would be very conscious of the time that had been lost since those heady days in March, when Tancredo's government—the New Republic—had seemed so assured. Firstly, Tancredo's long illness had meant that the acting President José Sarney, was unable to do much more than mark time until mid-April. A vital month was lost in incessant discussions of Tancredo's illness—and anyway, who was Sarney? It seemed almost incredible that the President of this new regime, committed to austerity and liberalisation, was none other than the ex-President of the Social Democratic Party that had provided a front to the rule of the generals and had been deliberately created to represent the more agricultural portions of the country and provide a patronage machine for the government. Sarney had been brought onto the Presidential ticket as part of Tancredo's elaborate balancing act—and Vice-Presidents hardly occupy positions of real power in most Brazilian administrations—they are often half-remembered cyphers. Sarney has naturally had to move with care, he had little support among the two major parties who comprise the coalition 'Democratic Alliance' in Congress, while the military was deeply divided between those led by Finance Minister Dornelles (who wanted to continue retrenchment) and a faction led by João Sayad (Planning Minister who wants to redirect spending to deal with social problems). For weeks the government had stalled, losing momentum on its talks with the foreign creditors, and facing a deteriorating economy.

Dissension among the ministers had left a gap in policy-making which many in a revived Congress were happy to fill. Since all Congressmen now faced election to the first legislature of the New Republic, to meet in March 1987, and most were likely to face significant opposition from those who had never been identified with the military regime, so many were anxious to adopt more radical stances on the economy and the massive external debt. In the months following Tancredo's death the government presented an easy target—annual inflation remained above 200% per year and was refusing to come down, investigation began to reveal enormous gaps between current income and expenditure 'concealed' in the accounts left by the former regime—and the Ministry was attempting to implement an unsuccessful policy of price controls while urging restraint on salaries and wages.

A wave of strikes during April and May reflected both the advent of a more tolerant regime, and workers' demands for more effective protection against the ravages of inflation. While the strikes, which spread from the militant workers in the automobile factories around the great conurbation of São Paulo to teachers and agricultural labourers in the countryside of Goiás and Rio Grande do Sul in the west and south, naturally raised the political temperature in Brasília—involving nearly 200,000 workers, this was hardly surprising—they had a marked effect on the new government, forcing Sarney to adopt policies which were far more radical than those advocated by Tancredo Neves, in areas previously 'untouchable' under

the military regime. The impression is being given of a lurch to the 'left'.

A draft new labour code, permitting unions to organise without government tutelage (the present law was drafted in the 1930s under fascist inspiration) has been published. New left wing parties have mushroomed (many of which had been vigorously persecuted as late as 1981), commissions have been set up to investigate a range of issues previously thought of as 'untouchable'—women's rights, social security rights and obligations, and administrative reforms. None have caused such furore as the measures proposed by the government programme designed to settle over a million landless labourers on public lands and lands seized illegally during the 'years of savagery' when individuals and corporations grabbed all they could in order to hold a hedge against ever-present inflation. While land concentration has become more marked than in any other period of the country's history, and nearly fifty million peasants (some ten million families) have been driven from their lots, the measures proposed by the government are seen as the thin end of a very large wedge by hundreds of powerful landowners—the real basis of the outgoing regime.

The issue of land reform is not going to go away, regardless of the protests of farmers' associations across the country. The measures proposed by the government were modest enough, and were based upon the 'Land Statute' approved by the first of the military governments shortly after 1964. They were immediately criticised by the Catholic Church, whose Bishops' Council regards the government's commitment to agricultural reform as an indication of its desire sincerely to combat injustice. The Pastoral Land Commission, established in the dark days of 1976, has documented hundreds of cases of illegal expulsions, and violence has reached a peak in the last year, with several dozen deaths reported in the 'frontier' lands of Maranhão and Pará in the vast Amazon region. Since the franchise has now been extended to all, regardless of literacy, local church leaders in these 'frontier' zones will doubtless emerge as crucial figures whom local and national politicians will hardly ignore. At the same time unrest has continued among day-labourers in the vast cane and citrus farms of Western São Paulo and Paraná. Cane cutters' unions, supported by both the Church and radical city-based union leaders, have been demanding three times the amounts farmers have been prepared to concede to get in the new harvest of coffee, sugar and oranges. For the first time in decades a national government is facing a serious political challenge in the countryside.

Yet it is in the cities that politics has become fierce, with elections for the Prefects of the State Capitals now scheduled for November contested by some 32 parties. In his desire to sustain the drive towards democracy Sarney pressed Congress to revoke legislation which had deprived State Capitals, such as São Paulo, of elected executives. The onset of these elections has forced those in government, such as the Planning Minister, to go ahead as rapidly as possible with plans to redirect expenditure away from the much-criticised mega-projects, such as the hydro-electric dam

complex at Itaipu, the nuclear-power programme and the construction of steelmills, towards social assistance in the cities and surrounding countryside. Events in the countryside, and the fiercely contested municipal elections are producing signs that the government too is beginning to alter course.

The new course being etched in by Planning Minister Sayad marks a huge shift in the way in which the economy has been directed since the mid-1930s. Sayad and his impressive team have signalled that the government will turn away from subsidising industries which were designed to create substitutes for imports, and turn its attention to the supply of foodstuffs and services to the bulk of the population. This programme, designed to reduce 'structural' inflation and, in the medium term, to raise living standards through the production of cheaper foods would, it is thought, also enable the country to cope with other economic problems, the swollen internal debt (\$23bn) and ever-rising government expenditures needed to cope with it. On the other hand, the new course will allow Sarney to take a much stronger stand with the IMF and the international creditors.

The talks between the government and the IMF dominate the headlines of 16 July. Sarney is succeeding in getting the support he initially lacked from State Governors and national Congressmen alike in pledging a stronger stand against the Fund's demands. That morning the telex machines at the Planalto Palace were clacking away with the news from all parts of the country that the new terms to be agreed with the Fund would be framed with political, not merely technical and economic considerations in mind. The government had made cuts, had increased taxes but would not implement measures bringing growth below 5 to 6% during 1985. In the words of one minister, the country's economic and social development was 'not negotiable' with foreign creditors, though there are signs that Sarney is not likely to declare a moratorium on the huge debt, or suspend talks with the IMF, Brazil is asking for a far-reaching change in the attitude of creditor banks, governments and corporation alike. President Sarney, an unexpected occupant of the Planalto Palace, issued a significant challenge to many economic organisations to come to terms with the New Republic.

Components of the new government's thinking would be easily guessed by the anonymous reader of Brazil's daily and weekly press. Creditor banks would be invited to increase their local and highly profitable investment in the domestic economy, if they were among the 30 largest, or accept worse terms for payments of interest and principal owed. Smaller creditor banks would continue to get whatever terms the market offered. Large multinationals would be able to continue investing under the present advantageous legislation, but would have to change the pattern of their borrowing so as not to increase the external debt of the country. Foreign governments would be faced with demands both to increase trade creditors, and accept larger quantities of Brazilian manufactures in return for increased opportunities for the export of more

sophisticated products. On no account is the new government likely to follow Mexico's example by allowing the IMF to 'monitor' the performance of its economy; such a course would be political suicide.

A sense of change pervaded the political atmosphere on Tuesday, 16 June 1985. Brazil is changing course, reacting to the impact of more than forty years of mainly rapid economic growth, the rise of a substantial domestic market and cash economy. The country's export portfolio is now more varied than at any time in its previous history. Last year it sold more than \$1.5bn in arms abroad, and industrial exports comprise the bulk of its overseas sales, mainly to the US and the EEC, its largest markets. Politics is now adjusting to this 'new nation', and this adjustment would be felt by trading partners, financial corporations and governments alike. The world looks very different when seen from Rio de Janeiro. Previous governments run by a military imbued with doctrines of 'National Security' imported from the military academies of the United States and attuned to the 'Cold War' were happy to accept the East-West division as they found it. A new government responding to the requirements of both a mixed economy and a frontier society will have other ideas.

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A THEOLOGY OF MONEY

by Rudi Weisweiler

THIS is a plea for obsession. We need to develop our thoughts on money into a coherent and realistic philosophy and to formulate principles which will govern our use of money. We must then become obsessed with those principles and accept them as a Christian theology which ought to inspire us; the pursuit of our set of views may at times seem like an obsession.

In other areas the existence of a coherent if controversial set of principles and a consequent preoccupation with the rules of behaviour which arise from them is normal. Thus, Christians are often accused of being obsessed with sex and with the moral choices which its use presents to believers. The Christian theology of sex is clear and seems simple: the ideal foundation for obsessive moralising and fanatical behaviour.

Why then do we not have such simple rules for the use of mankind's other dangerous assets like physical strength or money? The use of military weapons and the proper attitude to accumulating and using material wealth do not seem to have riveted the attention of theologians to the same extent in the past. The last decades of the Twentieth Century may be making a major contribution to the theological discussion and pastoral guidance by focusing our attention on the problems of warfare and violence on the one hand and of money and poverty on the other.

This article takes as its two basic assumptions the fact that no theology of money emerged from the Dark Ages and that, in the absence of a coherent corpus of traditional theology, we now need to search for definitions and clarification.

Early Christianity was much more worried about the dangers of wealth than sex. It is not difficult to read into the New Testament the view that the use of sex is good and only the abuse of sex is bad. By later standards the early Christian view of sex seems tolerant and almost humanist. It stressed the positive side and compared human love between spouses with Christ's love for His Church. From this grew Christian teaching about the Church as well as about marriage. The obsessions, the fanaticism, the extremism, the controversies came later.

In the Bible, money and those who are professionally concerned with it, such as money-lenders and tax-gatherers, receive much attention. At the very threshold of the Christian era money is shown as the great divider. Most of us don't have to choose between God and sex, but we do have to choose between God and money. St. Matthew quotes Our Lord (Chapter 6 Verse 24) as saying: 'No man can serve two masters. For either he will hate the one and love the other; or he will sustain the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon.'

We have tried to get away from this clear message. It seems to tell us that good bankers have little hope of being good Christians and that

good Christians should not try to be good bankers. While there have been many clear instances to prove this right, there have been even more cases of really good Christians who served with distinction in the world of finance.

Or have there? In Chapter 19 Verses 23 & 24, Matthew after all goes on to quote Our Lord as saying: 'Amen, I say to you that a rich man can hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

We have been puzzled and made uneasy by these teachings ever since. We have accepted that it is possible to marry (with the Church's blessing) and scrape into heaven but that it is well-nigh impossible for a rich man to get to heaven. This view has been largely responsible for the Church's failure to develop a coherent theology of money.

Our approach has been piecemeal and defensive. Ideas about usury plagued Christianity for centuries and they trouble Islam still. Bankers are feared by good pagans but mistrusted by good Christians: These are feelings, not coherent moral principles.

Perhaps, if all Catholic priests had taken a vow of poverty as well as being celibate, the Church would have developed a Theology of Money as definite and as fierce as her Theology of Sex. It may in fact be better that this was not so and that we are only now looking for a Theology of Money. At least we do not have to try to change one we have already got.

Popes and bishops have spoken fair warnings about the dangers of materialism and about the abuses which stem from an undue love of money. They have not really faced the biblical injunctions quoted above. If they had done so, many Christians in banking and in financial jobs would have given up their careers and many more would have left the Church.

Unavoidably, money pervades our lives. It affects everything we do. Money enters into almost every serious choice we make.

We need a set of principles which apply clearly and reasonably to our attempts to fit our monetary transactions into our attempt to move spiritually in the right direction. We need to discuss and examine the Christian view of the material world and its proper use by believers. The extreme views which appear to be the logical consequence of the inspired statements quoted earlier seem to have produced doubts rather than sanctity. There should eventually emerge a set of clear principles which fits into the biblical assertions and corresponds to contemporary Christian teaching on other matters and has a fair chance of acceptance by sensible and sensitive people.

Three chief areas need to be covered and will, one hopes, lead roughly to the following conclusions:

(1) Every material thing is both intrinsically good and spiritually dangerous. Money, because it is not a thing in itself but buys many different things, is both better and more dangerous. It is not bad in

itself but good.

(2) For those many to whom the pursuit of wealth, on behalf of themselves or on behalf of others, is part or the whole of their chosen profession the normal principles of good craftsmanship apply. It needs to be done well. Professional standards must be high. Christians should be seen to honour and pursue them.

(3) Every individual Christian needs a clear attitude to the acquisition of money, how far it is right to aim for it and how far a duty to do so, what to do with it and what not to do with it, when to keep it and when to spend it and when to give it away. This must be helped by serious research into the fundamentals of the financial structures of today by the Church and for a growing habit of authoritative as well as pastoral comment about them: sometimes the Church must teach the theory; more frequently the Church must preach about the practice.

Secondly, this is therefore a call for ongoing investigation and clarification. There is a need for a great deal of informed and informing debate on matters financial. Individuals and committees abound, whose discussions are primarily concerned with raising funds and how to do so. How often do they really ask why it is right and necessary to do so? The material world and its never-ceasing demands seem to occupy all our waking moments, but few bodies make any serious and continuing effort to inform people about the moral and social implications of our financial preoccupations. In addition to sex instruction and teaching about sexual morality, let there be teaching about money and about money morality.

Thirdly and lastly, let us stop avoiding and evading the key issues which confront, concern and confuse our neighbours as ourselves, every day of the year and every hour of the day. We must, as members of society, concern ourselves with many social and economic problems. Some of these confront us with moral choices often of great complexity. We need general rules, informed advice, courageous comment, clear leadership. The Church has a role to play in the everyday lives of real people and must therefore have spokesmen who understand and talk about everyday problems. Many of these spokesmen will be lay people.

The best way of drawing attention to the multitude of money sins is to list just a few questions and encourage the reader to add to that list and then to throw open the doors to the Monetary Theologians.

Is money good or bad?

Is it better to be rich or to be poor?

Is it better to get richer or to become poorer?

Is it better to save or to spend? Better for me, better for others?

Should I give to the local poor I dislike or despise, or to the faceless pauper in a far-away continent?

Is it more charitable to send a gift to the hungry than to buy their goods and thus to give them employment and food?

Is it more important to contribute generously to the Church Redecoration Fund or to be scrupulously honest in completing my tax return?

In the era of the Welfare State and of Parliamentary Democracy much

of the former work of Organised Charity is now done, and well done, by government out of tax revenue. Is 'giving to charity' in danger of becoming a selfish act of self-sanctification rather than a proper use of one's own limited resources?

Is it immoral to receive income in cash and not to declare it for tax?

Is it immoral to accept a lower estimate by agreeing or offering to pay in cash? If not, why did Jesus refer to HM Inspector of Taxes as Caesar?

What does the phrase 'a day's work for a day's pay' mean in practice? What should it mean? How are obligations as an employee to be defined?

Is exploitation in a democratic country deemed to take place only when there is organised and vocal protest by unions or strikers? Does the 'willing horse' rule apply to the demands of an employer?

Is the economic entity owned or organised by elected representatives entitled to be paid fares, charges, customs duty, value added tax, parking fines and other monies as legally laid down? When visiting another country, does this also apply when the authority has not been chosen by an approved electoral procedure?

When is the drawing of unemployment benefit by people who are not unemployed wrong? How does it compare with shoplifting?

Does the principle of limited liability exonerate individual entrepreneurs from paying debts incurred by the companies they own?

What is the personal responsibility of a manager for the actions of the company he manages and for the social and moral consequences of such actions?

Whom should a manager primarily obey? His immediate boss? His owners/shareholders? Society at large? His conscience? How far does the need to keep his job, and feed and educate his Christian family, override such obligations?

Have companies moral obligations (beyond the duty to obey the law) and, if so, whose moral obligation is it to see that such corporate entities actually do their duty? Are the shareholders responsible for the social actions of the companies they own and how far must individuals point out these obligations to the unthinking majority of their fellow-owners?

Are there moral as well as political arguments for and against labour participation in management through worker-directors or other arrangements?

Is industrial ownership a legitimate form of private property or merely a kind of trust, to be exercised with care and a high sense of purpose? Do we hold our factory or our shares in an industrial company as trustees for our children or for the workers we employ or for the nation as a whole? How should employers resolve moral dilemmas which occur when the rights of ownership appear to be threatened by the rights of those employed by the owners or by the proper demands of third parties such as those with racial, political or ecological ideals? Or are we to be children of this world, humbly accepting the high mores of business and trade as they stand? Do we establish as our only moral criterion the regulations and penalties of the state? Is getting caught or punished

the only criterion by which to judge our performance, because we are innocent until proven guilty and the state has the ultimate say in these areas?

These, at any rate, are some of the questions to which the Church and we, as honourable citizens and Christians, should find answers. St. Paul told Timothy that the love of money is the root of all evils. He was, of course, right. We must, however, add that the love of money is also the root of all good. This totality, the pursuit of the material creation as the human's path to God, is the key to our Theology of Money.

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THEATRICAL HYPERREALISM IN THE PLAYS OF ADELE SHANK

by C. Lee Jenner

REALISM, like influenza, is always with us,' complains modernist art critic John Russell of the *New York Times* in an article surveying the postmodern resurgence of realistic and naturalistic impulses in the arts.¹ In painting, one of the neo-realistic trends is super realism, also known as photo realism, a movement which coalesced during the 1970s. It is characterised by a photographically detailed examination of the surface qualities of commonplace objects and scenes, conducted from an emotionally detached perspective, and designed to focus attention on elements of life so familiar that they ordinarily pass unnoticed.

Californian Adele Edling Shank has transposed the super real aesthetic into stage terms; she calls her dramaturgic approach theatrical hyper-realism and has produced a cycle of plays with overlapping characters in that style, among them: *Winterplay*, *Sunset/Sunrise*, *Sand Castles*, and *Stuck*.

Like fellow Californians Robert Bechtle and Richard Estes, the super realists to whom the playwright feels closest, Shank is exploring anew a mode long dismissed by art world *cognoscenti*. Realism, the argument goes, has now been co-opted in the pictorial arts by the still camera and in the performing arts by the film and television cameras. It is seen as a corrupt technique which cruises past meaningful dimensions of reality on the vehicle of surface accuracy. Similarly, Shank's plays can superficially seem to ignore the theatrical innovations of the 1960s and 1970s.

Neither Shank nor the super realist is in fact a retrogressive artist. Counter revolutionaries, both painters and playwright consciously select a defrocked form to describe a morally bankrupt society; they stress surface qualities to capture a community obsessed with surfaces. Moreover, their work directly and indirectly incorporates the rival camera.

Super realists frequently paint from photographs, reproducing the distortions of the monocular camera eye in their paintings. Similarly, one of Shank's writing techniques brings to mind the differential focus typical both of photo real painting and contemporary film: several conversations are carried on simultaneously, one moving into sharp focus as another dissolves to the background. Such photographic allusions suggest the degree to which our experience of the world has become synthetic, mechanically mediated, mass producible. They also signal a cheeky acceptance of the challenge photography poses.

Despite the rubric 'realism,' both the art form and its dramatic cousin are a blend of realistic and naturalistic elements. The subject, milieu, and overall tone are weighted towards realism, while objectives, methods,

and perspective are predominantly naturalistic. In hyperreal plays we are in a familiar, middle class, suburban world, far from the narrow, sociologically alien neighbourhood of naturalism. Consequently, the effect of the plays is also realistic; they produce recognition rather than the shock or outrage characteristic of naturalism.

The realistic subject matter is adulterated by a naturalistic concern with sex, food, and liquor, albeit treated much less darkly than in naturalistic dramas. What we see is, literally, the consumer society consuming. Absorption in appetites implies basic hungers for spiritual nourishment which remain unsatisfied amid material abundance. This in turn indicates a naturalistic discrepancy between appearance and reality. In Shank's climate of phony appearances, terms like 'love' and 'romance' take on an ironic colour, the representative form of humour in naturalism.

The characters' behaviour is neither biologically nor environmentally governed, as it would be in a naturalistic drama. We see common traits and a heritage of values, but nothing rigidly deterministic. Like those in many super real paintings, settings are open ones, often out-of-doors, and while environment is an influence, it is a tangential one, more symptom than determining factor.

Within the generally realistic frame, however, one character is boxed in as tightly as any naturalist could wish, others partially or temporarily so. The most extreme case is Anne of *Winterplay* and *Sunset/Sunrise*, an adolescent who believes she is allergic to everything but plastic. She has immured herself in her room, communicating mostly via closed-circuit television. All the characters in *Stuck* are trapped. They are car pool commuters marooned in epic, rush hour traffic jams.

The flip side of all this mewing up is a stripping down: Anne wears no clothing in her bedroom prison; others are single, divorced, divorcing, gay, adrift. All find the values and paraphernalia of their class as claustrophobic as those who are trying to seal themselves off find it hostile. Both reactions reflect the psychic situation of characters at odds with their condition—Anne doubly so, since she is sealed off and stripped down together.

Adele Shank does not examine mankind as a species of animal life, the way a naturalist might. The closest these white collar professionals get to nature is the back yard, the beach, or a highway shoulder. Waves breaking before them, the sun bathers in *Sand Castles* consume pre-fabricated food: take-out pizza, canned soda, bottled cocktails. The country setting underscores how synthetic the pleasures and values of the characters have grown. This is an attenuated relationship to nature at best. Art critic Linda Chase feels super real painters do not seek 'to create an image of man, but to clarify an image of all that is not man.'² Likewise, the pseudo-rusticity in Shank's plays italicises a retreat from institutions which have grown less than human.

It is in relation to such institutions, not nature, that Shank sees her characters. Her vision is that of a realist, trained on man in society.

Family, religion, work, schooling, birth, death, and various rituals and ceremonial occasions are prisms through which she refracts the action of her plays.

Religion is a remnant. Spiritual ceremonies yield to secular, material ones, such as the activities which dominate *Winterplay*: opening presents and eating the Christmas feast. Death is equally devalued and demystified. When a motorist in *Stuck* is discovered dead in his car, the strongest reaction is anxiety that traffic will be further snarled. The symbolic value of birth has atrophied, too. In *Sunset/Sunrise* a new baby remains unnamed because her EST Age parents are waiting for her to have 'a personality manifestation.' Education is now a rickety social pillar. In *Sand Castles*, for instance, a teenager plans to pursue celestial mechanics, a specialty so rarefied it barely exists, to prepare for a career as an astroexplorer, a profession with no members.

The well-paid, genteel jobs for which education has fitted them have little significance for Shank's characters beyond generating money for comforts. Typical is the following exchange from *Winterplay*:

JAMES: Well, how are things in junior sportswear?

JENNY: Oh fine . . .

JAMES: Is it interesting?

JENNY: I wouldn't go that far. But it will do for now . . . You know when you succeed and when you fail. All questions are answered by the cash register. As to government, it has almost vanished from this landscape. The only trace is a pair of policemen who appear as cameo figures in *Sand Castles*.

'Super realism is a mechanistic style,' observes art critic and historian Edward Lucie-Smith, 'and it is therefore no surprise to discover that many of its practitioners are fascinated by machines.'³ Shank and the super realists both employ the recurring image of the automobile, one of those stale elements of daily life which playwright and painters want us to see afresh by giving them status as subjects of art.

These neo-realists are searching for something to paint, to dramatise, that expresses what it means today to be an American. Many zero in on the car as an artefact of an assembly line society, just as they incorporate the camera for its value as an emblem of mass cultural homogenisation. This apotheosis from ordinary to icon is central to the paintings, peripheral to the plays. In each medium, however, it is advanced by the use of particular perspectives and methodologies.

In literature, the remote vantage point of hyper and super realism is a hand-me-down from such forebears as Zola, who took their angle of vision from science. Suspicious of Romantic distortions, convinced that artistic truth lies in the mimetic not the subjective, Shank and the super real painters opt for prosaic subjects treated impersonally. As the paintings direct the viewer to examine the surface of a subject, avoiding emotional projection, interpretation, involvement, so with the theatrical style. 'What you see,' says Shank, 'is what there is.'⁴

Distancing devices are as important to Shank's hyperrealism as they are to Bertolt Brecht's Epic Theatre. Shank's central distancing mechanism, however, differs sharply from Brecht's so-called alienation

effect. Brecht undercuts theatrical illusion to thwart involvement, while Shank heightens illusion to the same end. Where Brecht disrupts identification by dropping in a song or inserting a song, Shank promotes realistic details that ordinarily contribute only environmental texture.

Take the preparation, serving, and eating of food, which occupy an unusually large proportion of stage time. The accumulation of realistic business draws attention to the surface of the action. Like a shoulder-to-shoulder military phalanx, Shank's behavioural and environmental details form a line of defence warding off empathy. This is a radical use of realistic illusion, which traditionally fosters subjective involvement instead of holding it at bay.

Not only do Brecht's distancing techniques differ from Shank's, but also the goals of that distancing. Brecht's aim is didactic, while making judgements is foreign to hyperrealism. Where Brecht teaches and interests, Shank records and describes. If he is a political dramatist, she is a playwright/sociologist. In Shank's plays, audience members may draw whatever conclusions they will according to the similarities they notice between their own lives and those on stage. There is 'hardly a trace of moral judgement,' observes Irving Wardle of *The Times*, 'and Miss Shank leaves her characters to run their own hell like a self-service cafeteria.'⁵

As existence precedes essence for Sartre, so setting precedes drama for Shank. She begins work on her hyperreal plays with a locale rather than, say, a character or story in mind. In performance, the action frequently opens on static scenes which make a pictorial statement about the world of the play. These still lifes let the impact of setting sink in, meanwhile bracketing surface values and stimulating the desired alert and mentally active posture.

Tableau-like episodes in all the hyperreal plays also help uncouple response from suspense, from the habit of hanging on an evolving future. Instead, attention is harnessed to what is happening at the present moment, an experience of time which fingerprints much Film Age art.⁶ Suspense is confined to subordinate matters. What substitutes is moment-by-moment voyeuristic fascination with the characters.

Story, too is reseated below the salt. Like the paintings, the plays sidestep strong narrative tendencies which might subvert objectivity. Most of the exposition which usually establishes personality, situation, relationships is jettisoned. What story lines there are, are continually fragmented, in part by Shank's overlapping conversations. These not only complicate focus, but, again, involve a modernist concept of time, a Bergsonian perspective which includes simultaneity.⁷ Shank further confuses our sympathies by altering the angle at which we see events or relationships, shifting it from the viewpoint of one character to that of another. Moreover, behavioural clues are often red herrings which lead nowhere or, when followed, contradict expectation.

Confrontations which would ordinarily produce dramatic crises remain unresolved; pent up feelings are unarticulated, unexplored; issues are

brought to a head and then left in Limbo. When conflict threatens, Shank orchestrates the tensions to pulsate, then dissipate back into the general conversation of the larger group.

While Shank has demoted many traditional dramatic elements, instead advancing a visual arts aesthetic, she does retain character and, heretically, plot—the most poisonous four-letter epithet in the realist/naturalist vocabulary. Shank uses the word to describe the dramaturgic principles by which her plays are structured and not in its broader, casual sense, which includes the idea of story. Photo realists sometimes section their canvases, painting in one square at a time as a prophylactic against interpretation impregnating visual facts. To achieve a theatrical equivalent of the photo realist's spacial concerns, Shank organises her plays on a chart. Where the painters concentrate on measurement and interval, Shank cross-references chronological order with atmospheric changes, then places events in the ambience of her choice. Charting procedures are controlled by preserving the neoclassic unities of time, place, and action, reducing the variables she must juggle.

Shank takes the situation and characters of domestic melodrama, then undermines the expectations of that genre. But because of its banal materials, a difficulty with hyperrealism, as with some super realism, is avoiding kitsch. Naturalism in general tends to skid either toward melodrama or metaphor. When production directors let distancing slip for too long or allow surface polish to crack too deeply, hyperreal plays threaten to become what they hate, teetering on the brink of soap opera. When the underlying grid is sensed through the haphazardly lifelike action, when an impression of parallels and subterranean patterns condenses, hyperrealism expands into metaphor.

As picture is pattern in Shank, so setting is metaphor. In the final moments of *Sunset/Sunrise*, Anne at last emerges from her hermetically sealed half-life into the family's manicured garden. Naked under a waning moon, she becomes Shank's Eve, fleeing a ravaged Eden to some unknown Nod. The internal combustion engine, totem of material progress, has turned on the commuters of *Stuck*; their bumper-to-bumper lives, as stagnant as the traffic, have backfired. Huddled at the brink of the continental shelf, *Sand Castles* projects an image of contemporary society in extremis—literally on the edge.

Style, too, is metaphor. The distancing, surface gloss, and realistic minutiae of hyperrealism reflect an uncommitted, superficial, materialistic culture. Style and content are one here. 'Invited to share so little of the inner lives of Shank's characters,' observes one drama critic, 'we come to realise they've lost touch with those inner lives, too.'⁸

Symbols also lurk in a bizarre and dreamlike subtext which surfaces from a recess of the hyperreal unconscious. While eerie or menacing elements are given no extra attention, they have latent metaphoric value. The light on the video camera by which Anne monitors life glows in the darkened yard, the red electronic eye of Big Brother scanning the night. At times an inchoate tribe of local drifters who rove the borders of

Sand Castles has an almost mythic presence. Like outcasts from Stonehenge, they mass at sunset on the embankment, worshippers drawn to their God. What is suppressed in Shank's world of phony appearances is here made flesh, a premonition, perhaps, of what is to come.

Shank's style has been dubbed 'barbecue' realism.⁹ But hyperrealism is not California's answer to cup-and-saucer realism of surface triviality, even though surface trivia are featured. Hyperreal metaphor runs too deep for that. Neither is it the critical realism of Ibsen or Turgenev, which explores currents running beneath appearances. Though Shank deals with such forces, she does so obliquely. The playwright's style is hardly a reassuring one, embracing as it does all that is alienating in contemporary life. Her hyperreal plays are melancholy comedies of manners, which, by the scenic route, achieve moral force.

NOTES

1. John Russell, 'Realism (True and False) is Everywhere,' *New York Times*, 10 January 1982, sec. 2, p. 1.
 2. Linda Chase, 'Existential vs. Humanist Realism,' in *Super Realism: A Critical Anthology*, ed. Gregory Battock (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1975), p. 94.
 3. Edward Lucie-Smith, *Super Realism* (Oxford: Phaidon Press, 1979), pp. 8, 35.
 4. Adele Shank, quoted by Theodore Shank, 'Hyperrealism in the Theatre: Shank Interviews Shank,' in *West Coast Plays 4* (Berkeley, California: West Coast Plays, 1979), p. 59.
 5. Irving Wardle, 'Louisville's Standing Against the Ugly American Myth,' *Times* (London), 21 March 1980.
 6. Arnold Hauser, 'The Film Age,' in *The Social History of Art*, vol. 4 (New York: Random House, 1971), p. 243.
 7. *Ibid.*, p. 239.
 8. Steven Winn, 'The Paradox of Contemporary Realism Is Reflected in Today's Theater,' *San Francisco Chronicle*, 25 October 1981, p. 46.
 9. Sylvie Drake, 'Satire and Farce—for Free,' *Los Angeles Times*, 28 July 1980, sec. 4 ('Calandar'), p. 2.
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[C. Lee Jenner is a theatre critic and teacher of drama in York and co-founder of New York Theatre Junction, a branch of which was recently founded in London.]

SOURCES OF POETIC INSPIRATION

by J. C. E. Bowen

What is poetic inspiration? It is the release of a force the true nature of which we are unable to comprehend. Its immense creative power is fleetingly revealed when, as sometimes happens, God seems to whisper to the poet the very words He wishes him to use.

IF there is one field of research in which a student seems never able to take a degree, it is in the study of the inspiration leading to the composition of a poem. The reason for this strange state of affairs is that a true poet either does not fully understand, or is loth to discuss, what happens when he is inspired to compose a poem, while those who are not poets can only guess what leads to the vital moment when a poet realises that he has in his mind such elements as can, and indeed must, be shaped into a poem. It is, therefore, worth while trying to understand how, for example, John Keats was inspired to write *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

Two sources of inspiration are discernible: one might be called locomotive, the other decorative. The locomotion was supplied by a beautiful, intelligent, and enigmatic young woman, Isabella Jones, whom Keats had met during a Whitsun holiday at Hastings. Their mutual attraction was such that before long he had (in his own delectable phrase) 'warmed with her . . . and kissed her'. The depth of Keats's unrequited passion for Isabella is revealed in the poem he wrote and sent to her as a keepsake. Its concluding verses are:

You say you love; but then your hand
No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth,
It is like a statue's dead—
While mine to passion burneth—
O love me truly!

O breathe a word or two of fire!
Smile, as if those words should burn me,
Squeeze as lovers should—O kiss
And in thy heart inurn me!
O love me truly!

It was this loved but unresponsive friend who, when Keats went to see her before setting out for a short stay in Chichester, reminded him that the date he intended to arrive there, the 20th January, would be the Eve of St. Agnes when, according to legend, young girls during the dark watches of the night expect their true loves to visit them. There seems no reason to doubt that the marvellous poem that Keats composed at the end of January 1819 was inspired by Isabella's suggestion, and that the idea of such a forbidden midnight visit fuelled his unrequited passion and ensured that, until the poem had been committed to paper, he would remain in a 'ferment of suppressed creation'.¹

When, on the other hand, the decoration of *The Eve of St. Agnes* is

considered, it is easy to understand why it differs from every other poem written by Keats; for it seems likely that the pure Gothic of Chichester Cathedral—together with the strikingly beautiful new Regency Gothic decoration of the Chapel at Stansted (the dedication of which Keats attended on the 25th January) supplied all the visual excitement the poet needed to enable him to complete the composition of the poem. This he succeeded in doing while staying at nearby Bedhampton, during the last week of January, 1819.

The fact that no poem of mine is likely to be considered as interesting as one composed by Keats must not deter me from recording the genesis of two of the poems written by me during the course of my Journey to the Heart of Asia. To me the strangest part of poetical composition is the way in which occasionally something of particular poetic interest, which I have either heard or read, becomes as it were salted away in the depths of my mind until the appropriate moment when, unsummoned and unannounced, it surfaces in the form of a remembered thought, and glides without further ado into a poem which, until that moment, it had never occurred to me to write.

The following is an example of how this has happened. Six months after the 1947 Handover of Power in India I, who had belonged to a *Corps d'Elite*, the Indian Political Service, was in search of a job. When, therefore, an old family friend who had served with me in India asked whether I would care to be considered for the post of tutor to the sons of His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, I answered 'yes', and was duly invited to an interview at the India Office in Whitehall.

The officer whom I was to see was not immediately available, and as the time passed my sponsor, noticing that I was becoming bored, fetched from a cupboard in the office in which we were waiting a Confidential file which, because of my experience of Persia, he thought would interest me. It turned out to contain a recent report to the War Office about Iran. The Reporting Officer, whose observations indicated that he possessed a subtle and perceptive (but not noticeably military) mind, described Persian melons as 'so delicate that they must be eaten at the moment they ripen in the rays of the full moon'.

Hours passed, and at a moment when my sponsor was not looking, I wrote the exact words of the Report on a slip of paper, put it in my pocket, and later copied it into my Commonplace Book. The official I had been taken to see never appeared; but I did not care, for I took home with me that evening a pearl of great price.

Twenty-one years later, while travelling with my friends, the Baxters, in Northern Afghanistan, we purchased at Balkh and ate for supper an exceedingly delicious melon. While eating it I could not help remembering the hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children whom Ghengiz Khan was responsible for killing when the Mongol Horde stormed and captured Balkh eight centuries ago. Did our melon, I wondered, taste sweeter for having been cultivated in soil soaked long ago by the blood of so many victims? And had it been brought to perfection (as a persistent echo

in my mind urged me to believe) in the light of the refulgent moon?

This ripe musk melon from the fields of Balkh,
Brought to perfection, so its owner said,
Beneath the soft rays of the waning moon,
Was nourished by the blood the Tartars shed.

I would like to mention one other example of how, without any conscious forethought, I have been able to use for the creation of a new poem an idea that had for many previous years lain dormant in my mind. The incident I am about to relate brings to mind the *douceur de la vie* of Persia when it was still ruled by Reza Shah.

During the long sunlit days before the miasma of hatred and religious bigotry began to settle like a dark cloud over the Iranian plateau; during the years when every Persian one met, whether of high or low degree, confirmed one's belief that the most typical and endearing characteristic of a Persian is a love of pleasure, General and Madame Arfa used to keep open house for their friends every Friday at Lārak—their beautiful estate which with its green woods and pastures, lay close to the foothills of the mighty Elburz, a few miles north of Tehran.

It was on such an occasion, while seated with General Arfa beside the pool which formed the centre of a wide green lawn, after the splendid al fresco luncheon had been cleared away, that I asked him to tell me the whole romantic story of Lārak. Much of what he told me has passed from my memory, but what I vividly recall is General Arfa pointing to the mass of trees on the other side of the lawn, and saying, 'The Lārak woods are so deep and dark that nightingales sing in them at noon'.

Many years later his words came into my mind when I needed a phrase to describe an unforgettable Elysian valley in the mountains south of Erzurum:

Come back, some wild-rose day in June, to where
A grove of poplars whispers all day long—
To where, despite the heat, the nightingales
Enrich the noonday silence with their song.

Need more be said?

NOTE

1 The final four words of this paragraph are quoted from page 274 of *John Keats* by Robert Gittings, Heinemann, 1968.

[*A Journey to the Heart of Asia*, Major Bowen's new collection of poems and verse translations from the poetry of Persia, Turkey and Afghanistan, will be published by Scorpion Publishing during 1987. Scorpion recently re-issued a fourth edition of J. C. E. Bowen's *Poems from the Persian*.]

POEMS

BRAINSTORM

Sometimes I gaze for hours into space;
 Thoughts like the winds blowing upon the snow;
 Going this way and that invisible they race
 Piling the drifts higher with every blow.
 This blizzard on the dales staggers with every pace,
 In vertical and azimuth a flow
 Of spirals, zigzags, leaps you'd never guess,
 Sweeping the virgin acres to and fro.

Solid and fluid in one another's grasp,
 Invisible made visible, strict form
 Imposed by formlessness—on water-powder.
 Then when the winds dwindle to stillness,—gasp!
 Motion itself solidified,—the storm,—
 Printed in static snow, silent, blows louder.

PETER RUSSELL

TO THE RATIONALIST

You give my future choices:
 Superman or clone.
 Offer me no vision:
 I will forge my own.
 Likelihoods are countless
 To the multi-eye:
 We might evolve for ever;
 We might never die.
 Your reasoned world contracts
 As mine expands,
 For Life the Individual
 Understands.
 No fault-filled amateur,
 This being, Life,
 Leaves open every choice
 As with a knife.

PAMELA CONSTANTINE

CORRESPONDENCE

SIR KEITH JOSEPH AND THE 'BETTER SCHOOL'

I can sympathise with my All Souls colleague Sir Keith Joseph's troubles about Higher Education. 'Sir Keith at the Ramparts' by John Elsom (No. 1434, Vol. 247) and 'Better Schools' by Bruce Pattison (No. 1436, Vol. 247). Would it console him to know that the Russians are up against the same, or similar, problem? I learn from that informative American periodical, *Current History*, that the proposed Soviet educational reform is 'to channel 50 per cent of those leaving secondary school into vocational-technical schools.' Communism requires that a larger proportion should be directed into 'socially useful labour'; but 'parental resistance to this demand is genuine, if expressed obliquely.' Over here, parental resistance has expressed itself, in no oblique terms, through back-bench Tory M.P.s.

Myself, I have never been able to appreciate the objection to directing young people into vocational polytechnics, instead of universities where a certain proportion of them are not at ease and do not do all that well. After all, this is a technological world, and I should have thought it much better to be equipped for it.

As for all the money spent on Higher Education, those of us who have been in the business all our lives know that, again, a proportion of it is waste. At a College of Further Education the other day, after lecturing on Shakespeare, I asked how many of them had read *Venus and Adonis*? Out of an audience of over 100 only one elderly member of the staff put up a dubious hand. Really, I thought—College of Further Education!—not very educable. I had read *Venus and Adonis* as a VIth form boy at a small old-fashioned grammar school.

Yours faithfully,

St. Austell, Cornwall.

A. L. ROWSE

WHAT IS A 'LANDSLIDE'?

Dear Madam,

I refer to the article by Paddy Ashdown, MP on 'The Political Scene in America' (*Contemporary Review*, No. 1428, Vol. 246) in which he mentions the 'landslide' win of President Reagan in 1984 and the similarity between 'their politics and ours.'

It would be salutary to President Reagan and Prime Minister Thatcher (and for those they control) to keep in mind a few facts. In the 1984 Presidential Election, 67% of those entitled to vote in the USA did not vote for President Reagan. In the 1983 UK General Election, 69% of those entitled to vote in the UK did not vote Conservative. The UK Parliament laid it down in 1979 that if 67% of the electorate did not vote in favour of a measure (in spite of a majority win) this showed that the people were not in favour of it.

Yours faithfully,

Uddington, Glasgow.

PETER THOMSON

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Opening Nights. Janet Burroway. Gollancz. £9.95. *Second Marriage.* Frederick Barthelme. Dent. £9.95. *The Garish Day.* Rachel Billington. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95. *Tongues of Flame.* Tim Parks. Heinemann. £9.95. *Stone Virgin.* Barry Unsworth. Hamish Hamilton. £8.95.

The American small town way of life has a mystique all its own, difficult for the European reader to assimilate. There is the labour-saving house, permitting the wife and mother to enjoy outside interests, the sophisticated, wise-cracking teenager and the disregarded husband, who often seems to be the main victim of the 'new' society. Deprived of his paterfamilias role, the man of the house does not seem to have discovered an alternative mien and emerges in much of American contemporary fiction as a feeble protagonist in the marriage wargame.

A scintillating example is provided by Janet Burroway in her sixth novel, *Opening Nights*, the uneasy saga of Boyd Soole and his two wives. True, Boyd is not an entirely negative personality. As a successful theatre director, for the action period of the novel he is directing a play on his first wife, Shaara's, home ground at the Magoor Summer Arts Theatre, where she works as a designer. The assignment has meant that Boyd must leave his attractive second wife, Wendy, to enjoy her own highly individual style of grass-widowhood. This includes running down the apartment to the point of squalor and indulging in a transient love affair with a wealthy Italian. She has demanded and been refused an abortion and contrives a miscarriage in a friend's bathroom, in an uncompromisingly chilling scene.

Yet it is with Shaara that the author is mainly concerned and an evocative description of her:

Big-boned, lanky, melon-breasted, her best feature was a head of rusty-barbed-wire hair that she tried to control with a wardrobe of scarves and headband things. Like most costume designers, she dressed with more originality than taste, usually on the Oriental or Polynesian side, sometimes with voluminous loops of thong and matte metal over an ordinary skirt

is an indication of Janet Burroway's keenly assessing eye.

No doubt that Shaara bitterly regrets the break-up of her marriage and the injury it has done to young Kevin, to whom Boyd has generous 'access', passed mainly in motels, fast food restaurants and swimming pools. There could be a feeling of *deja-vu* about all this, but the narrative is not allowed to remain strictly within the psychological sphere. Running through the day-to-day-accounts of telephone calls, smothered jealousy and the countless problems which beset divorced and re-married couples is a stronger thread concerning the play Boyd is directing and the actors taking part in it. As a finale, one of the cast is accidentally killed by a faulty pull-string on her costume. It could be argued that this melodramatic device for whipping up interest is an unnecessary diversion. Janet Burroway is at her best when quietly exploring and unravelling the tangle of human relationships.

What might be termed a 'down-market' version of a similar theme is *Second Marriage*, a first novel by Frederick Barthelme, the American short story writer and literary critic. His scene is grottier and shabbier but more

realistic. In the 'new South', an area of small unlovely dwellings run up without regard for good taste or durability, thousands of modest families live out their undemanding lives. *Second Marriage* opens with Jerry trying to sell his bungalow and minimising its shortcomings:

'Oops, you found him, mortar didn't bite', Jerry said, tapping the loose brick. 'He's gonna get exposed in there tomorrow...'

There are jokes, too, as when a bottle of ketchup spills all over a café floor, social exchanges and much eating out or in. But Henry, the narrator, has more serious problems on his mind. Like Boyd Soole, he also has two wives plus a rebellious step-daughter and during the course of the novel is dispossessed of all that might once have contributed to his self-esteem.

For the three women, contrary to popular expectation, feel no jealousy or animosity against each other and decide to live together as a threesome, once they have succeeded in turning Henry out of the family home. Whereupon he is condemned to an aimless, solitary existence, so that his sole objective becomes the hope of a reconciliation with his second wife, Theo. Thus the situation becomes a revamping of the age-old conflict in marital relationships—only with the roles reversed. For Henry must convince Theo that in himself he is a desirable companion and house-partner, for he has little to offer her of material gain once she has achieved financial and personal independence. If she finds members of her own sex more equable and congenial, what hope has he of winning her back?

The complexity of family relationships is also the theme of Rachel Billington's new novel, *The Garish Day*, although a very different family, working out its destiny against a backdrop of international politics. The Hayes-Middletons are soaked in the tradition of high public service, mostly in India. Thus, their personal lives have become interwoven with the important events in contemporary history about which most people know only from the national press.

Sir Lionel Hayes-Middleton is not a bad husband and father although given to mild domestic bullying and inclined to pursue women who do not mean much to him in the long-term, for the stability of his life is provided by the querulous and diffident Beatrice, who might once have seemed hopelessly inadequate as an ambassador's wife, yet later reveals reserves of poise and strength. To this ill-assorted couple is born Harry, a sad, withdrawn little boy who suffered cruelly at boarding school but nevertheless possesses formidable intellect, coming top, getting Firsts and seems set, like his father, for an outstanding career in the diplomatic service.

Naturally, he has affairs, not satisfactory or permanent until, at Oxford, he meets his future wife, Flavia. She also is capable of considerable achievement and it is to her credit that at first she resists his offer of marriage. Finally, she capitulates, although it is clear that Harry understands very little of a husband's responsibilities. All too soon after the birth of the baby, Cordelia, Flavia is seeking divorce and claiming exclusive custody of the child; whereupon the once self-sufficient Harry slowly disintegrates, mainly and rather strangely, after a conversion to Roman Catholicism encouraged by the enigmatic Father Bernard. Drinking, insomnia and depression result in Harry resigning from the Diplomatic Service; resorting, apart from a brief, useful visit to a relative's farm in Ireland, to an existence given over to idling and prolonged fits of self-pity. Only after Beatrice's death and the return of Cordelia is there a hint that his attitude to life may become positive again. Fortunately so, as Sir Lionel, though not really elderly by present standards

and engaged in writing his memoirs, also throws out hints of an impending breakdown.

A Garish Day poses several important questions. Is the intention, as a quote on the title page indicates, to suggest that affluence and success lead inevitably to a desire to escape from the rat-race? Does religious conversion contribute to a weakening of the normal sense of purpose? If so, it is a sorry comment on the advantages of higher education and a renewed belief in God. Rachel Billington does not supply answers to these fundamental queries, nor is there time or space for her to do so. Harry Hayes-Middleton's rise and fall is narrated at a breathtaking speed which does not allow for rumination on fundamental issues. This is no great disadvantage. Her grasp of international affairs and the forces that govern our present day society is so capable and revealing that we read on at the prescribed pace, lost in admiration for her illuminating commentary.

Tim Parks, with his first novel, *Tongues of Flame*, is also concerned with the pressures of family life. Here we have the drab, limited sphere of suburban domesticity. Mr. Bowen is a clergyman, dedicated, yet distressingly myopic when it comes to rearing his young family. Yet despite his apparent ill-humour he enjoys few things more than a game of chess with young Adrian, whose life is blighted by a deformed foot. The mother is well meaning, though arrogantly convinced that her own point of view is always right. When things go wrong, she weeps, exhorts and in between crises carries out the required duties of a clergyman's wife. And then there is sister Anna, stolid by nature, unprepossessing in appearance, nursing a blasted love-affair. Not much of a prospect for Richard Bowen, the most normal of the brood, on whom the narrative centres.

However, the situation does not remain static. The new curate, Donald Rowlandson, introduces a 'born again' cult to the parish in which converts chant hymns and talk the 'tongue'. It all blows to a climax when Joy Kaninsky, a famous evangelist, addresses an annual house-party which the Bowens are accustomed to attend. Like so many emotional campaigns, this one has unexpected results. Adrian is tricked into making a confession of unsavoury goings-on in the Bowen household, urged on to further excesses by the promise of a miraculous cure for his mishappen leg. Predictably, this fails, whereupon family life—such as it was—for the Bowens rapidly falls apart, particularly as it is revealed that Mr. Bowen is dying of cancer. A grim picture, carrying complete conviction, and skilfully executed, leaving behind it the unwelcome conclusion that serenity and mutual affection within a home-based group is as unattainable as the spectrum of a rainbow.

From this depressing prospect it is a relief to turn to the shinningly imaginative *Stone Virgin*. Barry Unsworth has chosen an ambitious theme for his ninth novel—Venice in the year 1432 with time-links between the late eighteenth century and 1972, when art conservationists from all over the world congregated in Venice to assist with the restoration of treasures damaged by the floods. It falls to the lot of young Simon Raikes to clean and repair the statue of a Madonna set high above street level against the façade of a minor church. Almost immediately, he becomes involved in speculation about the history and origins of this unusual example of fifteenth century religious sculpture by a relatively unknown sculptor, one Gerilamo, a Piedmontese, for the carving has an eroticism and naturalism unusual for the period. Patiently, Simon probes the mystery of why the statue was not immediately placed in its present position after being commissioned by a brotherhood of monks

instead, lying for three centuries unguarded in a local garden.

The fifteenth century was a period of unprecedented violence and brutality in disunited Italy. A sordid and tragic tale emerges. The model for the Madonna was Bianca Pellegrino, a whore living under the protection of a member of the powerful Fornarini family who, discovering that he shared her favours with Gerilamo, directed her death and framed Gerilamo as her killer. Hence, the rejection of Gerilamo's work by the brotherhood until, by the merest chance, three centuries later, a rumour circulated that the Madonna possessed divine powers.

From the initial stages of his investigation, Simon Raikes has experienced a supernatural communication with the inanimate figure: the sexual relationship of the sculptor and his model having a devastating effect on the hitherto frigid young man. Thus, he is ripe for a passionate affair and the opportunity for one is at hand. Chiara Litsov, wife of a successful sculptor in bronze, is sufficiently dissatisfied with her marriage to find the unsophisticated Simon worthy of attention. Or is she, as he afterwards suspects, involved in some criminal activity, using him merely as a cover or an alibi? The hinted outcome is that Chiara has renounced her past misdemeanours and is willing to devote herself to Simon and his career. This *volte face* is perhaps the only unsatisfactory ingredient. That apart, the convincing flashbacks to and from the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, together with a wealth of interesting architectural and historical detail, combine to make *Stone Virgin* compulsive reading, with an urge to re-read the novel, and so check through the clues which fall into place with the precision of a Chinese puzzle.

Also Received:

The Long Journey Home. Michael Gilbert. Hodder. £7.95. Michael Gilbert is always an original and ingenious writer and in *The Long Journey Home* he uses a cunning blend of the Mafia, multinational Big Business and ordinary, law abiding citizens in a mainly Italian setting. The story concerns Gabriel Benedict, a former company owner who, to while away the tedium of early retirement, sets out on a personally motivated investigation of the sources of corruption and violence. He falls in love with one of the innocent people involved but she, alas, perishes in an arson attack while he is believed by the evil men to have died with her. Whereupon, knowing that there is a price on his head, he takes evasive action with a long, incredibly dangerous and difficult journey on foot across some of Italy's most mountainous terrain. He falls in love again and marries, but not before some complicated enquiries put him even further at risk. The diffuse, fast moving plot consistently holds the reader's interest despite a disregard of the deeper human emotions. The most satisfying part of *The Long Journey Home* is the trek towards the frontier and his stay *en route* in a remote hillside monastery.

The Glass House. Lynn Bushell. Piatrus Books. £7.95. For her first novel, *The Glass House*, Lynn Bushell has chosen a difficult theme to convey—the emotional needs of a not readily identifiable group thrown together in a country village, attempting, not too successfully, to find solutions to their individual problems. There is something of a mystery element also. Did anyone actually kill Max von Berthold or is this part of his wife's and mistress's fantasy? Who is the father of the dislikeable son, Julian, if not Max? These and other imponderables keep the reader's attention, if at the same time generating considerable bewilderment.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

CARDINAL MANNING: A NEW ASSESSMENT

Cardinal Manning. Robert Gray. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £16.95.

What a fine lot of biographers we are getting these days. *Attlee* by Kenneth Harris, *George V* by Kenneth Rose, *Vita Sackville-West* by Victoria Glendenning and now, fit to rank with the others, *Cardinal Manning* by the not-hither-to-famous Robert Gray. (All, incidentally, published by Weidenfeld.) 'More than that of any other great public figure in English history,' writes Gray, 'Manning's reputation has been ruined by a biography.' When the Cardinal died, a Catholic journalist called Edmund Purcell dashed forward, asserting that the late Cardinal had asked him to write the official biography. Purcell made off with the documents before anyone could stop him. The book he produced was horribly readable, but full of malice and very unfair to Manning. Twenty-odd years later, Lytton Strachey stumbled on Purcell's forgotten volume and produced, with many a happy snigger, an equally malicious and unbalanced essay in *Eminent Victorians*. Robert Gray sets out to put the record straight, which he does, after prolonged research, in masterly fashion. Manning's virtues are done full justice to, but there is plenty of criticism. This is no tame panegyric.

Manning has often been referred to as ambitious. That he was ambitious cannot be denied. But in most professions, including politics, we assume that success and achievement cannot be arrived at without some considerable dose of ambition. Do we consider ambition permissible in clergymen? I hesitate to dogmatise and turn instead to the life-long clash in Manning's case between ambition and the spiritual life.

He recognised at all times the temptations to which his temperament committed him and never ceased trying to ensure that the spiritual life came out on top. It would be easy to point to a number of occasions on which he took on the grounds of principle the course opposed to his self-interest. He was already a rising star of the Church of England when he seceded to Rome. As Gray puts it well: 'No one could accuse Manning of seeking a popular cause. He had become devoted to Pius IX while the Pope was being denounced as a traitor on all sides; he embraced Roman Catholicism in England while the English were demented with Protestant prejudice.'

When Manning died, the enormous crowds in the streets at the time of his funeral 'knew simply that one of the greatest men of their time had gone. Their reaction constituted perhaps the most striking, certainly the most spontaneous demonstration of mass emotion that occurred in the capital during the late Victorian period.' After Manning had played the dominating part in settling the Dock Strike, he could do no wrong in the eyes of the poor of London.

No one ever discusses Manning without bringing in his fellow Cardinal, Newman. In their lifetime, Manning had the far more glorious career; in death, it has been the other way round. Manning is forgotten or sneered at; Newman seems to be on the way to becoming a saint. It is usually said that Manning behaved badly to Newman and Gray does not claim that he behaved particularly well. But Newman must have been an awkward customer, with his extreme sensitivity to criticism.

The issues were more than personal. 'Manning really believed that Newman's influence on English Catholicism had been almost wholly detrimental' (Gray). The duty of delivering the address at the Requiem Mass when Newman died

is aptly compared by Gray to the task faced by Gladstone when obliged to deliver a parliamentary tribute to Disraeli. The passage quoted in this book is generous and moving, but I miss the remark attributed to Manning after the glowing eulogy. 'Poor Newman, he was a great hater.'

Manning was not at all popular with the old Catholic families. This is not surprising. He considered that they had had their way for too long. He was determined to ensure that Papal authority was vigorously reasserted: the decree of Papal infallibility passed at the first Vatican Council owed much to his influence. He was frequently referred to as a socialist.

I cannot improve on Robert Gray's summation. 'A man of rare ability, ruthless will, dominating temperament and high ambition began his life as the slave of secular glory and ended it as the hero of the poor, the weak, the outcast and the despised. That is a noble progress to be achieved by devotion to . . . to what, to a chimera? Would that many more great men had been similarly deceived.' Yes, indeed.

FRANK LONGFORD

SIR FLINDERS PETRIE

Flinders Petrie: A Life in Archaeology. Margaret S. Drower. Gollancz. £20. £25 after December 31.

Although the man they called 'Father of Pots'—and whom they might equally as well have christened 'Father of Tapes,' for he lived with his tape measure ever ready in his hand, or 'Father of Science,' too, for that matter, if, as it is said to be, 'Science is measurement'—left his autobiography behind in hundreds of Egyptological books and papers, acres of meticulously measured out plans of tombs and temples, and mountains of pioneering profile charts of ancient unpainted pots, this is the first conventional biography of Sir William Matthew Flinders Petrie. And it is an excellent one. Not only does it restore to life, excavate as it were, the pard-bearded patriarch figure of the desert, not untouched by the truly magic wand of tatterdemalion Victorian eccentricity, but, consequent upon Miss Margaret Drower's own professional knowledge of the field—she has lectured in Ancient History at University College, London, for more than forty years, becoming Reader in Ancient History, and later Honorary Research Fellow in the Departments of History and Egyptology, has spent two winters excavating in Egypt, and actually knew Petrie—the book can, and does, with authoritative clarity, place in contemporary context the precise significance of his historic contribution to archaeology.

Her work, cut out for her by Petrie's exceptional longevity—he lived into his ninetieth active year, providing, like George Bernard Shaw for his many-a-year-now-beleaguered biographer, Mr. Michael Holroyd, a sort of ambivalently accepted handicap in the time completion scale—was exceedingly heavy. He dug at upwards of fifty important sites in Egypt and, latterly, Palestine, and made it an irrefragable rule to publish at the earliest possible moment a full excavation report. This was the fundamental work by means of which he transmuted the gilt of the treasure hunt to the pure gold of science.

One of his earliest archaeological undertakings was to iron out the inch from the pyramid—a mensural invention of the anglophilic Piazzi Smyth. His technological contributions included pottery-based sequence dating and the inception and evolution of a field technique grounded in, and erected upon, his accumulated experience in metrology, which had made him one of the world's pre-eminent surveyors. As addicted to *antikas* as the next man, he realised that his quest should not be so much for *objets*, however artistically satisfying or

valuable, but for the infinitely more valuable *sub specie* scientific information which the objects imported.

The story of Petrie's connection with the old Egyptian Exploration Society and its potentially formidable leading lady, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, veteran of *A Thousand Miles Up the Nile*, and that of the other influential woman in his life, Hilda Urlin, who, a student of geology and art and eighteen years younger than himself, yet ultimately succumbed to his Jerichoan siege, the trumpet of his protracted ardour blasting the walls of her initial indifference, and became his wife, sensibly told, ensures for the less committed, that is to say scientifically motivated, reader, ample relief from all danger of exclusively antiquarian dust. The necessary plot figure of villainy is adumbrated in the unlikely shape of British Egyptology's other human flagship or vessel of noble learning, Sir Ernest Alfred Thompson Wallis Budge, a decidedly splendid type specimen of the indigenous B.M. viper.

Miss Drower's book is beautifully illustrated and, written in good, plain English, tells two concurrent stories: the personal one of a fascinating Victorian intellectual giant surviving, a pike among minnows, into the fourth decade of the twentieth century, and that of the fancy turned science which absorbed the long years of his life. And she tells both stories superlatively well.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART

The Impact of Art on French Literature—From de Scudéry to Proust. Helen Osterman Borowitz. University of Delaware Press. £26.50.

Helen Borowitz, who is a considerable French scholar, as well as an art historian (her profession in America) has produced a subtle interdisciplinary study, which is, above all, original in its perceptions and conclusions. Although her argumentation is densely allusive, her style remains refreshingly pellucid and fastidious—classical, one might say. The area which she has chosen to investigate is not by any means overworked: she traces a direct line of tradition—the Classical ideal of *Ut pictura poesis*—which connects the French *précieux* novel, then (however paradoxically) Romantic and Symbolist literature, and, finally, constitutes an important and profound element of Proust's philosophy. It appears that the incorporation of themes from the visual arts in the French novel began earlier than is generally realised—in, indeed, the writing of Mlle. de Scudéry and her brother, Georges. Although she denied the *précieux* influence, Mme. de Staël emulated the de Scudéry devices. Helen Borowitz proceeds to an exposition of the little-known art criticism of the Romantic journalist and novelist, Henri de Latouche, who, in his turn, influenced Balzac. She has identified the three Parisian men of letters—the three 'unknown masters'—who served as prototypes for Balzac's fictional Romantic painter, Frenhofer, in his novella, *Le Chef-d'oeuvre inconnu*. When she comes to the perhaps most familiar area of the synaesthetic creations and *correspondances* of the Symbolists and Decadents, she contributes a bravura essay on the theme of Salomé in Huysmans and Mallarmé, Moreau and Redon. For Proust, who himself wrote art criticism (although it was unpublished during his lifetime) and whose fictional Impressionist painter, Elstir, is ever Marcel's mentor, art has the power to transcend life itself. Impeccably illustrated and annotated, this pioneering study is undoubtedly a work of outstanding research and intellect.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE IMPACT OF THE CELTIC FRINGE ON ENGLAND

High Road to England. By Richard Faber. Faber & Faber. £15.

Ireland and the Land Question 1800-1922. By Michael J. Winstanley. Methuen (Lancaster Pamphlets). £1.60.

'The high road that leads him to England' was, according to Johnson as reported by Boswell, 'the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees.' Scotland possessed 'noble wild prospects'. According to Thomas Churchyard who, having travelled both British Islands and the continent, described Wales as 'now the soundest state' in a poem dedicated to Queen Elizabeth Tudor, 'the Scots seek bloud, and bear a cruel mynd'.

In the eighteenth century English opinions were divided, rather as modern Englishmen tend to prefer either France or Germany. English opinions were also ambivalent. In 1758, but thirteen years after Bonnie Charlie's rising, Horace Walpole rated the Scots the 'most accomplished nation in Europe'. But by 1777 they had become 'that odious nation', blamed for the bad weather as some nowadays blame the atom bomb. Dr. Johnson acknowledged the prowess of Scottish regiments against the revolutionary American colonists. George IV, Sir Walter Scott and others, made a romance out of Scotland and the Highland dress, proscribed for a time after the Forty-five.

Churchyard, whose poem, already quoted, was entitled 'The Worthiness of Wales', was censorious of Ireland. 'Ireland grows naught, the people were unkynd'. Johnson, on the other hand, respected them as 'a FAIR PEOPLE' (his capitals, or Boswell's). Ireland was an ancient 'seat of piety and learning'. Indeed, Irish monks and missionaries carried the Christian faith to much of Britain and much of Europe.

Richard Faber's theme is the impact of what has so loosely been called the 'Celtic Fringe' to England upon the English and their history. If Wales, Scotland and Ireland were subdued by England, England had absorbed invasion too. The British Isles, a logical entity of polity and civilisation, might have known less rebellion and disruption and easier assimilation if the march of Roman imperium had not been halted by the Irish Sea and again, if the Anglo-Norman conquest inspired by the Supreme Pontiff of Western Christendom had been more thorough. Ireland was less completely incorporated in the 'European Community' of the Angevins, which stretched from Scotland to Spain, than was England.

Ireland was a source of insurrection. Mr. Faber recalls Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. The 'religious rift' under the Tudors made Ireland more dangerously equipped to make England's difficulty Ireland's opportunity, but not Ireland's alone. Ireland was *terra incognita* for Englishmen and their monarchs. The English garrisons often went native. Irish soldiers fought for England and the Empire. Others enlisted with foreign forces. Even Spencer was as laudatory as Wellington in the Peninsula of the military quality of the native Irish. Britain found inspired commanders on her Irish frontiers (and notably Ulster) as France drew them from the borderlands of Alsace-Lorraine. Mr. Faber sees the insistence of Irishmen on fighting for a country that is no longer politically theirs as a belief that they still regard themselves as part of the United Kingdom. Even the Republic of Ireland Act has ensured that they should so remain. Mr. Faber calls this 'unsolicited magnanimity'.

The Irish provided legions for an Empire that used to be described as English but was clearly 'British' in that the Scots, suppressing resentment at English cruelty and injustice greater, Mr. Faber tells us, than any wreaked

in Ireland—there were no clearances there on the Highland scale—took the Empire over. Defoe suggested that 'Virginia may rather be called a Scots than an English plantation.' Dilke, the Liberal Imperialist, even thought that Scotland should have become 'the popular name for the United Kingdom'. From Canada to Ceylon, and throughout the Empire, self-made Scots dominated the trade and carried the flag that followed it.

In the nineteenth century the Welshmen, Scots and Irish came markedly to influence English politics. From the accession of George III ten Prime Ministers out of forty-seven have been Scotsmen. Mr. Faber also notes 'the Welsh tradition of public service'. But it is difficult for an Englishman to be elected to Parliament for a constituency beyond the borders of the Irish Sea. He has less sense of 'Englishness' than do other Britons of their distinct identity within the common realm. The cult of St. George needs constant nourishment. The Union Flag is seen instead of his at specifically English sporting and other occasions. 'More than perhaps they realise, the "children of Taliesin and Ossian" have renewed "the famous feat of the Greeks" and conquered their conqueror.'

In his essay on the key Irish question, Michael J. Winstanley, who lectures in history at Lancaster University, reinforces Mr. Faber's contention that the English were not always ogres in Ireland. The Devonshire Commission of 1844 and other official enquiries revealed much misery. On the other hand, absentee landlords were as common in England as in Ireland. Tenants were not generally mistreated. Evictions were few. Although in the Land War the smallholders and the expanding class of graziers appeared to stand together against the landlords, in Ireland before the Famine their conflict 'had been at the centre of rural protest'.

Nationalism fed not so much on poverty and resentment of exploitation as on 'increasing literacy and prosperity'. This bred 'an Irish self-confidence which British concessions on agrarian, educational and religious matters heightened rather than satisfied'. The Land War is seen as a 'revolution of rising expectations'.

Home Rule was not 'killed by kindness'. But kindness there was. Resistance to Home Rule made it the subject of 'a protracted political squabble'. The author hints that but for that, all Ireland might have followed the friendlier path taken by Australia, New Zealand and Canada.

It is possible; but I wonder.

JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON

POETS IN OUR TIME

British Poetry 1964-84: Driving Through the Barricades. Martin Booth. Routledge & Kegan Paul. £13.95.

In his history of poetry in Britain during the years 1964 to 1984, Martin Booth covers not only a wide range of publications by poets but also their attempts to revive the practice of publicly reading verse as one of the customary performing arts. The matter of the poetry revival in the first decade of the second half of the century is discussed at length in a way that brings into focus an increasing emphasis on the everyday events and feelings of ordinary people. Finally, the 'rock' poets are shown to be a distinct strand in the complicated network. Indeed, the author's chief distinction is that he has broken down the flimsy barrier between critic and audience. Major poetic themes, in the work

of both 'light' and 'heavy' writers, became the intolerable burden of the nuclear age and the oppression of man by his brother.

Martin Booth's closely argued commentary supplies a wealth of information not as yet to be found elsewhere and it therefore begins to provide a sound critical base for the understanding of much poetry printed during the years when readers were looking in vain to the main publishing houses for new poetry in any quantity. Only so-called 'major' poets were likely to be available and even then to be found only in short first impressions. Publishers thought them a certain loss in financial terms. Out of that background came the demand for such groups as the Barrow Poets, still doing much to familiarise the drinking public with new poems which they read in bars and inns. All lovers of poetry know that its appeal is as immediate as that of painting or music. Yet, says Martin Booth, when it becomes entangled in the preconditions required by clumsy critical apparatus this appeal is denied. He shows how, in a brief flowering from 1964, poetry readings became popular, publishers were willing to print and audiences increased. Groups formed, building on the fashionable groundswell, and old ones flourished anew. Besides the Group Poets, so designated, and the Movement Poets, there were writers like Philip Larkin, Thom Gunn, Ted Hughes and Sylvia Plath who were already established in the public mind; Geoffrey Hill and Shamus Heaney began their ascent into the influential ranks.

The slightly polemical manner in which parts of the book are written should not deter readers from considering seriously the allegation, made at several points in the argument, that in the last few years poets have been their own worst enemies. Martin Booth's reasons for his view vary from the intransigence of 'academics' to the desire of disturbed poets to write incomprehensibly as though wilfully to be misunderstood. Nevertheless, amongst the author's diatribes and occasional bursts of fighting talk, there is an underlying commonsense and sensibility which allow him to write clear and perceptive valuations of the contributions made, from the First World War to the beginning of the seventies, by poets, teachers and publishers, to the artistic and literary knowledge of the formerly poetry-ignoring classes. His book most usefully charts the course of poetry in a crucial twenty-year stretch of our century.

BETTY ABEL

STUDIES OF CRIMINAL CASES

Stinie: Murder on the Common. Andrew Rose. Bodley Head. £9.95.

Mr. Andrew Rose's monograph on the Clapham Common Murder of 1911 has promoted him instantly to the sparse ranks of English authors practising the New Criminology: that is to say, those who, eschewing the old school of scissors-and-paste practitioners, take the trouble to go back to original sources, and thereafter to strike out in new directions of original research. Such pioneering works of crime history already number among them Donald Rumbelow's *The Houndsditch Murders* (1973), Jonathan Goodman's *The Killing of Julia Wallace* (1969), *The Burning of Evelyn Foster* (1977), *The Stabbing of George Harry Storrs* (1983), and Bernard Taylor's study of the Constance Kent case, *Cruelly Murdered* (1979). They may be seen as sort of second decks to Hodge's classic *Notable British Trials* series. Apart from the volume in that bedrock series edited by H. Fletcher Moulton in 1922, there has been only a book and a half about the Stinie Morrison affair—*The Gaslight Murders* by James Edward Holroyd (1960) and Eric Linklater's *The Corpse on Clapham Common* (1971). Compared with certain other time-honoured old cases, the

murder of Leon Beron supports an unexpectedly thin literature. It is surprising how, even half a century and more after a crime, there is still new material to be found—new documents to discover, or old documents to be looked at in a new light; new people to interview, or old people to be re-interviewed. In this way, when, in the 1950s, I embarked upon the chronicling of the Croydon Poisoning Case of 1929, who could have thought that I would have encountered the ancient murderess herself and taxed her with her crime? Now, Mr. Rose has looked into a sere old case, emblazoned in the public imagination only by its paired scarlet S, carved, as it seemed, on either side of the nose of the victim, and harvested abundantly.

A significant advantage which he has uniquely enjoyed by permission of the then Home Secretary, Leon Brittan, is convenient access to the Home Office files, officially closed until 1990. But that was only the beginning. Mr. Rose has laboured mightily in many quarters—including even correspondence with Becky Snelwar—now Mrs. Betty Maisner and discovered living in America—the ten-year-old daughter of the proprietor of the Warsaw Restaurant, who gave evidence to confirm, in part, Stinie's evidence that his brown paper parcel contained nothing more lethal than a flute—and brought forth strange new fruit. Since he is a practising barrister, one must give due weight to his statement that he finds himself able to produce a defence for Morrison, although it is 'a defence that, for very particular reasons, was never canvassed at the trial. It was, in all probability, a defence unknown to the little team who struggled to save Morrison from the rope.'

His book is very well written, planned like a good brief, and most elegantly and persuasively argued. The evidence against Morrison was of the flimsiest. But he was a dog with a bad name. He was a lucky dog that they did not hang him. He was, in many ways, England's Oscar Slater, but unlike that luckier émigré, although also reprieved in law, sentence of death fell upon him while he was still in prison. *Quam prope ad crimen sine crimine.*

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Relics and Shrines (George Allen & Unwin. £12.95.) This is a fascinating study by David Cox who has done a great deal of research upon the historical and contemporary significance of relics and apparitions, mainly in the Roman Catholic Church. As he shows, they continued to have a widespread and even growing appeal among the general public. No doubt, the great increase in holiday travel in recent years has contributed to this interest. In his book, David Cox discusses shrines and relics throughout Western Europe, the Holy Land, Sinai and Mexico. 'The great bulk of the material consists of my own observations, and comes from several years of travel and discussions with

clerics at various sites'. In some cases there is also scientific examination to consider. A particular example is the Shroud of Turin. It has received a great deal of technical physical analysis which has been inconclusive. But the one test which could be conclusive, namely carbon dating, has been refused by the Church. On the other hand, Paul VI authorised the carbon dating of St. Peter's Chair, which is now considered probably to have been a throne given to the Pope about 875. Another relic which has received in recent years scientific examination is the Guadalupe Madonna, consisting of a piece of cactus cloth impressed with a painting of the Virgin Mary. Was it a miracle?

David Cox concludes: 'As with the Turin Shroud image, it was not possible to explain how the basic image was created'. Jody Brant Smith has studied this in much detail in *The Guadelupe Madonna* (1983). In his book, David Cox strives to be objective and rational, but he can believe in the miracles. For example, on Lourdes, amid all the commercial support and advertising which surrounds it, he accepts that there are miraculous cures.

Now The War Is Over (Jonathan Cape. £10.95.) This is a 'social history of Britain 1945-51' by Paul Addison. He describes this graphic account as 'an exercise in historical journalism', drawing freely upon the memories of those who experienced this period of social and economic changes. The book is not primarily concerned with politics or government, although the development of the welfare state by the Labour government is writ large, perhaps with particular emphasis on the creation of the National Health Service by Nye Bevan. In the late forties, there was growing popular resistance to proposals for further nationalisation. It is fair to remember that Clement Attlee and most other ministers were not doctrinaire socialists within the classic definition of socialism in Clause four of the Labour Party Constitution. Indeed, Clement Attlee is said never to have read Karl Marx. They believed in a mixed economy. As the author points out, there was a general yearning for an end to rationing, freedom from restrictions and more to buy. It is pertinent to note that the identity card was not abolished until February 1952, under the Conservative Churchill government. Why was it not abolished during the Labour Government? Was it then intended to be a permanent feature of British society? It would have been interesting to have had Mr. Addison's considered views on this.

The volume ends with a description of the Festival of Britain. It is a most readable study, with many contemporary photographs.

Voices of the Old Sea (Penguin. £2.95.) This paperback edition of Norman Lewis's stay in Spain after the last war will be widely welcomed. For three seasons, he lived as a part time fisherman in the remote village of Farol, on what became known as the Costa Brava. It is a graphic and moving account of life in this poverty stricken area where the villagers struggled to exist through their fishing for sardines. By the end of his third season, 'Spain's spiritual and cultural isolation was at an end, overwhelmed by the great alien invasion from the North of money and freedoms.'

The Penguin New Writing 1940-1950 (Penguin. £4.95). Gone are the heady days when a quarterly periodical devoted entirely to literature and the arts was so valued that it 'passed from hand to hand in fighter pilots' messes or from bunk to bunk, disintegrated, soaked in machine-oil or salt water.' Its editor, John Lehman, together with Roy Fuller (an original contributor, indeed) has now in nostalgic recollection assembled from its archives an anthology of enduring stories, essays, memoirs and poems. William Sansom, represented by a story, *Through the Quinquina Glass*, is typical of that generation of young writers who were fired and encouraged by their acceptance in *Penguin New Writing*. Denton Welch, sadly omitted from the select bibliographical glossary, who died three years after his story, *The Judas Tree*, appeared in *PNW*, may represent the writer who enjoyed a brief vogue then, but is now being 'rediscovered'. The selection of poetry, from John Cornford, David Gascoyne, Alan Ross, Laurie Lee, Boris Pasternak . . . is especially felicitous. (M.T.)

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W. J. Stankiewicz is Professor of Political Science at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

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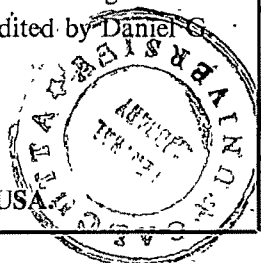
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THE EUROPEAN
COMMUNITY**

Richard Cottrell, M.E.P.

THE 16+ REFORM

Stanley Alderson

**D. H. LAWRENCE'S
ITALY: ALLUREMENTS
AND CHANGES**

Frederick D. Owen

and other articles together
with an eight-page
Literary Supplement

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<i>Contents</i>	<i>Page</i>
Power in the BBC	Sir Hugh Linstead 225
The Position of the Turks in Bulgaria	Anton Kolendic 229
Will Sri Lankan Democracy Move to the Left?	Buddhadasa Kirthisinghe 233
Greece and the European Community	Richard Cottrell, M.E.P. 236
Mid-Term or Terminal Blues?	Paul Rose 240
The 'German Question'	C. C. Aronsfeld 243
Britain and the Law of the Sea	Cyril D. Townsend, M.P. 247
The 16+ Reform	Stanley Alderson 252
D. H. Lawrence—The Poetry	Frederic Vanson 257
D. H. Lawrence's Italy: Allurements and Changes	Frederick D. Owen 261
Cinema: a Quarterly Review	David Shipman 269
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT	273
Kenneth Lindsay, Paul Rose, Mark Cook, Arnold de Montmorency, Richard Mullen, Richard Whittington-Egan	
SHORTER REVIEWS	279

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POWER IN THE BBC

by Sir Hugh Linstead

THE making of the IRA film by staff of the BBC without reference higher up and the subsequent strike of BBC journalists in protest against what they chose to see as censorship highlight two of the fundamental problems which continuously face the Governors of the BBC: how to live with government but not under it and how to guide the use of the immense power to influence public opinion which is widely spread through their staff. And the subsequent broadcasting of the film after modification is an example of the way in which the Governors' influence may be prudently exercised.

These are separate problems, although on this occasion the journalists found it expedient to mix them. The then Home Secretary's clumsy message to the Governors over the IRA film provided a tactical opportunity for the journalists to remind the Governors, the Government and the public of their claim to be their own judges of what the public has the 'right to know'. This 'right to know' is one of the more recently discovered rights of the people in a democratic society. If one asks, 'To know what?' the response may well be faltering, but with one half of the world fed with news pasteurised by governments, the other half has become healthily aware of the perils of such censorship. What, however, complements the people's right to know is a government's right to conceal. Ministers cannot shape foreign policy, policemen cannot plan to thwart drug pushers, generals cannot plot to frustrate the tricks of other generals if it is all to appear in tomorrow's headlines. So in the free world the public have been taught to want to know more than they should while governments have reacted by seeking to conceal more than they need.

This is a splendid situation for the media. By proclaiming the sanctity of the right to know they show themselves to be knights, or barons, at the head of a shining crusade while the circulation figures mount reassuringly. Meanwhile the unfortunate government, whatever its politics, cannot show its own hand, is forced on the defensive and can be portrayed as secretive, incompetent, evasive, dithering, fearful. Charges which can be cunningly fostered by hostile foreign governments are cheerfully pressed by political opponents and are sometimes supported by the leaks of high-principled employees with photocopying machines as well as by the occasional inanities of the secret services. This is a mad but not unhealthy state of affairs. The price of freedom being eternal vigilance, a free press pursuing its own

ends is probably as cheap a way as could be devised for a country to fund its vigilance. The Press Council here helps a little. It keeps the front lawn trimmed even if the back garden remains a jungle. Indeed, there is little more to be done to limit the zeal of newspapers unless one resorts to the habit pinned on to the English by Voltaire and from time to time shoots a managing editor to encourage the others. But that would make martyrs and there are few things Fleet Street likes better than a good martyr, however bad.

BBC journalists clearly feel that their freedom to be their own judges of their use of their power is under threat. In its evidence to the Peacock Committee on the future of the financing of the Corporation the National Union of Journalists proposes that they shall be further protected by diluting the powers of the Governors. To shield the BBC against exploitation for political purposes by the government of the day, it proposes the creation of a new supervisory body which would appoint the Governors, investigate the BBC's use of resources and report to Parliament. Such a proposal cannot be healthy for the Corporation. If the BBC's powers are to be wisely controlled it must be from within and by strong use of the Governors' influence. It cannot be achieved by breaking up that influence, although the attraction for the journalists of this proposal is that by dividing authority, they are likely to rule more freely.

An additional fallacy lies in their further proposal that the new body shall be appointed by Parliament. It is simplistic in the extreme to suppose that the protection of the BBC from political pressure from Government can be assured by a body appointed by Government, for Parliament in such a context means the governing party in the House of Commons or, stripped of all niceties, the Chief Whip and the Prime Minister of the day.

As a simple matter of good organisation, the freedom of the BBC from on the one hand improper political pressure from government and on the other from improper use by key personnel of their power over the content of programmes and the selection of broadcasters, can only be assured by arming the Governors with undivided power and responsibility. As between the Government and the Corporation, the BBC by its very success has made itself into a highly influential international institution and it must accept the consequences.

Equally, the Government must accept that it has to deal with a miniature state within the state, to be handled with diplomacy and not directives. To take the recent IRA incident as an example, it is wholly unacceptable, indeed it is ludicrous, that the BBC should formulate and pursue an Irish policy of its own without apparently seeking advice from the Northern Ireland Office or keeping it informed of its intended actions. The BBC is not an island, entire of itself. Nor on the other hand is it just an appendage of the Home or Foreign Offices. If small may be compared with great, it is a self-governing dominion but within the Commonwealth. The relationship between Minister and Chairman should be such that at an early stage in the IRA affair a message could pass on the lines of—'My sources tell me that your people are making a film including an interview with the IRA. Re-

membering the last time this happened and the trouble it brought to your office and mine, to say nothing of the poor devils in the Northern Ireland Office, I pass the information on in case your own grapevine has not brought it up to your desk.' Indeed, the relationship should be such that at a much earlier stage the idea should have been tossed about between the two authorities to find how best to extract the greatest value from it as news and as 'good broadcasting' while minimising the possible damage to anglo-loyalist relations.

But it must be recognised that the control of the power of their staff poses a tougher problem for the Governors on a day-to-day basis than the rare international crises when BBC and Government may find themselves on a collision course. The BBC disposes of an immense reservoir of power to influence the thinking of people at home and world-wide; and it, or its staff, claim the right to use that power subject only to its own standards. Yet for admirers and critics alike such a claim must pose the age-old question, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes*—who is to control the controllers? From November 1923 and for the next fifteen years, there was an answer: John Reith. But not today. And as the power to influence millions is devolved through an increasingly numerous broadcasting hierarchy the Governors' power to control it becomes more and more diluted and the belief of those who wield it in the rightness of their own judgment must become more firmly rooted.

The power lies, of course, not only, or perhaps not even mainly, with the writers of the scripts but with those who select the subjects to be treated and decide who shall speak and on what. Some years ago, MPs of one of the parties became indignant when one of their number was put up with some regularity by the BBC to give the Party point of view when he would have been the last choice of the parliamentary party as its spokesman. But it was not for the party to choose but for the BBC and he was chosen, everyone recognised, not because he was representative but because he was amusing, unorthodox, largely unpredictable—in other words, 'good broadcasting.' One cannot quantify the influence wielded by those who choose an Any Questions team or select which out of a hundred letters are to be read in Any Answers, but it is clearly immense when spread over weeks and months.

The problem is not made easier by the fact that news and views are shaped for broadcasting by brilliant and experienced men and women who have become adept at swimming through shoals of well-intentioned directives. It is by the free use of their skills and their freedom that they have built up much of the great reputation of the BBC. The foreign correspondents in particular produce reports of the highest quality—perceptive, balanced, often courageous, for many of them are subjected to restrictive surveillance. The problems do not arise through the quality of programmes nor the professionalism of their presentation but from the necessity to impose limits upon the manner in which the immense power of the broadcasting medium is to be used. Lord Acton's 'Power tends to corrupt' may be too fierce an alarm in this context, but Samuel Johnson's (what a broad-

to the Assembly claims that many people were killed or injured during these clashes.

There were protest meetings in Ankara, Bursa and Istanbul as well as in other towns, organised by the Society for Solidarity with the Balkan Turks. During these meetings many details were brought to light, giving a general picture of the conditions under which the Turks in Bulgaria are living today. It was declared that the authorities had banned any celebration not only of traditional Turkish holidays but of all religious feasts; that all Turkish schools and mosques had been closed (so that religious ceremonies were clandestinely observed in people's homes) and that any one speaking Turkish in public or owning books in Turkish was persecuted.

Tanjug's Ankara correspondent reported after talking to refugees who had managed to escape from Bulgaria:

First of all the army and the police cordon off a Turkish village and then drive the population to the public square. Here they have to hand over their documents and are then forced to sign a statement that they will not emigrate to Turkey and that they wish to have their Turkish names changed into Bulgarian ones. The Bulgarian post office has stopped deliveries of letters and parcels and refuses to relay telephone calls to persons with Turkish names.

The news of disorders in the Rhodopes and frontier regions of Bulgaria caused by the Turkish minority's resistance are actually no surprise. 'The invisible war' is the term used for relations between the government in Sofia and the Turkish minority by the former minister of the interior, Anton Yugov, already begun during the first months of the rule of the Fatherland Front. In the summer of 1950 there were frequent and serious clashes between the militia, and the Turkish minority so that the great powers intervened. Later, negotiations between Bulgaria and Turkey finally resulted in an agreement. According to the latter, Ankara agreed to allow the first group of Bulgarian Turks—250,000 of them—to emigrate to Turkey. However, both sides tried to abuse the imposed agreement for their own purposes. As soon as the news of the agreement was announced, over 600,000 Turks applied for emigration. The Bulgarian authorities seized this opportunity to make what they called a 'selection' and first of all transported all undesirables to the frontiers, among them what the Turkish authorities claimed to be a large number of communist agents. Being in serious economic difficulties at the time Ankara was not exactly delighted at the prospect of having to deal with 250,000 refugees within three months. Disregarding the Agreement, Bulgaria then declared that the emigrants would only be permitted to take their personal effects with them, and that a special permit and payment of duty would be required for the 'export' of other belongings.

And so the 'Agreement on the lasting solution of the Turkish minority question in Bulgaria' was a non-event and only some fifty thousand Turks, mainly well-off people, managed to emigrate.

Under such circumstances, it was decided at the Plenary session of the Bulgarian Communist Party Central Committee, convened in the spring of 1951, that a radical change should be made in the policy towards 'Bulgarians of Turkish extraction.' The Plenum decided that all 'Muslim-

Bulgarians' (apart from the Turkish minority in Bulgaria now estimated to number 1,200,000, there are about 200,000 Bulgarian Muslims known as 'Pomaks'), must as soon as possible: 'become integrated within the system of the Fatherland Front Homeland.' At the same time Turks were enrolled *en masse* in the Communist Party and a corresponding number of them were included in the local and regional administration. However, despite initial reports on the success of this campaign, it was openly admitted at the 1958 Plenary session of the Central Committee that the Turkish minority—'Bulgarians of Turkish extraction'—was resisting and sabotaging the construction of socialism, being conservative and full of religious bias.

In the spring of 1964 a campaign was launched at the initiative of the Central Committee to embark on a comprehensive 'ideological struggle' in Pirin Macedonia and the frontier regions, the aim being to assimilate both the Macedonian and Turkish minorities. One of the campaign's immediate tasks was to introduce Bulgarian names before issuing new identity cards. Following the accepted routine the campaign was carried out by teams of party activists backed up by militia guards. At the same time a government regulation was enforced through the communes and registrars according to which a newly born child, regardless of what nationality its parents belonged to, could only be given a name recorded in the 'list of pure Bulgarian names'. This list, containing some 2,000 names, was drawn up and issued by the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences.

Fighting broke out in some villages. Municipal centres were set on fire and the disorders assumed the proportions of a revolt so that finally the army was called in. The Central Committee Secretary of that time, Todor Zhivkov, appointed a popular general, Ivan Bachvarov, to settle the disorders peaceably. All arrested persons were released and the Turks were allowed to retain their Turkish names. However, during subsequent years there were occasional riots, and even armed clashes. The most serious rioting broke out early in 1971 when several party activists were killed in the town Pazardzhik. Many Turks were also killed and hundreds of people arrested. Two of the demonstrators were sentenced to death in April 1971. The Turks formed a large protest delegation on whom the militia opened fire at the approaches to the town Samokov, killing several people. These violent disorders recurred in 1974 when a new assimilation campaign was launched. It was then that all 1320 mosques were finally closed, with the exception of one old mosque in the centre of Sofia which was left open for propaganda purposes. The last major disorders broke out in 1981 when an official release stated that seven 'Turkish bandits' had been killed.

These are only some of many recorded and verified data which reached the public despite the well maintained wall of silence.

The political practice pursued by the Bulgarian state and leading political factors in relationship to the Turkish and Macedonian minorities—and whose outrages and open conflicts periodically shock the public—has provided itself with ideological and legal-theoretical coverage. For,

as is generally known, the present Constitution of the PR of Bulgaria (promulgated in 1971) unlike the 1947 Constitution makes no mention of minorities, nor does it provide for any special minority rights.

In a documented study, *Protection of Ethnic Minorities in Eastern Europe*, Professor Dr. Georg Brunner writes:

Bulgaria is the only country (apart from Poland to a certain extent) which refuses to recognise, in theory or practice, the existence of minorities, and which does not grant these minorities: a) the development of national culture; b) the use of their mother tongue and c) any kind of minority organisation.

Professor Brunner stresses that today in Bulgaria about 15% of the population belong to minorities and that the minorities' basic rights were guaranteed in the Peace Treaty with Bulgaria signed in Paris on February 10, 1947, as well as in a number of international treaties and agreements signed later (*Almanac of the Institute for Eastern Law*, Bonn, December 1984).

The *Bulgarian Encyclopaedia* issued by the Academy of Sciences in 1978 states that

wholesome spiritual and political unity has been established among Bulgarian citizens, a unity which cannot be disrupted by unimportant, second-rate differences such as linguistic, ethnographical or other differences. The majority of the population has rid itself of religious and similar prejudices.

The violence and duration of the present disorders and clashes in the frontier regions as well as public pressure finally induced the Turkish government, and the Prime Minister, Dr. Ozela, openly to denounce Bulgaria because of its 'reprisals against the Turkish minority'. At the same time numerous Turkish organisations, especially of Turkish emigrants, have launched a campaign which is to inform all Moslem states, as well as the UN Human Rights Commission, about the position and condition of the Turkish minority in Bulgaria.

According to experts on Bulgarian affairs the present disorders came as surprise even to the Bulgarian leaders who actually wanted to translate into practice 'without delay' the decisions of the latest Plenary session of the Bulgarian Communist Party Central Committee providing for the 'Acceleration of the Process of Forming a Homogeneous Socialist Bulgarian Nation'.

Explaining why it is necessary to speed up this new wave of assimilation of the Turkish (as well as the Macedonian) minority, the Central Committee maintains that 'belonging to a nationality constitutes an element of the obsolescent bourgeois society, a remnant of the past, and that it will completely disappear after the purification and homogeneousness of the population, which will thus develop into a uniform Bulgarian socialist nation!'

[Dr. Anton Kolendic is a political writer and commentator, specialising in Turkish and East European affairs.]

WILL SRI LANKAN DEMOCRACY MOVE TO THE LEFT?

by **Buddhadasa P. Kirthisinghe**

SRI LANKAN Democracy is still in a stable state, as it has deep roots in democratic traditions inherited from her Buddhist heritage. Yet certain conditions are putting these traditions in jeopardy and one of the main reasons is the climate of deep and widening ethnic hate between Jaffna (Ceylon) Tamils and the Singhalese Majority living in the Island republic. The Ceylon Tamils are demanding that a mini-state called 'Elam' should be established; while the Singhalese majority rejects it and tries to uphold a unitary Government for all the Island. This hostility between the two ethnic groups has a historic background dating back to the 1st Century BC. Yet reconciliation is still possible by joint action of India, the Motherland of the region and South Asia's most dominant power, assisted by the Superpower, America. Such reconciliation should be attempted as soon as possible, as the Island's style of Democracy is becoming eroded and may move towards the left, as leftist politicians are awaiting their turn to seize power.

The recorded history of Sri Lanka begins during the 6th Century BC, about the time of the Buddha in India, when the indigenous people of the Island, of the Malayali type (Malabar type of South India) intermarried with the invading North Indians of Aryan stock to form the Singhalese race who speak Hindi, an Indo-Aryan tongue. This mixture of races produced heterosis (a genetical term) of racial vigour, and produced a new civilisation at Anuradhapura, North Central Province, Sri Lanka.

In the 3rd Century BC Emperor Asoka of India came to the throne of his father's Maurayan Empire and, becoming a devout Buddhist, turned what was then the small sectarian religion of Buddhism into an international one. He sent his own son and daughter as Buddhist missionaries to Sri Lanka, and with the acceptance of Buddhism by King Tissa of Ceylon and his people, the Singhalese civilisation blossomed into its golden age. It produced art, dance forms, architecture, irrigation works, city planning and university education with an individuality of its own although borrowed originally from India.

During the 1st Century BC, the Tamils from South India began to attack that centre, causing the people to move 20 miles or so away to Polonaruwa and, as the Tamil attacks became unbearable, they finally moved further inland. As the Singhalese abandoned these centres of civilisation and their vast irrigation schemes were destroyed by the Tamils, they became malarial. Thus, a separation occurred due to malaria, when these Tamils settled in the very northern tip of Sri Lanka known as Jaffna and, confined there, were termed 'Jaffna Tamils'. Therefore, admittedly, there is an historical animosity between the two ethnic groups.

Documented history of Sri Lanka, as recorded in the *Nahawansa*

translated into English by W. Geiger, a German Indologist, informs us that for over 2,000 years the Singhalese people were time and again terrorised by the Tamils. History records that the once flourishing Amuradhapura, a centre of Singhalese civilisation, and the subsequent Polenarawn kingdom were both plundered and wiped out by the Tamils. On several occasions they ruled the country with an iron hand, subjugating the Singhalese people to Tamil armed power. It is living testimony to the righteous determination of the Singhalese that they have an identity today in Sri Lanka.

Since achieving independence from the United Kingdom in 1948, successive governments of Sri Lanka committed themselves to democracy, the rule of the laws, constitutional justice, free education from kindergarten to University including medical, law, engineering, science and technology, enabling Ceylon to become one of the most literate countries in Asia, if not the world. It has totally free medical services from birth to the grave. Ceylon has a secular constitution guaranteeing freedom of worship, free speech and assembly.

Under British Colonial rule, these Jaffna Tamils had obtained 50% of the jobs in government service although they were only 12% of the population. Of the balance of the jobs available 20% went to mixed races—white/brown; 10% to the British; and only 20% remained for the Singhalese who constituted 75% of the population. The British did not seem to care one way or the other. The Singhalese had had to endure this injustice under British Colonial rule.

In 1948, when independence came, the Jaffna Tamils had the audacity to go to the British Labour Government and demand that 50% of the parliamentary representation be kept for them by nomination, although they were a small minority. The British Labour Government contemptuously rejected their demands and gave normal rights to the Singhalese majority, and to all other ethnic groups legally settled in Sri Lanka at that time. This was the third instance of the Singhalese becoming restive at the attitude of the Jaffna Tamils towards the welfare of the entire Island.

Thus, with independence in 1948, these Jaffna Tamils could not maintain their previous privileged position given them by the British, and began to protest about the Singhalese's imaginary injustices. The Singhalese, being mostly Buddhists, were very generous to the Jaffna Tamils, giving them 25% of all available jobs although their quota was only 12%. Still they were not happy, demanding that up to at least 40% of all jobs available be marked down for the Jaffna Tamils.

The Jaffna Tamils always try to speak for the Indian Tamils who recently settled among the Singhalese in the rural areas of Ceylon and on the tea estates. These Indian settlers do not want the Jaffna Tamils to speak for them, as they find them selfish and trouble-making. They have their own social and political organisations to protect their rights and do not desire any interference or assistance from the Jaffna Tamils.

The Singhalese with all these ethnic pressures tried to be fair and compassionate; yet the Jaffna Tamils were still dissatisfied with the

decline of their former influence and privileged position under British Colonial Administration. This was inevitable as other ethnic groups in the Island began to assert themselves.

Then Tamils organised themselves politically and formed the United Tamils Liberation Front with the avowed objective of dividing the Island in two by seizing the Northern half and driving the Singhalese down to the South. They formed terrorist groups called Tigers to destroy Post Offices and Police Stations; to rob banks, commit arson and to assassinate policemen and National Soldiers as well as to drive away the Singhalese minority living in the Jaffna area where Jaffna Tamils predominate. They were successful, and now one hundred per cent of the people living in the Jaffna area are Tamils. The leaders of the Tamil Liberation Front have fallen into disfavour and are now in hiding either in the Singhalese areas or in India. The Tamil fighting was taken over by the Tigers who kill not only the Singhalese but also those who oppose them among their own Tamils. Some people suspect that they are a Marxist oriented group, who intend to bring the whole Island under Marxist rule.

As already said, the Ceylon (Jaffna) Tamils are fighting to establish a mini-state of Ellam in the Jaffna Peninsula region and in the Eastern province of Sri Lanka. Their warriors and war materials come from the Tamil state of Nader of South India and the Sri Lankan Government has responded by bringing in the army. The result is endless fighting, as in Northern Ireland. The North Ceylon Tamils and their territory are being systematically destroyed in the process. In the Singhalese areas, the economy is becoming eroded by this mini war. In the up-country, where Sri Lanka's famous teas are cultivated, live the descendants of the former Indian labourers brought to Ceylon by the British planters at the height of their power. It is time to take statesman-like action to settle the poverty stricken Singhalese villages and these former Indian Tamil families in mixed settlements in abandoned tea plantations, providing for integration, and employment, with schools where English, Singhalese and Tamil would be taught on a compulsory basis.

The Sri Lankans of all shades of background and various religions, with the exception perhaps of a small clique of Jaffna Tamil separatists, were much relieved when the Indian Prime Minister, Rajiv Gandhi, assured the President, J. R. Jayardine, of Sri Lanka that India would not encourage the creation of separate states in the Northern and Southern provinces of the Island Republic. That provided an impetus for the declaration of an amnesty to all rebels on the island together with a call to lay down arms. The splinter groups are at this moment negotiating peace terms with a Sri Lankan government team in Bhutan. It is to be hoped that economic development can now be speeded up to ensure that Sri Lanka takes its place as a new bastion of modern democracy.

[Dr. Buddhadasa P. Kirthisinghe, General Secretary of the Society for Asian Affairs, has now returned to his native Sri Lanka.]

GREECE AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

by Richard Cottrell, MEP

IF the European Community is ever confronted by the need to evict a member of the club, it will be faced with the extraordinary absence of any house rules with which to accomplish the task. The political bible bequeathed by the founding fathers, the Treaty of Rome, is ominously silent about the actual conditions of membership. And in the best part of thirty years spent harmonising the size of duck eggs and treacle tins, no one in Brussels has apparently taken time off to define the essential requirements of membership of the European Communities, or what to do if a member state becomes a rotten egg.

This clearly emerges from my attempt to force the Council of Ministers, through Parliamentary question procedure, to face up to a potentially serious problem. Why is it serious? And why now? The first clue lies in the political condition and behaviour of an existing member state, Greece. There are now many people in the Berlaymont headquarters of the Brussels Commission whose patience is rapidly becoming exhausted with a country where the government is regarded nervously by its own population and which consistently demonstrates a paper-thin adherence to the spirit and principles of the Treaty of Rome. Greece, in short, is making hay inside the EEC, mostly with large amounts of ECU siphoned off from Brussels to pump up the ramshackle Greek economy, which has the attractive side benefit of luring voters into the ruling Pasok (socialist) fold.

The founding fathers, preoccupied as they were with an ever-closer union of European peoples arising from the debris of war, simply failed to foresee the possibility of one member state engaging in a gigantic rip-off of all the others. That is why the Treaty is, quite frankly, delightfully and absent-mindedly naïve on the subject of membership discipline. The founders of the Community also suffered from the touching delusion that merely to sign up and join the club was in itself an expression of determination to defend and extend democratic principles. We heard a good deal of that when the Hellenic Republic transformed the Nine into Ten, and more still during the long negotiations, now concluded, to bring in Spain and Portugal on New Year's Day.

Yet the fact is that there is now less democracy in Greece, not more. The Greek people enjoy fewer individual freedoms than all other EEC citizens and the Greek Government is doing nothing to inject more liberty into a nation which, as the redoubtable Helen Vlachos once put it, 'has suffered from too many experiences.' Greece, she declared, had liberty, but not democracy. So much for the nourishing chalice passed from Brussels. It is proven that the Community cannot export democracy along with lavish subsidies for olive-oil growers and raisin farmers. Indeed, the strains imposed by Community membership on essentially developing (or presently non-developing) economies like that of Greece

may actually contribute seriously to a decay in democratic values.

With the Greek experience clearly before us, there are no very good reasons to believe, at this stage, that Portuguese and Spanish entry will run any the happier. When she finally steps over the welcome mat Portugal will be the EEC's third world recruit, the poorest member. Portugal is horribly short of transferable resources and her politicians frightfully inexperienced in the management of democracy. The country has never settled down, post-Salazar, and is currently plumbing the depths of a severe economic crisis. Even allowing for the lengthy transition period to full Community obligations, Portugal does not have the look of a nation which can square up to the task. Bad habits invariably spread quickly. The politicians in Lisbon need only become disciples of Andreas Papandreou in Athens in order to extract the maximum in benefits from the Community, while contributing the minimum in terms of the obligations of membership. It is also plain that if Greece has found the process of adapting to the free trade, no barriers, open competition philosophy enshrined in the Treaties somewhat difficult, then Portugal may well find it nigh well impossible. One senior diplomat in Brussels confided to me the other day, with Portugal specifically in mind, that the feat was equivalent to fitting a cardboard aeroplane with a jet engine.

Spain is a vastly different proposition, yet no one in Brussels dares to think about the prospects for democracy in that country if the military become restless again, or if King Carlos is martyred by the Basque death squads. Regional tensions are still powerfully opposed to the centre. Spain shares with Portugal long centuries of Iberian divorce from the mainstream of Continental evolution. Since both managed to stay out of the last European tribal conflict, it could be argued that isolationism conveys certain benefits: but not so, in this case, because it was the crushing misery of war and the desire among the majority of European governments not to resort to it again which brought the European Community into existence. That spirit which proved to have irresistible magnetic attractions even for the British is simply not shared by the political forces of whatever hue which are responsible for the fortunes of Spain and Portugal. Lack of commitment, as we have seen with Greece (and to be fair, in Britain and Denmark, too) weakens the glue which is supposed to bind Community members together.

Therefore, even before one discusses the possibilities of expelling a member state which fails to conform to democratic norms accepted by the majority of members (no reference whatsoever contained within the Treaty), there is the trigger question of discipline and whilst the Treaty is not foggy at all on that point, the Community immediately demonstrates the lack of any enforcement procedure. Of course, the Commission can take recalcitrant states to the Court at Luxembourg, and it frequently does. The Court, like the Commission, is endowed with the responsibility of custodianship of the Treaties and their real meaning. But the Court cannot enforce its judgements through a system of fines or by suspension of a member state from any of the rights and privileges conveyed to it

by membership of the Community. Many people have argued for this but nothing has been done. The present discussions which are directed at fundamental reform of the existing Treaty—and even the establishment of an entirely new one—are entirely silent on matters of discipline. The Greeks are therefore encouraged to believe that they can do what they like and get away with it. Again the augury for Spanish and Portuguese membership is not encouraging.

Earlier this year, the Council swiftly deflected the question I tabled as to what action could or would be taken in the event of a political disturbance within a member state leading to a suspension of democracy. The points were—

- What contingency arrangements have been made by the Council to deal with the event
- Would the member state be immediately suspended from the full rights and privileges of membership
- Will the Council state under which article(s) of the Treaty it would act
- If no contingency arrangements have been made, why not

Not unexpectedly, the answer merely reaffirmed the specious and vague references to peace and liberty scattered across the preamble to the Rome treaty and went on to poetically declare how the European identity (whatever that might be) was a subtle blend of 'cherished values of legal, political and moral order.' No doubt true, but Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, Salazar and the Greek colonels made short work of cherished values (especially those contained within international treaties) when faced with different and more interesting priorities.

It will not do for the Council of Ministers to argue that simply by 'joining the club', some unknown and unseen process of political alchemy will transfer the magic juices of democracy to any new recruits who come knocking at the door. The southward thrust of the Community towards Mediterranean shores has changed the political nexus of 'Europe' entirely. Henceforth, we shall be more preoccupied than we are now with Mediterranean attitudes which, as I have tried to show, have not been fed by the mainstream of continental political forces. The EEC is about to contain three states (and I am not including Italy in that equation) where democracy is patently a very frail plant which, in predictable circumstances, might keel over. Even if we leave that aside as a worst-case scenario, we are left with the so-far magnificently unanswered question of how to impose discipline before the rotten egg stage arrives.

Contemporary members of the Community are currently enjoying themselves moralising over the disorder in South Africa. One state, Britain, is in the pillory because she is reluctant to invoke 'sanctions'—and thus a wholly inappropriate export of European liberal attitudes. Why should Greece, which has done nothing to evolve a satisfactory liberal society for itself, prescribe solutions for a country where immensely difficult, and dangerous, forces are at work and where the European

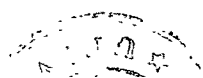
concept of liberalism is in any case entirely inappropriate? Yet that is the logic of the political college described as the Council of Ministers. At the same time, no one in the Community is prepared to sit down and think seriously about the problem of sanctions for club members who break rules they themselves accepted.

None of the existing mechanisms devised (or one should say, inherited) is sufficient to deal with what is the rapidly deteriorating position of Greece. Greek ministers in Council, the Greek Commissioner in Brussels, Greek Euro MPs and Greek officials within the institutions can veto, block and frustrate the most ingenious initiatives designed to bring the country back on course towards her Community obligations. And if it is that the spirit of Community membership somehow obliges a collective responsibility for a state which runs into trouble, how can it be that Greece is knocking at the door of the intensive care ward, if not yet actually being wheeled in? It is wholly depressing that the same opportunities will be deployed before the Spanish and Portuguese newcomers and, to be absolutely fair, is already available to any one of the 'established' members who decided to go off at a tangent.

When France behaved badly in the early days of the Six and pursued the so-called 'empty chair' policy, only political bribery got her back, resulting in the infamous Luxembourg compromise over states' rights and irreparable damage to the Community decision-making mechanism. Given the enormous shift in political power within the Community, we can only expect more of the same. It is ironic that those who demonstrate the greatest enthusiasm for the inspiration of the Founding Fathers will suffer the most acute disappointment at the inevitable collapse of those holy aspirations. If the Community is serious about surviving the process known as enlargement, then it must think and act quickly on the matter of internal discipline. Is it so terrible to contemplate swift and effective punishment for a member state which runs amok over the rules? A spell in the isolation ward—suspension from all credits and payments, suspension from rights and privileges of membership—could well prove a far greater democratic tonic for countries like Spain, Portugal and Greece than all the wordy nonsense emanating from Brussels about cherished values. No one likes to see their country in the international dock and if the prospect of that becomes a powerful impulse for public opinion in any member state, political forces are more likely to rear back from the brink.

Few doubt that the institutions of the European Community require reform. That is not the debate here. But in the process of re-shaping the Community, the opportunity should not be lost to re-define its political objectives. The alternative is slow and painful dissolution.

[Richard Cottrell is Member of the European Parliament for Bath and Bristol.]



MID-TERM OR TERMINAL BLUES?

by Paul Rose

IN four hours I have left behind the scorching heat and warm waters of Southern Turkey and hit the grey cold of this year's English summer.

Politics can change almost as fast in this shrinking planet. A few weeks ago I was assuring my unbelieving Turkish friends with patriotic pride that the BBC was not run by the State but was about as objective as a radio station or television channel can be. Not only had it meanwhile yielded to the thinly veiled censorship of the Home Office but its links with MI5 and the Foreign Office were being exposed in the newspapers piling up during my absence among the banana plants and turquoise waters of the last unspoiled coastline in the Mediterranean, New Paragone. By the same token, one takes the same risk in writing for a monthly journal as events flash daily upon television screens. As an afterthought, why, I ask myself, should the British public be denied the right to understand the mentalities of violent Nationalists and Unionists? Without understanding, how can one formulate viable policies to counter them? The conclusion must be that Mrs. Thatcher, now unpopular among my straw poll of English tourists by seven to three, knows best—or thinks she does. This proportion is revealed to have about the same support on the evidence before me in the more scientific polls conducted in my absence.

With equal pride, I assured my hosts that bribery was not part of the British way of life, but was forced to concede that the old boy network was. Perhaps this accounts for the almost incomprehensible decision before the summer holidays to give substantial rises to the 'top people' while finding ever more ingenious ways of saving on welfare benefits to the most deprived sections of society. With inflation and unemployment both rising, the Government was as off course mid-term as Lord Wilson ever was after the seamen's strike.

The rebellion in the Conservative camp was almost without precedent as backbenchers announced with a pride usually reserved for Labour left wingers, how they defied the Whip. Many were names not heard of before from marginal seats won from Labour in the North or threatened by a resurgent Alliance in the South. Indeed, my first cutting on my return—with this article in mind—was headed 'Tories suffer 16 defeats in black month at polls', reminding me after the last two Alliance bye election victories that in the last two years the Conservatives have had a net loss of 129 local government seats, Alliance candidates have gained 144 seats and Labour gained 60 and lost 49. This is in keeping with the empirical evidence and the broad outline of the polls. And yet how many times, when in Government, did I start my summer recess with relief after a series of apparent catastrophes only to find that a fine summer and a reshuffle plus the odd bonus soon changed the national mood.

This time, however, it may well be different and although I have frequently predicted Labour's permanent decline, the very strength of the

Alliance could, if the affable Neil Kinnock can just hold the line, give Labour a remarkable boost in terms of seats where concentration rather than numbers of voters determine the outcome and very small changes in the present division of votes could make immense differences in terms of seats.

It should be David Owen's priority to menace the Labour heartlands, but in what some see as an easy option he has capitalised on Tory disaffection to take seat after seat along with the Liberals in traditional Tory areas. The pattern is not uniform, but the SDP suffers from over-centralisation, a self-congratulatory weekly journal and policies which have little that is repulsive but little to stir the radical pulse into positive action. Hence the greater attraction both of David Steel and the Liberal Party Radicals within the Alliance which emerges to the left of an S.D.P. which increasingly resembles the German Free Democrats rather than Social Democrats in whose image it was largely created. As for Labour, its internal stresses have yet to surface with the violent clash of ideologies that must inevitably demand a skill and authority which Kinnock and Hattersley have yet to prove they possess, despite their impact at Bournemouth.

However, the rebellion in the Tory ranks was not a one-off phenomenon. The Centre Forward Group, the repeated revolts over the Metropolitan Counties, the realisation that monetarism has not worked and unemployment climbs yet higher is so widespread that loyalists, deprived of the jingoism against the Argentinians can turn their wrath upon 'football hooligans', 'purblind Marxists' to quote the ever shriller John Selwyn Gummer, or Aims of Industry's warning of political violence which it regards as an immediate threat in Britain. Pickets and the Belgian disaster are bracketed without sociological justification except in so far as both may be connected with the hopelessness endemic in our current society. Similarly, Marxism and militarism are equated and the blind, brutish and tribal violence of the football hanger-on—not, I may add, the true fan—surely is a reflection of those very values much praised in our institutions such as the marines and the police but not in the miners or the protesters at Greenham Common. In a nation polarised economically, there is a growing ideological gulf and many reasonable, tolerant and mature people have decided to say a plague on both your houses.

The economic minimal state intervention approach is married to greater state intervention in policing, intrusion into privacy, censorship and control of voluntary organisations inimical to the prevailing new right. Meanwhile, the pillars of consensus accepted after the post-war Labour Government, particularly in health care and the provision for, if not the method, of education have been rent asunder and the Temple has fallen upon Sir Keith Joseph's head. It is one thing to apply the law of the market to television sets and consumer goods. It is another to attempt to apply it to services that, by definition, are not profit making and here Socialists, Alliance supporters and traditional Tories would agree from differing standpoints.

Already the Government has shied away from alienating its own supporters over tax concessions on pensions and rethinking on ratecapping. However, a poll tax as opposed to rates may be a Frankenstein and failure to

attack the rotting infrastructure in the form of homes, roads, industrial dereliction or contempt for the Green Belt will unite various strands of Tory opponents of the Iron Lady. When two Tory mayors defect to the SDP 'because of the drift to the right' and 'bumper pay awards . . . while forcing young people in lodgings to move on if they couldn't find a job' it is a symptom of the unease in the ranks of traditional decent Conservatives just as the Popplewell Enquiry and the rather feeble laws linking violence in the stadium to alcohol is a symptom of the Government's unwillingness to grasp the nettle of a society where violence is increasing, commensurate with the lack of social cohesion, breakdown of communities, hopelessness of young people and a mistrustful relationship between police and policed. Mrs. Thatcher has few words to say about racial violence. Hers is the only Common Market country to resist further sanctions on South Africa and while she applauds Bob Geldorf, the band-aid seems reserved for private patients. The violent militancy of large sections of the Labour Party—albeit no longer a mass party—is the mirror image.

The very qualities which won the last election are as perceived currently by the electorate to be negative when a flexible approach is needed. However, by the time of the next election, shareholding in British Telecom, Brit Oil, etc. will have extended the appeal to those resisting traditional Labour attitudes. There will be more people with a stake in home ownership. Less will work in the unionised fields or in manufacture and more will be self-employed. The unemployed, the tenant, the ethnic minority groups will coincide roughly with geographical boundaries. Old habits and allegiances and new issues can well swing the pendulum and while Labour's heartlands may expand, the full swing may not operate and the pendulum may go just so far as to leave the Alliance in the position they hold in so many counties. For once, I am doubtful of a full recovery from mid-term blues, albeit a partial recovery is likely for the Party with the reins of power.

This leaves one other scenario. The Conservative Party has a great talent for self-preservation and adaptation that has served it well. If, through conviction or stubbornness, Mrs. Thatcher appears to be leading her troops into the mouth of hell this is no longer a light brigade not to reason why. A swift palace coup to save party and nation would present a new image to the electorate that would wipe out all current assumptions—and there are many disgruntled Tories, be they ex-ministers or new boys from the marginals. Perhaps the Committee of Enquiry into Crowd Safety should be directed to the terraces behind the Prime Minister before more damage is done.

[*'The Fourth Dimension'* by Paul Rose, a comment on the Annual Trades Union and Party conferences, will be published in the December issue.]

THE 'GERMAN QUESTION'

by C. C. Aronsfeld

A GHOST is abroad in Europe and its name is the German Question. Is it 'open' or is it 'closed'—that is the question, and all according to what the answer is, different feelings will be aroused in different parts of the Continent. Have Germany's frontiers been settled for good or must they remain 'open' until their present *de facto* state has been sanctioned *de jure* by a peace treaty that has yet, formally, to end the Second World War? After 40 years, it must seem weird to think of 'ending' the second war while thoughts of a third are already oppressing men's minds. Yet it is a thoroughly realistic proposition inasmuch as it is seriously and resolutely canvassed by the Government of West Germany, one of the strongest partners of the Western Alliance.

Chancellor Helmut Kohl left no doubt about it when he appeared before those of his compatriots who had to leave the territories—Silesia, Sudetenland, East Prussia—that were lost in 1945. He insisted that the 'German question' must remain 'open' though it could be resolved 'only in collaboration with our Eastern and Western neighbours' and 'only through peaceful means'. He made it quite clear that the 'open German question' meant Germany was bigger than the present Federal Republic and that 'the last word over greater Germany has not yet been spoken'. While this talk went down well with the audience of expellees, they were less pleased by the Chancellor's equally emphatic declaration that West Germany had no territorial ambitions against Poland (which 'administers' some of the lands). The Silesians who consider their exodus tantamount to the Holocaust had advertised their annual convention under the motto 'Silesia is Ours' and were only with some effort prevailed upon to change it to 'Silesia remains our future in a Europe of free peoples'. Only then was the Chancellor prepared to address them. Even so, both the Soviets and Poland charged him with 'supporting the revanchist idea of the "temporary character" of current frontiers' as they could see hopes of a secure peace only in 'an unambiguous acceptance of the existing borders.'

Here lie the roots of disharmonies that may well prove of greater consequence than the activities of neo-Nazis and Waffen-SS veterans. What is at issue is one of those ideas pregnant with meaning which, in Nietzsche's phrase, walk about on pigeons' feet. It is certainly nothing like a goosetep. The 'German question' assumes almost a Socratic ring as it asks 'What is Germany?', what is the 'German identity?', what constitutes the German nation? These queries then turn immediately on the present state of Germany—the division of the country and the prospect of a revised status by way of eventual reunification.

These matters were several times and at great length debated in Parliament. Dr. Kohl explained that 'the core of his policy' was 'not to change frontiers but to remove them through humanitarianism and understanding with all our Eastern neighbours'; he recognised 'the territorial integrity

and the sovereignty of all states in Europe within their present frontiers'; it was an 'aim we stand passionately devoted to by reason of the experience and history of this century'.

Dr. Kohl argued his case in a remarkable address at Oxford where he stated the 'European dimension' of Germany's partition. He realised that the problem did not at present hold the world's attention but, he significantly added, 'we have not given up; we need patience, ability and resolve... until all Germans are granted, in a peaceful process, the right to self-determination'. This policy commands broadly the support of Parliament. The thought of a restoration of Germany within the frontiers of 1937 is dismissed as an illusion. Willy Brandt, the former Chancellor, for example, will hear nothing of this 'life lie'. According to him, the stationing of US missiles on German soil is enough to perpetuate the partition of Germany; all that could be done was to stress the things the two parts have in common, 'despite and within the division'. Beyond that, he believes, it is simply schizophrenia not to realise that the fear of a complete Germany always existed; it was certainly older than the Hitler challenge.

The trouble is (others say) Germans have never come to terms with the fact that they are placed in the centre of Europe where they can easily become domineering. Therefore renunciation of some territory was inevitable, and the leader of the Social Democratic (Opposition) Party, H. J. Vogel, warns against attempts to discredit renunciation politicians because that kind of propaganda was reviving one of the most destructive devices from the arsenal of Nazi and far Right nationalist demagoguery of the Weimar Republic.

Indeed, the renunciation of territory was furiously pilloried in Hitler's campaign. In flagrant disregard of the fact that no responsible statesman of the Weimar period ever accepted the then frontiers as final, he accused successive German Governments of pursuing a policy of compliance which he branded as rank treason. Renunciation of territory (*Verzicht* as it is called again) was denounced by him as the policy of yielding to pressure by 'the enemy'. The politicians whom he considered responsible for this policy should be hanged, he demanded, and some (Erzberger and Rathenau) were accordingly murdered.

Echoes of this type of propaganda, albeit as yet in a low key, can already be heard. 'Renunciation of territory' is fast becoming a familiar slogan on the far Right and beyond where the 'policy of sell-out' is decried as surrender to opportunism or 'licking the boots of the victors'. Germans (it is said) could no more renounce Silesia than Austria can South Tyrol or, in 1871, France could Alsace-Lorraine.

The question is, how far can such views hope to have an appeal in the country at large. Most of the big, internationally known newspapers will oppose them, but as in the Weimar Republic it is the smaller, provincial fry that may be more representative, and they are not always above suspicion. Dr. Kohl at all events was sufficiently embarrassed by dissidents to warn against the possible rise of a militant nationalism which might

even manifest itself in a new far Right party if the by no means negligible expelled organisations were antagonised; they might well supply a radical vote that could unsettle the present democratic system.

Nor is it only these quarters that need to be watched. Others too feel strongly about what they consider a denial of the right of self-determination. The President of the official All-German Institute in Bonn, Dr. Kühn, believes it is this denial that is creating in Germany the danger of an exaggerated nationalism which 'some people abroad even now think they must fear'. For Germans it would be a 'limitless disappointment', one that might 'alienate them from democracy', if they were to find themselves deserted by, of all nations, the Western democracies while trying to solve their national problems. This would also enable the Communists to gain an influence that was otherwise 'beyond their dreams'.

About the same time, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, a West German equivalent of the *New York Times*, warned both East and West against the dangerous assumption of a 'German reality' concerned with less than the minimum aim of peace and freedom on both sides of the border and insistence on the idea of one nation. Any failure to appreciate this was certain to revive a 'desperate German nationalism'. In a similar vein, the former Foreign Minister Dr. Gerhard Schröder urged Germans to be sure of themselves in pursuing the aim of reunification through self-determination, adding that in doing so they must admit no complexes which meant that 'the shadows of our past must not be allowed to lay us open to blackmail'.

Here the present links up with the past, and while Dr. Schröder belongs by no means to the far Right nationalists, he nevertheless, if perhaps unwittingly, echoes their claim that Germany can only hope to arise when she regains her self-confidence, her 'sense of dignity and moral stature' which could only come about by disowning the 'blackmail and lies' of the 'perfidious process of re-education'. The struggle for a united Germany will draw strength, it is insisted, from the fact that while its armies unconditionally surrendered in 1945, the German *Reich* did not, and agreements such as those of London, Yalta and Potsdam could never be binding on those who were no partners to them.

Ideas like these are now increasingly and defiantly canvassed. Suddenly a 'crisis of identity' is detected among those young Germans who are found to have been reared as 'Europeans' but now discover that they are in fact nothing if not Germans, with everything that the term Germany implies. Fritz is awakening and he recognises himself as 'Siegfried in chains'. In a book entitled *The Imperative of Nationalism*, Hans-Dietrich Sander hails this reawakening which he finds revealed in a 'literature of renewal' at a time when 'the once solid post-war order around us is crumbling'. The status quo, enforced by the USA and Russia, was being resented by all Europeans including the Germans whom the victors had first reduced to national impotence and then deprived of their 'will, individuality, history, substance and the awareness of their role in world

politics'.

In this sense, dynamic nationalists welcome the European idea because of what they regard as 'the world-wide exhaustion of the USA' which they feel must cause changes in the present, especially military, arrangements made in totally different circumstances a generation ago.

The US umbrella over Europe is deprecated as a negative, corrupting influence, and Dr. Henry Kissinger is quoted as having spoken of a 'demoralisation of the Western alliance', even if officially America's commitment to the protection of Europe is reaffirmed. In any case, the changes that are perceived in the flow of events appear to be favouring opportunities for Germany, especially a better understanding of the need for a 'reunification policy as the Germans' historical imperative', an aim which even French public opinion might give its blessing despite acknowledged fears that German patriotism could turn out to be an agent of anti-Western nationalism.

Upon this assessment of a reorientation of Western strategy in the sense of diminishing (if continuing) US control and allowing greater responsibility to the Europeans, German nationalists scent the morning air of solid prospects for an 'independent German policy', at the very least an increasing German ascendancy. While America is treated as amenable to the nationalist scheme, nothing is said about the stand likely to be taken by Russia. It does not seem to be regarded as an urgent consideration and past performance will not necessarily disprove the assumption. German-Russian deals after all are nothing unheard of. For the time being, it appears sufficient for German nationalists to anticipate a development which, it is frankly admitted, will 'compromise the results of the second world war on a European scale' and 'raze to the ground the post-war order'. There would then be an end (it is confidently calculated) to 'the murderous mortgage of a constant confrontation with the past', i.e. Hitler's crimes would be sunk in the general flow of German history, leaving it a little muddled perhaps but otherwise not very different from other people's history—which would be the purpose of the exercise.

BRITAIN AND THE LAW OF THE SEA

by Cyril D. Townsend, M.P.

THE United Kingdom Government formally stated that it did not intend to sign the Law of the Sea Treaty on 6th December 1984. It so happened that I initiated the Adjournment Debate in the House of Commons at 1.23 a.m. that morning, on this very subject and before the decision had been made public, but it had been widely forecast. I took the opportunity to tell the House of my disappointment:

I believe that the decision that the Cabinet had to make was a major one, and that the Cabinet made the wrong decision. It was a negative, shoddy and shameful decision, and fell well below the level of events.

(*Hansard*, 6th December 1984)

Nearly a year later it is crystal clear that Britain made a major mistake. Britain's self-interest as a great seafaring country happily coincides with its international responsibilities and obligations. Here is an issue of great and growing international importance. Seventy per cent of the surface of the globe is covered by sea, and in the international negotiations Britain rightly played a major role for two decades. It is open to Britain, and to other countries which have not signed, to become a party to the Convention.

In 1967 Ambassador Pardo of Malta brought before the UN General Assembly the then extraordinary and imaginative proposal that part of the seabed 'beyond the limits of present national jurisdiction' should become 'the common heritage of mankind'. That proposal was accepted by 99 votes to nil. Six years of Seabed Committee meetings and then eleven sessions of the Third United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea (UNCLOS III) led to the adoption on 30th April 1982 of the Law of Sea Convention by 130 votes to 4 with 17 abstentions. The Conference ended on 10th December 1982 at Montego Bay, Jamaica. So far, some 159 states and other entities have signed. The Law of the Sea Convention deals with virtually every use of the seas including navigation, fishing, exploitation of resources and conservation of the marine environment. It contains 320 articles, nine annexes and four resolutions. Clearly this was a remarkable achievement for the United Nations; indeed it is difficult to think of a similar achievement in the long and vexed history of international negotiations. It represented a victory for the idealistic principles of compromise and co-operation. International law, for once, won over anarchy.

According to Roderick Ogley, an expert on this subject:

Until 1981, it had usually been the United States, rather than the European mining states, which had taken the lead in attempting to reconcile the interests of ocean miners with the concept of the 'common heritage of mankind'.

(The EEC, USA and the Law of the Sea)

Britain, under the present Government, until the election of President Reagan was willing to accept the principles of the Convention while seeking certain other changes. However, President Reagan, unlike his three immediate predecessors, demanded the right to reconsider the entire

package, sacked several members of the US Delegation, and then adopted a remarkably hostile and negative approach. Enlightened opinion in that country is in no doubt that the United States is in the wrong. Elliot Richardson, a most distinguished former United States Ambassador to Britain said two years ago:

The real importance of the Law of the Sea Convention cannot be found either in the sum of its parts or in its extraordinary comprehensive whole. It lies rather in its demonstration of the capacity of 160 sovereign states to work out accommodations among vital, competing interests. This is an achievement whose significance will loom even larger as the world increasingly finds itself forced to come to grips with its own inseparability.

There can be little doubt that President Ronald Reagan, strongly supported by the mining interests in the United States, was able to persuade Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher to change the policy of the British Government to one of not signing the Convention. This cannot be proved and has been denied by the Foreign Office, but there is no better explanation for this remarkable volte-face. Strong supporters of the Atlantic Alliance claim that this is absolutely the wrong way to run the Alliance. The United States' interests are not entirely the same as our own. Our action suggests a willingness to give in to the bigger partner. By setting a better and more enlightened example Britain could have strengthened rather than weakened the partnership.

The Convention represents a serious effort by the whole international community to avoid in the future some of the grave problems of the past. In the last century there was a 'scramble for Africa' by the colonial powers, in particular for the gigantic mineral resources and wealth of that continent. It would be wholly inappropriate if in the next century there should be a scramble for the mineral resources of the seabed that rewards big mining conglomerates and ignores the rest of mankind. There must be better way of running our world. The last Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference thought so and came forward with a powerful and unambiguous statement calling for support for the Convention. The 1983 memorandum from the Brandt Commission stated:

It is clearly in the interests of all nations to sign this Convention. The countries which do not lend their support to the treaty forfeit a secure and stable atmosphere which the treaty is intended to provide. The Commission urges those nations which have temporarily set themselves apart from the world community on this issue to make strenuous efforts to reconsider their positions and to sign the treaty as soon as possible . . . The broad purposes of the treaty must be secured in its intended spirit; thereby a solid basis for the development of international co-operation will be created.'

(page 99 of *Common Crisis*)

The United Kingdom as a party to the UN Charter is committed to its purpose of bringing about 'by peaceful means and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law the adjustment and settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of the peace'. The Law of the Sea tries to do just that and its proposals for the nature and limits of maritime jurisdiction and rights are particularly helpful. Those countries who support the Convention seek to prevent—so that they are not called upon by a crisis to cure. In our over-armed and nuclear world that would seem to be sensible.

The British Government accepts that what is proposed is helpful on matters affecting navigation. However, there are those who believe that the needs of shipping will be met by customary law. It is interesting to note that the General Council of British Shipping does not believe this to be the case and, in any event, believes that a world order to which all nations subscribe is an infinitely better regime than that of 'customary law' which depends largely on current legal thinking and varies with the passage of time. The Council has the legal firepower of Lord Denning in support. He told the House of Lords:

We held in the Court of Appeal, and I think it has been generally accepted, that international law is found by a general consensus and can be changed by a general consensus... That is why I would commend very much that this Government should ratify this convention as a whole, because it is to be the embodiment of a consensus of international law on the most important sphere in which international law operates.

(Hansard, 15th February 1984)

The Times has repeatedly called upon the Government to ratify. On 6th November 1982 it thought that:

The Government's decision to go along with the United States and jettison the United Nations convention on the law of the sea is very much to be regretted... Britain, as a maritime nation, rightly anxious to retain a distant-water naval capability, has a higher interest in the fate of this convention than anything to do with polymetallic nodules on the ocean floor. Freedom of navigation, the limits of territorial rights, development of the continental shelf, the passage of international straits, oceanic pollution, the peaceful transit of warships—these are all matters about which uncertainty has arisen either because of their novelty or because of the progressive disintegration of the Grotian system of law that stood from the seventeenth century to the middle of this one. They are matters which, when uncertain are likely to give rise to conflict. They are all matters that are amenable to resolution under a system of validated international law. The UN convention offers such a system, and it is contrary to Britain's interests that the convention should fail.

More recently, on 30th November 1984, *The Financial Times* advised:

In the end, there must be some stable international legal regime for exploiting the sea-bed beyond coastal waters, if those waters are to be exploited. Difficult though it may be in practice, the Law of the Sea Convention is better built upon than demolished or ignored.

Exactly so.

The official view of the British Government is that the Convention's regime for mining the bed of the ocean outside all territorial limits is unacceptable. As a result, and because the Convention must be taken whole or not at all, the Government is not prepared to sign it. This case is so feeble, illogical and unconvincing that inevitably observers have looked to the 'Reagan factor' for an explanation.

The mining aspect is most important but it is only one of the seventeen parts of the whole. Britain stands aside with the United States and West Germany. But other nations with active deep sea mining potential have signed, including the USSR, Japan, France, Canada and the Netherlands. The mineral wealth of the deep seabed is in the form of concentrates the size of potatoes containing nickel, copper, cobalt and manganese. The vast area concerned is all that lies beyond the 200-mile economic zones which are authorised for exclusive exploitation by the coastal states. The arrangements proposed result from a political compromise. It is a package deal. States, encouraged by the United Kingdom, made con-

cessions in order to gain concessions from others. Those nations with the potential ability to tap the new source of minerals sought their freedom to do so with the minimum of interference. They were after a sort of 20th century high technology imperialism and one that took no notice of the kind of restrictions imposed today for oil exploitation. Those nations which are either landlocked or technologically weak favoured an international monopoly of ownership and extraction. The agreed arrangements set up a seabed authority, derived from the United Nations, licensing states and individual companies to mine. There will be other areas in which the licenses would be required to assist. The royalties and profits of this new authority will be passed back to member states, regard being paid to need. In this way is the 'common heritage of mankind'—a concept which we have supported at the United Nations—to be handled.

Replying to the Adjournment Debate on 6th December 1984, in which my views had been ably supported by three Conservative colleagues, Malcolm Rifkind, the responsible Foreign Office Minister of State, declared:

We have a number of objections to the mining regime—the onerous financial and other terms governing the participation of commercial operations, the cost that would accrue to this Government of supporting the over-elaborate structure of the authority... Very large sums are... involved for a profoundly unattractive regime. A further objection is the undesirable regulatory powers of the authority, in relation to production limitations, for example. In addition, there is the mandatory transfer of technology which sets an unacceptable precedent...

(*Hansard*, 6th December 1984)

Many of these doubts about the new regime are justified. It is politically overweight. It has been granted a too ambitious role. It has too much power to tax, and to get hold of expert technology though the Treaty specifies that it shall be transferred at a fair price. But that is not the end of the story.

The type of deep sea mining envisaged is highly unlikely before the beginning of the next century and some experts suggest it will be uneconomic for the foreseeable future. At present there is a surplus of the metals chiefly recoverable from the nodules on the seabed. The cost of setting up a deep seabed mining operation is estimated at more than £1 billion. No investor would be prepared to commit such sums unless he has assurance that he has exclusive and unrestricted access to the site. The only way such access can be obtained is through the Treaty. What prudent investor would be attracted to a mining operation carried out on and under the high seas which lacks validity in international law and is hotly contested by most other countries?

The Australian representative in Jamaica in 1982 commented that:

'Mining the seabed outside the convention would be highly divisive and the country concerned would incur the hostilities of the bulk of the world.'

Mining under the guns of the Royal Navy and the US Navy is not a serious option.

Shell and BP are both shipping companies and potential deep sea mining companies. According to the General Council of British Shipping

both companies have indicated that whilst they are dissatisfied with the mining provisions, their overall interest in freedom of movement must take precedence and both companies favour signature.

Malcolm Rifkind is a politician with flair and potential. He and his expert advisers well knew how this particular problem should be handled. Instead of opting out, we should use our unrivalled diplomatic skills and experience over the next two decades to fashion the new arrangements more to our way of thinking. Lecturing the rest of the world is most unlikely to be effective. What successful club is going to be influenced by a non-club member? Malcolm Rifkind knew all this better than anybody as he also had responsibility for the European Community. Since we joined that Community we have spent much time and effort in trying to change what we could have prevented through earlier membership. It is pathetic for Britain to make the same mistake again.

The European Community has signed those parts of the Convention that it can sign, and Britain acquiesced in this move. Most Community countries have signed. The European Commission has urged member states to sign as has the European Parliament. Many will feel we should be in the forefront of the EEC in such international maritime matters.

The present position is that the Convention will enter into force one year after sixty ratifications and accessions. So far there have been 20. The reason for the slow progress is the time taken by individual states to enact the appropriate legislation. But there is every reason to think that at least sixty states will ratify the Convention over the next ten years.

The Secretary-General of the United Nations has described the Convention as being:

'Like a breath of fresh air at a time of serious crisis in international co-operation and a decline in the use of international machinery for the solution of world problems.'

Failing to sign, after all we had contributed and when so much of the total is to our advantage, was a blunder. It annoyed the Commonwealth and our maritime interests, including the Royal Navy, that are so important to these islands. It has put us on the wrong side of history. It has pleased our potential foes and annoyed most of our permanent friends.

The way forward for Britain is not through a negative and narrow-minded nationalism and by seeking to deny, to thwart and to frustrate. It is to participate and to co-operate; to make our special contribution within the framework of the international community.

[*'Britain and the Law of the Sea'* is the last in a series of four articles by Cyril D. Townsend MP on important contemporary topics. Former articles are *'Cyprus'* (No. 1432, Vol. 246), *'BBC External Services'* (No. 1435, Vol. 247) and *'Why Trident is right'* (No. 1436, Vol. 248).]

THE 16+ REFORM

by Stanley Alderson

THE merging of O level and CSE in the new General Certificate of Secondary Education will be the most important event in British education since the 1944 Education Act. The GCSE exams will begin in 1988, which is to say that candidates will begin studying for them in earnest in September 1986.

The Conservatives were so unsympathetic to a combined exam at 16+, with its taint of egalitarianism, that Sir Keith Joseph abolished the Schools Council and appointed to advise him an entirely new Secondary Examinations Council whose fifteen members included the senior science master of an independent school, the vice-principal of St. Hilda's College, Oxford, and a professor of English who was a Black Paper contributor no less. To the horror of many Conservatives, these fifteen members decided unanimously that it was 'educationally feasible and desirable to implement a single system of examining.'¹

Under the existing two-tier system the late developer, when eventually recognised, has typically been working for a year or more on the CSE syllabus and, if switched to O level, will have a year or less to master a syllabus to which abler candidates devote two years. An even more serious problem arises when a student is set to work on an O-level syllabus and is later found not to be up to it. Whereas the late developer can at least stick to CSE and gain a qualification, the underdeveloper has no prospects: continuing with O level will mean failure for lack of ability; switching to CSE will mean failure for lack of time to master the syllabus. The other serious fault in the two-tier system is that, while a CSE Grade 1 is the equivalent of an O-level pass, many employers refuse to recognise this.

In the GCSE all candidates will study a common syllabus. In some subjects abler candidates will study more of the syllabus and may take an additional paper or different papers, but candidates who change their aspirations during the course will not thereby 'waste' the study they have already done. Nor will there be scope for perverse discrimination by employers since all successful candidates will have certificates with the same heading.

What few have noticed during the rejoicing over GCSE is that Sir Keith Joseph, while for ever preaching the virtues of competition and freedom, has greatly reduced both among the examining bodies. The seven O-level and eleven CSE Boards in England are being replaced by a mere four GCSE Groups whose discretion is strictly limited by national criteria and by 'an extended and continuing programme of monitoring' by the Secondary Examinations Council of their 'syllabuses and assessment procedures.'²

In principle, the criteria, syllabuses and methods of assessment are decided by agreement through a complex of committees and working parties. But the organisation comes from the centre and with it the ability to manipulate procedures, while in the event of deadlock Sir Keith can sit it out while no examining body can afford to let its rivals get ahead of it. The fact

is that Sir Keith has nearly always had his way despite large-scale opposition. Where in certain subjects the examining bodies have wanted candidates to sit only common papers, Sir Keith has coerced them into adopting differentiated papers. He has also interfered with syllabus content on political grounds—an encouraging precedent for any future Government of the far Left.

Unless the protests made by headteachers and by the Groups themselves prove effective, the GCSE will award Distinction and Merit Certificates to candidates who achieve high grades in (respectively) seven and six prescribed subjects. This proposal is regressive. Matriculation and School Certificate were replaced by GCE and CSE precisely because they had prescribed subjects. A candidate might be awarded nine or more distinctions but, if he was no good at (a) maths or science, (b) English, history or geography or (c) a foreign language, he got no certificate.

GCE and CSE give a candidate a certificate for any subjects passed no matter what or how few they may be. So, to be fair, will the basic GCSE. But the Certificate of Distinction and the (slightly less distinguished) Certificate of Merit will be even more prescriptive than Matric and School Certificate. To get a Certificate of Distinction a candidate will have to achieve high grades in English, maths, a science, a foreign language, either history or geography, and yet two more subjects chosen from prescribed groups. Certificates of Distinction and Merit will go to able hardworking students with no particular interests and be denied to brilliant ones with special aptitudes. Universities and employers will again select the safe and lazy way by taking applicants with Certificates of Distinction or Merit rather than study the basic GCSE certificates in order to find the most gifted candidates in the appropriate subjects.

Most serious of all is that Sir Keith wants the GCSE to be governed eventually, and sooner rather than later, by criterion-referencing or grade-related criteria that will enable a potential employer to 'know what any particular grade that has been won means in terms of skills, understanding, and knowledge of the successful candidate.'³

Criterion-referencing follows logically from Sir Keith's sense of outrage on discovering that CSE and O level are 'norm-referenced' and pass near enough the same percentage of candidates each year: in short, that they judge relative, not absolute, performance. Since the GCSE, like O level and CSE, will not for the most part be made up of vocational subjects, grade-related criteria, securing the assessment of absolute performance, will be of little help to employers. The GCSE, again like O level and CSE, will exist to enable universities and employers to select the best available candidates. If educational standards continue to rise (as Sir Keith is determined that they shall), it is useless to go on employing the old examining standards: when all candidates achieve A grades, who is to be selected?

In principle, grade-related criteria can be adjusted upwards as standards rise, but standards rise so gradually that this is not practicable. Indeed, criterion-referencing as such is impracticable in most academic subjects. The Boards long ago discovered empirically that, if they attempt to impose

absolute standards, the results are arbitrary and unfair. Passing each year roughly the same percentage of all candidates (or of candidates at centres where there is no significant variation in the intake) is the only way of ensuring consistency and hence fairness.

Criterion-referencing is most suitable for vocational and quasi-vocational subjects for which a series of exams is held at different standards. Such exams, called graded tests, have long existed in music and first-aid. The criteria are easily defined, and a rise in standards over the years presents no problem. If necessary, a new grade (and a new test) can be added to the previous highest and the previous lowest can be abolished.

Sir Keith is right in thinking that graded tests can motivate unacademic candidates, in particular the 40 per cent who take neither O level nor CSE and who, if they take GCSE, will not take many subjects. But, on the available evidence, too much reliance is being placed on graded tests. Recent research on them has been largely in foreign languages, for which, like music and first-aid, they are especially suitable.

Moreover, the boredom Sir Keith was shocked to discover unacademic students suffer from at school is the result, not so much of being examined in a manner suitable for academic students, as of being taught subjects suitable for academic students.

Unacademic students are not bored when they are taught about sex. They need not be bored if taught how to repair a motor-car and motor-bike, how to build a house, how to lift heavy weights without rupturing themselves, and how and where to shop cheaply.

At present they are not even taught what the Establishment should want them to know. They are taught virtually nothing about their civil rights and obligations, yet they are interested enough if they can start from the particular and work outwards. Who said the disco had to close half an hour earlier? Can his or her authority be challenged? Do you always have to do what a policeman tells you? What are your rights if arrested? How do you go about getting legal advice if you are in trouble or think you have been cheated? How much does it cost? One day when you are grown up you will be called on to do jury service. On your way to court someone may waylay you and say that unless you insist on a 'Not guilty' verdict you or your spouse and children will be slashed. What are you expected to do? If you find a burglar in your house, how much violence may you use to restrain him? How much violence may you use to resist rape? It need hardly be said that, with an understanding of law, people grow up more disposed to respect it.

When the school-leaving age was raised to sixteen, teachers said they did not know what to teach those who stayed on for the extra year only because they were legally obliged to. Yet, as students get near to leaving school, they need to know more about their rights and obligations. What are the advantages of joining a trade union? Will they be obliged to join one? What dues will they pay as union members and what services will they enjoy? What will they have to pay in income tax and National Insurance contributions? What can they claim from the State if sick or out of work?

Whether or not they get work, what training is available to them? How can they change their doctors?

They are interested in money and need information in order to overcome their awe of the Establishment world of banks, building societies and insurance companies. How much money do they need to open a bank account? How much need they save to be able to buy a house? How do they go about buying one? What should they put their savings in? Unacademic students need a lot of practice in filling in forms: even a cheque and a bank paying-in slip may seem forbidding if they have not been encountered before. Above all, they need instruction in how to acquire information: how to use libraries, reference books and an index; how to take photocopies; how to make use of Citizens' Advice Bureaux, the Consumers' Association and the like.

The unacademic need to be taught all the things the academic, with their greater sophistication, pick up after leaving school. There is no good reason why the academic should not also be given such knowledge at school, but it is the unacademic on whom it should be concentrated because it takes them longer to understand it and because, if they do not acquire it at school, they will probably never acquire it. In today's world, ordinary citizens need the kind of knowledge we are talking about as much as they need the three Rs. Soon they will need to be able to operate computers too.

A start in providing suitable exams for the unacademic 40 per cent has been made by The Associated Examining Board. A Test in Arithmetic was introduced in 1982. Though it is not revolutionary, the standard is right and the questions deal largely with situations that candidates can expect to meet at work or in everyday life. Two more Tests, in English and Life Skills, were introduced in 1984. The English papers deal largely with 'comprehension', but of instructions likely to be received in a job instead of passages from literature.

The Test in Life Skills is a major advance, covering work and unemployment, career opportunities, self-assessment, job applications, contracts of employment, trade-union membership, pay slips, income tax, National Insurance contributions, benefits, personal budgeting, financial institutions, health and safety, diet, drugs, alcohol, tobacco, hygiene, Health Services, marriage and childcare, housing, domestic technology, transport, the police, legal advice, consumer agencies and other sources of help and advice. Questions deal with such matters as writing out cheques, writing letters for jobs, calculating the cost of a holiday, working out a route, using libraries, and filling up and understanding forms.

AEB's Basic Skill Tests, as they are called, can be criterion-referenced and there is no reason why further Tests in Arithmetic, English and Life Skills should not be introduced at higher levels (by analogy with the present graded tests in music, first-aid and foreign languages). Just as it is intended that some of the unacademic 40 per cent should take GCSE, so some obvious GCSE candidates can usefully take Basic Skill Tests, which give employers the kind of useful information, of a vocational or quasi-vocational nature, which Sir Keith wants them to have and are valuable provided that

they are a complement to, not a substitute for, traditional norm-referenced exams.

The Welsh Joint Education Committee is developing an interesting GCSE exam to meet the needs of the Technical and Vocational Education Initiative under which many schools are substituting learning through practical experience for academic instruction. Written tests will constitute only 20 per cent of the exam, which will be based on modules instead of single subjects. One module is Modern Media Systems, which includes TV production, photography, information systems, graphic arts and sound broadcasting. The schools believe their new methods will enable many of the 40 per cent to achieve the same standards as academic candidates.

The Oxford Board is planning to introduce a novel school-leaving certificate which will be pages long and will comprise three components, E, G and P. The E component will record GCSE results, the G component students' attainments throughout their time at school, the P component their interests and extra-curricular activities (thereby recognising many of the achievements of the unacademic).

Acknowledging that GCSE must measure candidates against one another (that is, be norm-referenced), Oxford will provide criterion-referenced tests (with as many as five different levels) for 'reading for information' and for use of dictionaries, reference books, indexes, timetables and the like, as well as for French, maths and science.

Oxford have probably done more than any other Board to develop criterion-referencing and graded tests. Their judgment that criterion-referencing is incompatible with GCSE (as with O level and CSE) must be respected. Their new school-leaving certificate may or may not be the last word in assessment at 16+, but it does reckon with the realities, which Sir Keith has yet to do.

NOTES

1. *Secondary Examinations Council Annual Report 1983-84*, SEC, London, October 1984, p. 16.
 2. *Ibid.*, p. 16.
 3. Sir Keith Joseph reported by Margot Norman, *The Daily Telegraph*, June 21, 1984.
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[Stanley Alderson was for ten years Chief Examiner in Economics for the Institute of Marketing.]

by Frederic Vanson

In his early years as a poet he was associated with the Imagists, though only loosely so, but a comparison of a truly imagist poem like Ezra Pound's famous example with any poem of Lawrence's will prove that he does not belong with that school.

(‘In a Station of the Metro’)

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom
 of the tingling strings
And pressing the small poised feet of a mother
 who smiles as she sings.
 ('Piano')

If only one in a hundred readers of Lawrence know his poetry it is still a considerable number. *The Collected Poems* in two volumes as well as the

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down,
 over the edge of the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small
 clearness
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack, long
 body . . .

The same descriptive or evocative power (also, of course, abundantly present in the novels) is seen in a different and earlier context in the poem 'Love on the Farm.'

The rabbit presses back her ears,
Turns back her liquid, anguished eyes
And crouches low; then with wild spring
Spurts from the terror of his oncoming;
To be choked back, the wire ring
Her frantic effort throttling;
Piteous brown ball of quivering fears!
Ah, soon in his large, hard hands she dies,
And swings all loose from the swing of his walk!

Such passages as these give us Lawrence at his most powerful. In many of the small, late, embittered bagatelles of his last years we see a smaller spirit, a spiteful mind. The one real flaw in Lawrence as a poet is his occasional lapse into banality, spite or plain silliness. 'The Oxford Voice', for example, is a dreadful piece of spiteful inverted snobbery (and I write as a non-Oxonian!) and 'How Beastly the Bourgeois Is' is a ridiculous piece of class prejudice.

It is interesting that in his recent anthology *The Penguin Book of English Christian Verse* Peter Levi includes Lawrence. Lawrence was, of course, no orthodoxly religious man, but his imagery is full of Judeo-Christian allusions. That he was a religious man is not in serious doubt, but no orthodoxy could have held his mind. The poem 'Phoenix' may be seen as a restatement of the Christian doctrine that to gain your life you must be prepared to lose it, but this does not make him a Christian in any ordinary sense of the term.

Are you willing to be sponged out, erased, cancelled,
made nothing?
Are you willing to be made nothing?
dipped into oblivion?

If not you will never really change.

The phoenix renews her youth
only when she is burnt, burnt alive, burnt down
to hot and flocculent ash . . .

D. H. LAWRENCE'S ITALY: ALLUREMENTS AND CHANGES

by Frederick D. Owen

OF all the foreign countries that D. H. Lawrence visited one can confidently advance the proposition that Italy had the profoundest and most abiding effect on his life and writings. One can point, for instance, to his actual period of residence there of over five years, which spans more than a quarter of his creative career, during which time he acquired an intimate knowledge of the country (particularly its western side): from Turin and Venice down through the peninsula to Syracuse, almost at the southernmost tip of Sicily.

Then again, if a travel-book reflects an author's compulsion towards the country written about, there it can be noted that three out of Lawrence's four travel-books are about Italy; even the argument of the concluding section of *Mornings in Mexico* pivots on the Gulf of Genoa. Bound by the necessity to be stringently selective one can, in addition, cite his fictional achievements while in the country. It was here that Lawrence brought to satisfactory completion his first distinguished novel, *Sons and Lovers*, and largely wrote and published his last, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; while substantial portions of two other novels have an Italian setting. It was here that he broke with the 'hard violent style full of sensation and presentation' and undertook lonely explorations—arduous writings and re-writings, creative excoriations patiently endured—to perfect a form and medium compatible with his unique genius.

Some of his greatest tales were either inspired by, or ripened under, the Italian sun; and there is an ample fund of other types of literature. For the purpose of this preamble, one can finally adduce his love and mastery of the Italian tongue. He once described it as 'pleasant as a drink of wine' and that none of the other European languages he knew could compare with it. His felicitous translations of Giovanni Verga provide an unassuming monument to his grasp of, and imaginative response to, the vernacular, and the soil out of which it springs.

Let us take a closer look at the writer's separate Italian residences. It was in September 1912 that he enjoyed his initial experience of Italy—and what better baptism could there be than hiking towards it from the north, feeling the Italian rosiness seeping in? Frieda and he came down from the snowy mountain passes, stuck with symbols of pain and death—further interpreted, when revising *Twilight in Italy*, in 1915, as ghastly portents of post-war desolation—into the vine-clad valleys of the South Tyrol, through which the Imperial Road wound. They capitulated, taking a train over the last stretch from Trieste, and suddenly had the gentian-blue of Lake Garda, cradled amongst rugged peaks, flash on their travel-worn senses.

Poor as churchmice, they eventually settled down in the Villa Igéa,

near Gargnano, which was then only just inside Italian territory. In the spacious bottom flat of this dwelling, surrounded by irresistibly lovely landscape, they underwent an intense and bitter-sweet cohabitation. Frieda was torn between her love for Lawrence and that for her children, and he seemed to aggravate the problem by insisting that she made up her own mind. From the outside world came threats and cajolings from her husband, Professor Weekley, and news of Captain Scott's death. The natives were worked up over Tripoli. Lawrence was obliged to do the major share of the housework, but despite all these distractions, he was astonishingly productive and ideas burgeoned up inside him; not all, however, came to fruition. A scheme for a novel in which Robert Burns would be transplanted amid Derbyshire scenery withered away unrealised.

Gradually, he got to know the locality and became an accepted member of the social structure of the village. A peasant family in whose house he drank incredibly cheap wine resurrected the 'glamour of childish days' and contributed, in the inexplicable way diffuse and disjointed reality becomes transmuted into art, to the warm, cohesive authenticity of the home-life depicted in *Sons and Lovers*. *The Sisters* and *The Lost Girl* were begun; plays and poems were written, and some of his best and happiest letters. Who can doubt that the Lago di Garda was the place where his great gifts started properly to mature and flower? His residence there and the new experience involved and fought through can be seen as constituting a kind of acceleration to the process of artistic incubation.

Not only were literary enterprises consummated, but impulses frustrated in the subconscious found outlets for expression. One of his most original and disturbing short stories, *The Prussian Officer*, the seed of whose genesis can be traced back to Metz, in May 1912, could now be written at Irschenhausen the following year. And he was also gathering and storing material to form the core of his finest travel-book, *Twilight in Italy*.

Gargnano and its *frazioni* have not radically altered since Lawrence's time. Signor Benito Mussolini, amongst other benefactions to the Italian race, conferred on it yet another unwarranted road, the *Gardesana Occidentale*, so that it's no longer absolutely necessary to disembark from the Riva steamer. Another less ambitious thoroughfare bisects the former perfect seclusion of San Gaudenzio. But the characterising features remain intact: the Villa Igéa stands solid and recognisable, the passage of the years subtly registered by the manifestation of a psychedelic daub in an outhouse, and no sign of the persimmon tree. So does the nearby Casa di Paoli, over which swallows perform their tangled aerobatics in the spring; but now it goes under another name, is split up into flats and sliced off from its renowned lemon garden by the Mussolini road. The 'thin grey neck' of the Church of San Tommaso still perches prominently above the pleasant jumble of sun-baked roofs, but the theatre is derelict and shut out by new buildings. The Capelli family continue to wring a meagre subsistence from the stony soil of their precipitous little olive farm, and two members of this family are amongst the very few left who

even remember Lawrence. There is Marco Capelli, for example, now nearing eighty, who is a boy of thirteen in *Twilight in Italy*; and his sister, Felicina, the 'unprepossessing little girl'. Astoundingly, Il Duro (born 1882), who had amassed a large progeny in the meantime, retained his vivacity and love of life right up to his death, in 1975.

Lawrence and Frieda quitted Lake Garda and their first real home together at the beginning of April 1913, just after spring had proclaimed its 'full first rapture', yet the letters tell us that the novelist never entirely relinquished the hope of going back there to live—had his daemon sanctioned it.

Towards the end of September of that same year, after a summer in England, they left the Isar Valley and headed south again. But circuitously in Frieda's case; for she was travelling via Baden-Baden and meeting Lawrence in Milan. He, once more, was doing it the hard way, tramping through Switzerland, from Constance to Como. Their common destination was the Bay of Spezia, so richly evocative of the Romantic poets, Byron and Shelley, and their hangers-on. They set up home at Fiascherino, just above a tiny bay with only one other house in the vicinity. Their 'little pink cottage among vines and olives', so convenient to bathe from, could only be reached by narrow, cobbly paths and Frieda's piano barely survived the rowing-boat trip round the rocks from Lerici. Living was cheap and the visual outlook superb: the Carrara Mountains of a 'soft white blue eidelweiss' rose to the south, and at night the lighthouse at Porto Venere swung raking arms of fire across the water. Soon, figs and grapes were burstingly ripe, and the sun shimmered all day long on the olives. On the omnipresent Mediterranean ships, like omens, stole by to Sicily and Sardinia.

Lawrence wiped the gossamer of verse from his eyes and grappled with his new novel. *The Sisters* had by now received a 'new basis altogether' and before they departed for England had had its title changed to *The Rainbow*. He corresponded copiously with many English friends on a bewildering wealth of topics. The tone and incomparable verve of these letters testify to the delight in his surroundings, how he had merged his identity in with them, and the beneficial influence of all this on his thinking and development.

It is surprising that in such an inaccessible spot they should have achieved such a varied social life, though it was, indeed, the pattern everywhere. Lawrence was always inviting people to come to Italy and stay with him, and a few (e.g. Harold Hobson and the mysterious Mrs. Anthony, on the Garda) accepted. Had they all accepted it would have been an impossible situation. Amongst those who declined to come to Fiascherino were W. H. Davies, the poet-tramp, and Lady Cynthia Asquith; but Edward Marsh, anthologist and politician, then editing *Georgian Poetry*, fleetingly called. Lascelles Abercrombie, the poet, also dropped in, accompanied by Aubrey Waterfield, the artist, at whose fortress-home in Aulla Lawrence and Frieda returned the compliment by spending a couple of days. Lawrence was also on friendly terms with

T. D. Dunlop, the British consul in Spezia, and there was a regular exchange of hospitality with a number of other English residents in the area. Passing contacts, too, were established with crews of British ships which put into the great port.

But simultaneously he was firmly integrated into the indigenous community; he was no believer in expatriate enclaves. One has only to read *The Theatre* chapter in *Twilight in Italy* to see how he had fitted honourably into village society on the Garda, and it is clear that the process was repeated here. He could borrow his landlord's boat whenever he liked; they were invited to a peasants' wedding feast, with octopus on the menu; Italian neighbours came in with their guitar in the evenings to play and sing; sixteen of the peasants were guests in their cottage on Christmas Eve.

Even though his letters form an adequate commentary on the Spezia period, it is still a matter for regret that he never wrote a proposed book of Ligurian sketches; but there was the all-demanding *The Rainbow* to consider.

Alas, damaging changes have taken place here! A busy road now connects Lerici with Tellaro, and the pine-covered slopes and bays have been deprived of their paradisaical solitude. However, the profile of the 'sea-robber's nest' is just as in Lawrence's day: the fishermen's houses remain romantically plastered to the cliffs and the diminutive old church is still precariously poised above the waves. Although a newer and uglier church has nullified its living meaning, which was ebbing away even when Lawrence dwelt there.

Nevertheless, Lawrence himself is not forgotten: a pathway which branches off the Lerici-Tellaro road is called the 'Via Privata D. H. Lawrence' and lands you up on black boulders everlastingly fretted by the sea. Here, no doubt, he often came to write; for no author chose more casual places to compose his finest things. He seldom worked indoors when health and weather permitted him to be outside.

In June 1914, Lawrence and Frieda decided to return temporarily to England to get married. Then the First World War broke out and they found themselves trapped in the country; so that, in the end, Lawrence didn't see Italy again for over five years. In November 1919, having sold his books, he set out, travelling light in purse and baggage, for Florence where he was to meet Frieda. She, not unnaturally, wished to see her German relatives again after the long, enforced separation and had gone alone to Baden-Baden.

What a straggling journey it was! It took him (then them) in easy stages from Turin to Lerici, from Lerici to Florence, from Florence to Rome, from the Eternal City to the unlikely Picinisco, remotely situated in the hills between Rome and Naples. They reached Picinisco at an awkward time, about the beginning of December, intending to establish themselves there for a good spell, but didn't. J. Middleton Murry tumidly wrote that Lawrence 'fled from the Alban Mountains' as though an avenging fury was snapping at his heels. The true explanation is much

more mundane and reasonable: they decamped because it was too cold and inconvenient; idyllic, yes, so long as the weather co-operated, but the prospect of celebrating Christmas there would have been insufferable. So, on December 22nd, they went on to Capri and thence, in due course, to Taormina where they set up base for two years.

The *Letters*, parts of *The Lost Girl*, *Aaron's Rod* and Introduction to *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* compositely record the journey as far as Picinisco. This little town, squatting on a hill amidst the woods of the Abruzzi National Park, has been spared (as yet!) the most offensive inflictions of 'progress'. Cassino (or San Germano) has distinctly deteriorated. The place was never exactly noted for its beauty, but was famous for being the starting point to the great Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino—'on the steep and lofty hill above the little town', as Charles Dickens described it on a visit in 1845. In this same building Lawrence stayed, in 1920, at the urgent request of Maurice Magnus who was once again in financial straits. But the present structure is merely a replica, the original having been totally destroyed during the bitter fighting of 1944.*

It ought, perhaps, to be remembered that Lawrence's post-war Italy was a very different place from his pre-war Italy. The cost of living was much higher, and he found that the mood of the inhabitants had subtly changed for the worse. Like everywhere else in Europe, a new cynicism stalked abroad. He was warier of his fellow-passengers after having been robbed of 400 precious francs and having had his pocket picked. Under the aegis of democratic privilege, the insolent layabouts and swindlers crop up in *Sea and Sardinia*; supported by the Fascist banner and jackboot the slimy spy in *Etruscan Places* comes into his own. 'Only the deflowered faces survive,' Lawrence wrote, in this last-named book. What a deplorable contrast to the frugality and manliness of the Lake Garda peasants and those of the Ligurian seaboard in 1912-14!

Yet despite these setbacks the Italian temper was infinitely preferable to the masochistic spirit of post-war England—the aching hangover after the drunken jingoism. Yellow English fogs were left behind and the blazing sun was good for his weak chest. He was glad to be back on many scores.

They sojourned in Capri for just over two months. Here, Lawrence met Compton Mackenzie for the first time and also, on a return trip, an American couple called Brewster, who were aspiring to become Buddhists. Mackenzie offered useful business advice, but his flamboyant clothes and personality gradually grated on Lawrence's nerves. As did the sycophantic colony of 'artists' with their spiteful scandal who clustered around him. Happily, his friendship with Earl and Achsah Brewster, although not uncritical, lasted till the end of his life.

Although the apartment at the Palazzo Ferraro was roomy and the situation splendid, the society proved claustrophobic, so they pushed on to Sicily, which Lawrence instantly liked: 'so green and living, with the

*See *Cassino: Portrait of a Battle* by Fred Majdalany (London 1957).

young wheat soft under the almond trees and olives.' They went to Taormina. And surely the view from the villa Fontana Vecchia, their new home, was the most magnificent they had yet enjoyed in Italy.

While Lawrence was in Sicily *Women in Love* was at last published, *The Lost Girl* was finished, and most of *Aaron's Rod*. He and Frieda made a 'dash to Sardinia', in January 1921, a tentative reconnaissance to find a home even farther off the beaten-track, which resulted in his second travel-book. Because of his unenviable impecuniousness, he granted concessions to a less discriminating public in order to sell the book. He stresses, for instance, the more material aspects of travel; takes up important journalistic issues like capital punishment, formed something of a Dickens-Cruikshank partnership with Jan Juta, the painter, for the benefit of an audience uneasy with the bare written word. In many significant respects, it is quite different from *Twilight in Italy* and he himself disparagingly assessed it as a 'slight travel-book.' He was so desperately hard-up as even to contemplate calling it, *Sardian Films!* Nevertheless, it is strewn with good things in the best Laurentian manner. Always instinctively close to nature, Lawrence now produced some of his finest verse on the Italian flora and fauna, most of which filled his volume, *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, published in 1923. One automatically thinks of 'Sicilian Cyclamens', 'Mosquito', 'Snake' and the tremendously powerful, 'He-Goat', descendants of whose immense lineage can still be seen browsing the slithery slopes.

What repelled him about Taormina was the trivial social whirl of the ex-patriates, to which, in some measure, he was compelled to belong. 'Today and all its sounds' could not be forgotten; it was a continual Mad-Hatter's tea-party in which the tea-bibbers cultivated 'their egos hard, one against the other', generating the tension he hated.

Lawrence's period in Spotorno, from November 1925 to April 1926, was characterised by an even greater restlessness than usual. In the interval since Taormina he had been on extensive travels to Ceylon, Australia, the Pacific Islands, different parts of the United States, Mexico and twice to New Mexico. The ranch-life of New Mexico was still in his blood and only a serious illness had brought him back to Europe. But there were definite compensations to be found once more beside his beloved Mediterranean; he was free of the hard, grudging resistance of America, the obsidian-hard denial of human contact. But he didn't just sit dreamily gazing on the tideless waves. Leaving Frieda at home with her daughters—the unwelcome increase in the Villa Bernarda menage also being contributory—he wandered about Italy for six weeks, finding the country 'almost too familiar, like the ghost of one's own self.' Included in the itinerary was Ravello, where the Brewsters were now living stylishly and, more significantly, Perugia; for in the museum of this city he saw Etruscan things consciously for the first time. He had been pondering this race, more or less subconsciously, since about 1921, and this visit provided the necessary stimulus to begin his final, unfinished travel-book, and was a cogent persuasion for moving to Scandicci, in

order to be better placed for touring the most important Etruscan sites.

In early May 1926, the Lawrences occupied their most publicised Italian residence, the Villa Mirinda, near Florence. This was the house where *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was conceived, experimented with and largely written. It was also first published in nearby Florence against all the laws of Puritanical decency; the strange Italians being puzzled, apparently, about what it was that demanded massive objection.

Between March and April 1927, in the company of Earl Brewster, he undertook a semi-pedestrian 'giro' in Tuscany to inspect four of the most important cities in the original Etruscan League of twelve. *Etruscan Places*, published posthumously in 1932, chronicles the tour. Lawrence planned to cover at least five more Etruscan cities, but a severe illness struck him down in July of that same year and thereafter he was never sufficiently strong to do the requisite walking.

His other travel-books have bursts of exasperation, sometimes protracted. But an air of serenity and cheerfulness and a going-out-of-the-way to notice manifestations of decency characterise the contents of *Etruscan Places*. Not that Lawrence can be accused of having gone soft, far from it, but there is an attractive ripeness of judgement, inspired, to a fair degree, by the congenial weather and his feeling of being at one with the Italian landscape. He was profoundly in sympathy with the Etruscan ethos, life-loving, but wholesomely accepting the ephemeral nature of things, and positive towards death. The Etruscans capered along the blotched walls of the Tarquinian tombs, their ruddy limbs tingling with vitality. But nothing brash and overbearing, like modern-day beat-groups jangling the nerves: their 'dancing surety' left 'the breast breathing freely and pleasantly'. How movingly personal, though harmonising with the context, such an image comes home to us, considering Lawrence's chronic complaint. We hear much of the consumptive Romantic and the death-wish. But Lawrence never permitted himself valetudinarian indulgence. With him, it was always the *life-wish*; for the miracle of life in the flesh, or even genuine but flaking representations of it, was inexhaustibly wonderful for him. In his infectious enthusiasm for the old Etruscans, one can surely detect the debt he confessed (in *Sea and Sardinia*) to Italy for re-awakening archetypal experiences otherwise irrevocably stunned in the subconscious:

So that for us to go to Italy and to *penetrate* into Italy is like a most satisfying act of self-discovery—back, back down the old ways of time. Strange and wonderful chords awake in us, and vibrate again after many hundreds of years of complete forgetfulness.

Long ago, the Etruscans as a nation had been crushed out of existence by the brute force of the Romans, just as the 'Fascisti', invoking many of the Roman ideals, were crushing out opposition in Lawrence's post-war Italy.

In their on and off fashion, the Lawrences lived at the Villa Mirinda for some two years, but the novelist's breakdown in July 1927 unsettled them. It was imperative for Lawrence to go to a higher altitude; immediately, to Villach, in Austria; then, in the early months of 1928, to

Switzerland, to the Chalet Beau Site, in Les Diablerets. In June 1928, they departed for Switzerland yet again and never returned to the Villa Mirinda.

But Lawrence did visit Italy on one ultimate occasion, between June and July 1929. For a while he stayed with Aldous and Maria Huxley at Forte dei Marmi, then went to Florence to discuss business matters with his publisher, Giuseppe Orioli. From Florence he went for the last time to Baden-Baden and from there for the last time to Bavaria, a round of valedictory visits to European places which had contributed significantly to his personal happiness and artistic development. Yet the evidence is surely conclusive that Italy was the crucial place, and not merely in Europe.

The debt is implicit and explicit. It was Lawrence's own consistently held opinion that without Italy he and his work would have been gravely impoverished. He told his sister, Ada, shortly after leaving the Villa Igéa, that it had been his first real home and, in April 1929, less than a year before his death, he wrote to Rhys Davies from Palma de Mallorca, also washed by the Mediterranean, but somehow lacking the genuine quality:

I don't want to take a house here, to stay. I think, all in all, Italy is best when it comes to living . . .

The Italian allurements, though somewhat tarnished by time and sickness, had come full circle.

[The late Dr. Frederick D. Owen, formerly a teacher of English in West Germany, Denmark and Uganda and lecturer at the University of Swansea, contributed articles on D. H. Lawrence in *The Human World* and *The D. H. Lawrence Review* (USA).]

During September, under the direction of Kevin West, a Festival of three weeks' duration was presented at Nottingham to mark the birth centenary of D. H. Lawrence (11 September 1885). A varied programme ranged from *The Ass*, a music-theatre entertainment by Kate and Mike Westbrook based on the Lawrence poem, *The Daughter-in-Law* performed by RADA students, a dramatisation of the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* trial, to readings and lectures by contemporary writers. There were also interesting exhibitions of photographs and paintings. D. H. Lawrence's birthplace at 8A Victoria Street has now been arranged as a museum, open to the public. Publications to mark the centenary include *A D. H. Lawrence Album* by George Hardy and Nathaniel Harris.—*Editor*.

CINEMA: A QUARTERLY REVIEW

by David Shipman

FORTUNATELY for me, I wasn't the only one to feel that Woody Allen's humour was too self-centred to be likeable. He confounded us with *Zelig* and does so again with *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, which charmingly establishes his love of old movies and that of his heroine (Mia Farrow), who is so besotted with the adventurer hero (Jeff Daniels) of the Jewel's latest attraction that he steps down off the screen to romance her, to the consternation of her townsfolk and his fellow players. But for all Allen's Pirandellian resource, you're likely to get more from this work if you've seen neither Keaton's *Sherlock Junior* or the 1981 *Pennies from Heaven*, also set in the Depression—which Allen also views as a drab, glum time, despite the dreams offered by Hollywood that provide his subtext. The film-within-the film is only medium pastiche with some glaring anachronisms (the cabaret singer's style and song are of the '50s); the romance peters out to an unmotivated sad ending, to make a point about those Hollywood dreams—and as David Denby pointed out in *New York Magazine* it's an arrogant ending, demonstrating how 'We', the artists, entertain 'You', the audience, as well as using Fred Astaire to confer class, as Gershwin's music did to *Manhattan*. The film is no more substantial than *Zelig*; if only Allen would slow down (he makes one movie a year) and take more trouble he might turn out something memorable instead of these wanly pleasing entertainments.

Places in the Heart is also set during the Depression, and it has another of Sally Field's taking portrayals of gritty young women, in this case coping with poverty and the Depression. Robert Benton, writing and directing, has based some of the situations on those of his own childhood, growing up in Waxahachie, Texas. This is the second time he has taken me in: as with *Kramer vs. Kramer* he is presenting ersatz drama and disguising it as the real thing—and that's because he handles most decently such matters as racial conflict and physical disability. As the negro and the blind man sheltered by Miss Field, Danny Glover and John Malkovich are respectively superb. The latter in particular provides good reason for leaving your critical faculties at home.

Blindness is also a feature of *Mask*, the best picture Peter Bogdanovich has made since *Paper Moon*. Precedent here is rather *The Elephant Man*, for *Mask*'s protagonist is a youngster called Rocky (Eric Stoltz), whose calcium deposits on his face so disfigure him that he's regarded as a freak, and certified as having only a few years left to live. Real life again plays a part, for the debuting screenwriter Anne Hamilton Phelan met Rocky when she visited the L.A. Centre for Genetic Research. Her jig is to offer a milieu and the sort of people most of us wouldn't like to be around. Rocky's mother, played by Cher, is an ageing biker, promiscuous and high on drugs much of the time. As Rocky says 'All you want to do is getting loaded and laid.' But for all Mama's wild nights and wild friends,

the values of *Mask* are no different from those of an Andy Hardy movie: when Mama supplies a hooker for Rocky he makes the valid point that for all her admiration for him she still thinks he's too unattractive to have sex without paying for it, but then all that he and the nice young hooker do is *talk* all night long. Still, those Andy Hardy values were fine ones and *Mask* is a nice film to have around in these days of over-blown kids' adventures.

As much may be said of *The Natural*, inasmuch as it takes Bernard Malamud's novel about a baseball hero (we're back in the '30s again) whose life is plagued by Arthurian analogies. These have mostly gone, and we're left with a combination of extended romanticism, baseball and mysticism so unusual that you will it to come to life. However, the director, Barry Levinson (who made the much superior *Diner*) is hobbled by a dishonest adaptation, in which the hero no longer accepts a bribe to throw the game, and by Robert Redford, who of course would never consider doing such a thing. Redford, with his corn-dyed hair, engagingly parted in the middle, his '30s togs restricted to such 'in' gear as checkered sweaters, wide striped braces and fedorahs, is his usual ikon self—and anything but the fallible guy as intended by Mr. Malamud.

All these four movies sit up and beg to be liked, which is why they're dwarfed by *Birdy*, which doesn't give a damn. I haven't read William Wharton's novel, because I'm antipathetic to the sort of whimsy it conveys: as found here—and updated from World War 2 to the Vietnam War—it's about a young man, Birdy (Matthew Modine), whose obsession with our feathered friends drowns out every aspect of his life and eventually drives him to the point where he believes himself to be one himself. As with *Places in the Heart* and *Mask* we're presented with a series of incidents masquerading as a narrative: that it works is due to the director, Alan Parker, working with an intensity that matches that of Birdy and his pal (Nicolas Cage). Parker works in large strokes, which haven't always paid off: but they do on this occasion.

See *Birdy* for its power and originality, something we could hardly expect of today's cinema. There are some good to excellent thrillers around, but they're all founded in movies of our past. Don't underestimate today's directors. In *The Guardian*, Tim Puleine likened *Into the Night* to those Bob Hope thrillers in which a femme fatale led Hope into a world of mayhem and murder; I wouldn't be surprised if its roots don't go further back, to such German Silents as *Die Strasse*, in which some poor schmuck gets caught up in extraordinary events due to a mysterious woman, met by chance, who won't or can't explain what she's up to. In this case he (Jeff Goldblum) is a Los Angeles commuter, discontented with his lot, and she (Michele Pfeiffer, appropriately a stunner) a lady on the run from some improbable assassins. The director, John Landis, has loaded his piece with irrelevancies and in-jokes, including cameo appearances by many of his director colleagues. You won't be bored.

Against All Odds is an updated remake of *Out of the Past*, a tale again

delivered with such ingredients as real estate deals, dangerous thugs, treacherous ladies and a hero in a head spin. He is Jeff Bridges, who gets more authoritative with each role, and the girl is Rachel Ward. Taylor Hackford, who made *An Officer and a Gentleman*, has directed an entertainment which will neither excite you nor insult you: this is pleasing wallpaper with pretty locations and the admirable Mr. Bridges.

It has in common with *Witness* its intrigues and thrills at the outset and the climax, with a good deal of dross in between. It has as its setting that of the Amish community in Pennsylvania, for it's there that a Philadelphia cop (Harrison Ford) hides out when he discovers that he cannot trust his fellow officers. That is a simplification; it is as true to say that he wants to protect a small boy who is a witness to a murder. Either way, this is one of those central situations, so common to thrillers today, that are better ignored if you want to enjoy yourself (logic says that he should have fled to the Pittsburg police for protection; the script does have him muttering something about the F.B.I. and an 'investigative journalist', but he pursues neither route). Certainly there is much to enjoy, though it's all local colour and nothing but in the middle reaches. The opening sequences are so strong, however, that audiences may remain with clammy palms till that time when, as in *High Noon*, the bad men arrive to expunge our hero—who is Harrison Ford, no longer at last an ikon of action adventures but bloodied and harassed, and with that alligator mouth suggesting hitherto unsuspected humour. The director, Peter Weir, has done his best work yet.

As far as Francis Coppola is concerned, *The Cotton Club* is a distinct improvement on anything he has done in years. I recently caught *One From the Heart* on television and was astounded to find that he had bankrupted himself over a totally inept piece of work. I mean, couldn't he see it wasn't working, this Las Vegas fantasy rehash of *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* with unpleasant people, unmelodic 'songs' and a level that was either pretentious or banal but never anything else? Asked to advise on *The Cotton Club*, he threw out the script by Mario Puzo, who had provided him with *The Godfather*, his biggest success. I don't know which of them introduced gangsters into the Cotton Club, though there appears to be—if disputed—some justification: the result is neither a gangster thriller nor a musical. Nor anything else. Coppola tells twin stories of a cornet player (Richard Gere) whose gangster friends help make him a movie star, and a black dancer (Gregory Hines), who has ambitions and a girl who can pass for white. Whenever the film gets going, with one of the cabaret numbers, Coppola cuts away to his dull hero or his clichéd gangsters, with no compensating narrative strength till, it would seem, he suddenly got tired of the whole thing and wound up the fates of all the characters in five minutes. Still, he does that engagingly, to music, and the movie has many 30s-style montages and the sort of surface Von Sternberg would have managed had he worked in colour.

The BBC recently devoted an admiring tribute to Coppola, not apparently having noticed the decline. Would it be too much to hope for

to have profiles of those directors who have moved the other way—from very bad to very good? Stuart Rosenberg and Sidney Pollack are two names which come to mind, and there's a place for someone like Norman Jewison, who manages some decent-enough entertainments on sometimes serious themes. I suspect, however, that Charles Fuller's original play had more substance than his screenplay. This is a murder mystery, set on an army installation in Louisiana in 1944. The victim and some of the suspects are black, and so is the investigating officer (Howard E. Rollins Jr.) sent from Washington—which to this army unit is a 'victory' comparable to that of Joe Louis over Max Schmelling. The film belongs to these men, so anxious to fight for a country which had so ill-treated them, and there are many telling moments, such as the white officer's wife who, after handing her husband a coffee, says to the black lawyer, 'Can I have someone bring you coffee?', it being understood that she couldn't do it herself. That the white officers don't want him to rock the boat provides more conventional drama, but there are some false notes, such as the fact that the lawyer has no batman, no transport (at the end) and a bed only in a deserted barrack-room, where someone has scrawled 'Welcome Snowflake'. Instinct tells me that blacks-in-white suitings was not an issue before the 1950s.

Growing up black and poor in Martinique in the 1930s is the subject of *Rue Cases Nègres*, directed by Euzhan Palcy, a documentary filmmaker who hails from that country. Her film is autobiographical inasmuch as its young hero evidently grew up to write the book on which it is based: it has that in common with Martin Ritt's *Sounder*, as well as the fact that both boys realised that education provided the only means of escape. Both movies proceed by a series of apparently aimless incidents and this one isn't the superior till young José goes to school. It's a sweet, true and touching movie, to be preferred to *El Norte*, which follows the exploits of a brother and sister from Guatemala as they escape from poverty and civil strife through deprivation in Mexico to work in L.A., the fabled North. Though the dialogue is mainly in Spanish, the enterprise was funded by several American public bodies, including P.B.S. Some seeming spontaneity in the American sequences make up for self-consciousness elsewhere and at least it lacks the pretension endemic to most American art movies.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A DIARIST'S HOMAGE TO CHURCHILL

The Fringes of Power. Downing Street Diaries 1939-1955. John Colville. Hodder & Stoughton. £14.95.

The main significance of this book is that it is a Diary, the Diary of a highly privileged young man, who became Winston Churchill's Private Secretary during the most historic years of the great war leader's life. Talented, industrious and adaptable, John Colville saw in 1940, what millions of ordinary citizens saw and felt, that the only possible man to lead Britain in war was Churchill. After two years at the Foreign Office, John Colville moved to No. 10 Downing Street under Chamberlain on October 3, 1940. He, therefore, saw at first hand the change-over in personnel from one Prime Minister to another and met the Horace Wilsons as well as the Brendan Brackens.

The Diary is fundamentally about Churchill, his family, his close associates, about a variety of Cabinet Ministers, Heads of the Forces, distinguished foreigners from Harry Hopkins and de Gaulle to Smuts and Roosevelt—and of course Churchill's more intimate cronies 'The Prof' and Lord Beaverbrook. John Colville became part of the family circle and was therefore privileged to meet almost everyone who came within Churchill's political and social world, whether at No. 10, at Chartwell, at Chequers or Ditchley (the reserve residence). John Colville was present on many semi-private occasions, sometimes when his Master let himself go, talked at large and not seldom quoted poetry. In a word he saw him off-duty. It is from these moments that we get what are called 'revelations'. Such passages make a Diary eminently readable and like some other Diaries (e.g. Harold Nicolson) prove useful to historians. No doubt Churchill developed an affection for his intelligent Private Secretary; at times it would seem almost a dependence, though he approved his joining the Air Force, but later insisted on his return as Joint Principal Private Secretary.

However, for those of us who have read (and in my case reviewed—(August 1983) Martin Gilbert's last and classic volume 'Finest Hour'—the most important in a great biographical enterprise—there is a haunting feeling of *déjà vu*. The simple explanation is that Martin Gilbert was permitted a preview of these Diaries and put it to excellent use.

I note that John Colville writes on January 15, 1940: 'breakfasted at the Travellers, where I read a good article on War Aims in the *Contemporary Review* by grandfather, called "Looking Ahead".' This short excerpt illustrates what most people will find out that John Colville was related to almost everyone in the Victorian governing class. His grandfather was the Marquess of Crewe. His mother was Lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary, though I met her as Chairman of the Juvenile Court in East London. John Colville inherited radical traits as well as easy access to the homes of scores of relatives for riding, shooting and fishing, and to London's more exclusive clubs. He became Private Secretary to Princess Elizabeth and then married Lady Margaret Egerton who was a Lady-in-waiting to the Princess. We are shown an illustration later in the Diary with only five people. The occasion in 1953 is the christening of the Colvilles' first daughter at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The

picture includes apart from the mother the Queen, Churchill, Lord Home and Mrs. Whitelaw—not bad for a christening.

John Colville played a key role in the foundation of Churchill College and, as he says by 1953, turned his back on further promotions in the Foreign Office and, instigated by a cousin, Bill Cavendish-Bentinck, joined a Merchant Bank. The Diary reveals too little of the author himself, except his conventional tastes. I think this is a pity. On the other hand I congratulate him on his industry and sharp perception in recording so brilliantly the less known side of his great Master, Winston Churchill.

KENNETH LINDSAY

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS, THE LAW AND DISMISSAL

Unfair Dismissal. (Incomes Data Services.) Unwin Brothers Limited. £5.

Industrial Relations and the Law in the 1980s. Gower Publishing Company. £9.50 paperback. £18.50 hardback.

Incomes Data Services have produced a remarkably concise yet detailed and updated handbook, *Unfair Dismissal*, invaluable to those advisory services, employers and unions concerned with an increasingly technical brand of the law. Accounting for three in ten cases before the Industrial Tribunals, the law had its origins in the ill-fated 1971 Act.

As a frontbencher opposed to the Act on the grounds that it was impracticable, unenforceable and harmful to good industrial relations, the undebated section on unfair dismissal, altered by subsequent legislation and decisions was, I believe, a positive feature which was incorporated into the Protection of Employment Act. Lawyers may require more detailed reports but I suspect that they will find the book a useful and remarkably priced short cut to the growing volume of administrative law in highly priced textbooks.

However, one cannot divorce the law relating to unfair dismissal, applicable now by statute to less employees and narrowed in its application by tribunals, from the 1980s legislation reflecting the Thatcherite view of Trade Unions and the antipathy to their collective values. Legislation by this Government makes the much opposed 1971 Act look rather confused and tame, albeit there are provisions for balloting and internal democracy which are justifiable. The balance both of proof and the scope of unfair dismissal has clearly shifted in favour of employers.

Lord Wedderburn's forceful and polemical critique in *Industrial Relations and the Law in the 1980s* demonstrates the gulf between those who see Trade Union power as an obstacle to progress and those who see it as the only way to preserve the dignity of the employed. Patricia Fosh and Craig R. Littler have done a great service in putting a less than fashionable series of expertly written essays into a volume that explains the erosion of Trade Union 'Immunities' in the 1980s.

Step by step, Lord Wedderburn analyses life without immunities, the intrusion of law to prevent secondary strikes, weaken picketing, narrow the definition of a trade dispute, restrict the right of unions to persuade employers to negotiate and incidentally to reduce their rights in the field of dismissal.

What seems indisputable is that industrial relations have been embittered and society divided. Paul Wiles again pithily points to the minimalist state philosophy of Thatcherism with the contrasting belief in the strong state in nurturing and using the police as part of the Government strategy. One may add to that their aversion to wages councils.

In the concluding essay, Ferdinand Von Prondzynski comes to the interesting conclusion that legal abstentionism made it easier for the present Government to retreat from social progress. The law can be part of a social strategy which encompasses the need for a strong trade union movement.

Surely the days of 'immunities' and voluntaryism are over but fair legislation could paradoxically smooth rather than harden attitudes if not brought in by consensus rather than at the behest of one or other of two poles personified by Scargill and Thatcher?

PAUL ROSE

PROVISION FOR OLD AGE

The Iron Road to Social Security. Alec C. Parrott. The Book Guild. £8.50.

Putting Social Security on the right lines might be an alternative title, to use the author's analogy. Alec Parrott goes into great depth in his historical survey of Social Security taking us from Ancient Greece with its burial clubs, through Roman military saving schemes and Tudor pensions up to present day. As a Civil Servant involved with social insurance and health care administration, the author cannot hope to view all aspects of Social Security, both within the United Kingdom and abroad, but concentrates upon the provision for old age.

The book is perhaps conveniently split into two parts with the Beveridge Report of 1942 acting as a watershed. Prior to the Beveridge Report it was the provident fund which held sway. As Alec Parrott notes, 'The Beveridge Report said little about provident funds, or any form of contributory pension for old age other than flat-rate subsistence benefits which formed the basis of the Plan for Social Security'. The author gives a useful insight into the building blocks that went into the Beveridge Report and points to its deficiencies, especially when compared, internationally, with the provident funds schemes. However, as the *Times* of 1982 and the Conservatives of 1985 report, we should not (in the former) and cannot (in the latter) afford non-contributory benefits. It is this conclusion with its associated policies which is perhaps the weakest section of the book. Historical fact is alright as far as it goes, but there is a distinct lack of economic analysis. This may partly be explained by the data being out of date, since this is a problem with most factual books. Nevertheless, the conclusions, which are themselves most interesting, have been superseded by Norman Fowler's paper on Social Security. There are valid points here, however, for example, the suggested improved portability of pensions and freedom of choice with respect to pensions, but one cannot help but feel that the proposal 'a square deal for public servants' is trying to placate the general public view with regard to Civil Servants' pensions.

Strangely the book makes no reference to Richard Titmuss's *Two Nations in Old Age* with its relevance to SERPS (state earnings-related pension scheme) and although suggesting the development of private pensions, the author seems to skirt the problems that may exist, for example private pensions may not be able to match the security offered by SERPS. Moreover, as Tony Atkinson notes, 'What a person will get out at retirement (from a private pension) will be hard to predict, and there is bound to be a great deal of variation depending on the choice of pension investment'. The resultant pension could produce a variety of outcomes depending on lack of information, bad luck, and personal choice. Furthermore, there is the problem of the financial performance of private pensions, the probability of these pensions and the relative administration costs.

The book, therefore, provides an excellent historical view of the development of old age provision but in its analysis of future proposals the journey perhaps terminates too early and we are left musing over the fact 'if only we had gone onto the next stop'.

MARK COOK

THE PRACTICE OF THE CONSTITUTION

British Government and the Constitution. Colin Turpin. £25.00. Paperback £15.00. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

This is an important study by Colin Turpin, lecturer in law at Cambridge, upon the 'organisation, powers and responsibilities of government in the British constitution.' It is, of course, an amalgam of common law, statute law and conventional practice. Mr. Turpin has included a great deal of 'text, cases and materials' to assist students in the adequate comprehensions of this vast and vital subject. He is anxious not to be dogmatic but to present evidence from which conclusions can be drawn. This is particularly important in relation to the conventions, which, of course, may develop from time to time. The appointment of the Prime Minister is a good example. Since the war the Crown has ceased to have a discretion in cases where the political parties in the House of Commons have elected their leaders. In the case of the death of the Prime Minister or resignation, the Crown will wait until a new leader has been elected and then appoint such person. Mr. Turpin would appear to accept this, where the party in office has an overriding majority.

The election of a 'hung' Parliament is said by many to present particularly difficult problems for the sovereign. Mr. Turpin comments that in such circumstances, without any party having an absolute majority in the House, 'the existing conventions and precedents might fail to give an unequivocal indication of the way in which the prerogative should be exercised.' The solution to the problem, should it occur, should not be difficult if the sovereignty of Parliament is acknowledged. There is, of course, a long line of convention that the Prime Minister during the course of a Parliament can require the sovereign to order a dissolution. This should not apply, however, at the outset of a new Parliament, which must be entitled as part of its sovereignty to have the opportunity of electing where necessary a new Executive. It follows that if at the start of the Parliament the government is defeated on the Loyal Address, then other parties must be given the chance of forming an administration, if necessary by coalition or alliance. Of course, if this also fails to achieve a majority, then a dissolution and a new General Election is inevitable.

Mr. Turpin has a short but useful piece on the burden of proof in *Habeas Corpus*. The historic principle and practice has been for the applicant detained initially to show some *prima facie* grounds for the illegality of the detention. Having discharged this light *onus*, then it is for the custodian to satisfy the Court that the detention is legal. It is a heavy burden to discharge and if it fails the applicant is entitled to be free. This burden was reversed in immigration cases, until the House of Lords restored the true doctrine in the very recent case in 1984 of *Ex pte. Khawaja*. Mr. Turpin deals with this very important case. He also discusses judicial review which is often closely linked with *Habeas Corpus*. The former is now steadily expanding in its scope, so that the court will review the exercise of prerogative as well as statutory powers, if the subject matter is amenable to the judicial process. Mr. Turpin might usefully have related the new procedure of judicial review to the old prerogative writs.

Mr. Turpin has a useful chapter on the impact of European Community laws upon the United Kingdom. Indeed, he covers a wide field, and it will prove valuable as an up to date survey of this vast subject of the British constitution.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

THE COMPLETE BIOGRAPHY OF POPE

Alexander Pope, A Life. Professor Maynard Mack. Yale University Press in association with W. W. Norton & Co., New York and London. £15.95.

The 'Augustan Age of English Literature', the early eighteenth century, has not been much in fashion recently. We read much of the Elizabethans, of the Age of Dr. Johnson, and of the Victorians but the Age of Pope is avoided, even by most well-read people. Most would share the view of Pope's sovereign, King George II who asked, 'Who is this Pope that I hear so much about? Why will not my subjects write in prose?'

The neglect evidently causes acute pain to Professor Maynard Mack. He has written the first full-scale biography of the poet since 1900. It has been his life's work and stands as a mighty monument both to the subject and to the author. Maynard Mack is Emeritus Professor of English at Yale. That university has given us superb editions and studies of the late eighteenth century: Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson and James Boswell. Now they have repaired the balance by restoring the early part of the century to our view.

It is an enormous biography. Most will say it is too long as it is almost 1,000 pages with well over 100 pages of notes. The book is lavishly illustrated: just under 100 portraits of Pope and his contemporaries introduce us to that distant age. (One minor complaint is that a list of the illustrations would have been a help.) The book is, perhaps, too long. Nevertheless, it is a perfect book to keep by the bedside and to pick up (if you have strong wrists) and read, a section at a time. Mack has assembled not only a biography of Pope but a full portrait of his age. Pope's strongest virtue was his love of his friends and his charming villa at Twickenham was full of portraits of them. Mack has emulated him by giving us sketches of all of Pope's friends (and some of his enemies) such as Swift, Bolingbroke and Wycherley.

Pope suffered from two disadvantages: his health and his religion. It would be difficult to imagine a more ill-timed entry than to be a Roman Catholic born in 1688 in the very heart of the fiercely Protestant City of London. Mack stresses this aspect of Pope's life. Pope was never one to parade his religious views and that has caused many to assume, wrongly, that he held the virtually atheistic views of his friend, Bolingbroke. Professor Mack is unable to give us Pope's complete religious outlook and we can, therefore, assume that no one will ever be able to do it. Pope himself confessed that he found little point in reading theological tracts for 'I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most Seekers are . . . not so properly converted, as outwitted.' Pope himself kept his religious views private but, as Mack emphasises throughout, his Catholicism made him different from the average Englishman of his age.

His second disadvantage, his dreadful health, plagued him throughout his life. He suffered from a curvature of the spine and he was only four and a half feet high. This resulted from tuberculosis of the bone. Pope made many enemies in the course of his writing and they never hesitated to attack him on his appearance. 'A hunchbacked toad', one of them called him.



One Poor Scruple. (Tabb House. £8.95.) This novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward (no relation to Mrs. Humphry Ward) was first published in 1899. Mrs. Ward was a Roman Catholic and a grand-daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk. In his Introduction, Professor Bernard Bergonzi describes the book as a 'distinguished early example of what later became known as the "Catholic novel".' Mrs. Ward is concerned with high social life in London and the more conservative ways of provincial Catholics. 'In this novel', concludes Professor Bergonzi, 'Mrs. Ward nicely integrated faith and art and knowledge of humanity'. This is a welcome reissue of a work by a largely forgotten author.

After Midnight Stories. (William Kimber. £7.95.) The Kimber series of anthologies of supernatural tales, with its book-jackets in unmistakable style, happily continues, with the latest volume dedicated to the memory of Denys Val Baker, previous editor. The new incumbent, Amy Myers, following in his tradition, has coaxed strong new stories from her contributors, and appended an interesting Note on those authors. In particular, Meg Buxton, Rosalind Wade and Lanyon Jones have written incisively and with individuality. (M.T.)

The Outing. (Dent. £5.95.) This is Dylan Thomas's delightful story illustrated by Paul Cox, which is the main feature of this edition. A party of Welshmen plan and start on a day's outing to Porthcawl, in a charabanc. They never reach their destination:

the call of drinking is too great and the party finishes laid out sleeping in the open. The illustrations, some in colour, capture well the atmosphere and hilarity of the outing, together with the outrageous characters who make it up.

Out of the Blue. (Hutchinson. £9.95.) Laddie Lucas, a distinguished fighter pilot in the Second World War, has brought together some two hundred stories illustrating 'the role of luck in Air warfare 1917-1966.' They are first hand accounts by airmen who enjoyed good fortune, often under the most incredible and unforeseen circumstances. Was it just luck or, as Air Marshal Sir Ivor Broom believes, 'a divinity which shapes our ends'? It is certainly a book well worth reading and which by contrast stresses the great losses suffered by both sides in air operations.

The Enormous Shadow (Dent. £2.95). Robert Harling's spy thriller was first published in 1955 and is now republished in paperback with a new Introduction by the distinguished journalist and writer, Matthew Coady. Like his other novels, this centres in the newspaper world of Fleet Street. The Editor of a national newspaper and his staff are pursuing a spy ring including a member of parliament. In his Introduction, Matthew Coady assesses Harling's novels as a whole. He is, among other interests, a journalist and editor. 'It is a background which lends his Fleet Street novels a quality which every newspaperman will recognise as wholly authentic.'

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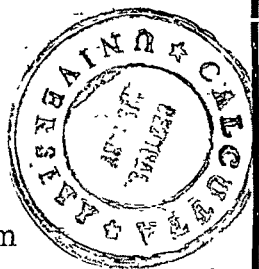
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Vol. 247

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<i>Contents</i>		<i>Page</i>
A New Image for Overseas Aid	John B. Wood	281
The Bhutto Factor in Pakistan's Politics	Maleeha Lodhi	289
The Fourth Dimension	Paul Rose	295
Hong Kong's Closed and Open Centres	Adeline Hartcup	298
Let Them Do the Rejecting: the Treating of Physically and Psychologically Abused Children	F. L. Lowenstein	304
Iris Murdoch	John Elsom	311
In Retreat from Historical Faith	John J. Haldane	316
China's New Religious Freedom	Clyde-Ahmad Winters	319
Poems: Cormorants The Sounding	Pamela Constantine	324
The Face of Twentieth Century German Art	Muriel Julius	326
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		329
Lord Longford, Mark Cook, Paul Rose, Esmond Wright, Laurence Tanner		
SHORTER REVIEWS		334
Half-yearly Index		336

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A NEW IMAGE FOR OVERSEAS AID

by John B. Wood

BOB GELDOF's approach to relief in famine-stricken Africa is refreshingly innovative and it is to be hoped that the use to which the funds so raised are put can be equally innovative and imaginative. If this happens, a whole new dimension could be brought to the operation and effectiveness of voluntary assistance to the developing countries of the so-called 'Third World'.

The successful results of the Band-aid and Live-aid fund raising concerts were particularly significant in that they were achieved at a time when most of the official overseas aid programmes of the industrialised countries—now popularly referred to as 'the North'—were suffering from cuts resulting from dwindling popular support for the concept of overseas aid and disappointment with the results obtained through it in 'the South'. The implication is that the efforts of the sometimes denigrated younger generation have become more effective than those of their elders in bringing relief to Africa through response from the general public.

Imaginative organisation, together with a convenient focus already provided through the media covering the disasters in Ethiopia were obviously important elements in the success of the fund-raising operation. The interesting thing, however, is that the participation of prominent artists on behalf of humanitarian causes is not in itself a novelty—Danny Kaye and Yehudi Menuhin had performed for UNICEF on various occasions in the past. The media have, furthermore, provided an equally suitable and compelling focus on past occasions, such as the emergencies in the Sahel countries, in Somalia and even in Ethiopia. Yet despite the considerable concern and many appeals in Europe, North America and Australasia, there was not the massive response that Band-aid and Live-aid were able to muster this year:

The problem now confronting the organisers is one of ensuring that the enthusiasm, dedication and dynamism shown in the raising of the funds carries over into the operations derived from these funds. This is no easy task as many experienced operators of overseas aid programmes would confirm. Criticisms are bound to arise over distribution delays, bad timing, aid falling into the wrong hands and so forth. This has regrettably become an almost institutional cycle, but should not give rise

to despair. It seems that the very media, having been responsible for ably portraying the scale and depth of the suffering on previous as well as on this occasion, and thus instrumental in evoking a positive public response, soon begin to turn their attention to defects once the relief operations begin. Many such reports originate from the end of the relief line, perhaps in a settlement or refugee camp, without consideration of the very real obstacles that have usually had to be overcome to get anything there at all. There is perhaps in our countries a too facile assumption that all facilities work just as they do at home, that nearly everyone will have a telephone and a directory, that mail will be delivered within a day and so forth. Even international organisations operating at the express request of a recipient government find various kinds of obstacles arising from difficulties in communication networks, from the formalities involved in getting clearances, certificates and decisions in general, all of which will affect the rates of discharge at ports, facilities for inland transport, storage and so forth.

Commenting on the UN relief operation in Ethiopia, which had been severely criticised in a prominent Paris newspaper on 23 May this year, the UN Disaster Relief Organisation (UNDRO) indicated, in defence, that between 1 December 1984 and 25 May 1985 a total of 622,501 metric tons of food aid had arrived in Ethiopia through the UN World Food Programme and went on to say that 220,000 tonnes, or about one third of the total amount, was still in the port of Asab (which represents an accumulation of at least 20 shiploads) with another 162,000 tonnes in various governmental and non-governmental stores, while the total actually distributed to the famine victims was 227,000 tonnes over this period. These figures reflect the considerable backlog at the port due to internal transport difficulties. The UNDRO statement went on to show that 97% of the food aid arriving in Ethiopia could thus be accounted for. The Paris article had rather exaggeratedly claimed that 30,000 tonnes of food aid a month was going astray, but even a 97% delivery rate (i.e. a 3% loss), however statistically satisfactory, still represents a loss amounting to 18,675 tonnes. A voluntary organisation often does not have the ready-made lines of communication to governments and ministries that bilateral or international aid agencies do. If these have difficulties even so in arranging for transport from port of entry and despite the best precautions still incur a percentage of loss, it is not at all surprising that voluntary agencies should face similar if not worse problems.

The foregoing is quoted simply to show that it is important that criticisms concerning logistics operations, timing and delivery delays, as well as losses quoted in volume terms, be kept in perspective. It would be a great pity if undue prominence be given to some criticisms of this nature, already voiced against the Band-aid operations, led to the general public writing off that initiative as yet another overseas aid fiasco, because the Band-aid/Live-aid initiative has opened up quite a new field of possible actions that could bring not just palliative relief efforts of a few air-drops, but ones that could begin to tackle the repetitious cycle of famines and

disasters in that part of the world. One has to bear in mind an underlying disaster orientation in much of the western press reporting and it is difficult to maintain media enthusiasm for the longer-term more constructive actions that do not bring forth any immediate or startling results, yet this type of development action has to be undertaken if the vicious circle is to be broken.

It may well be that the repeated messages of despair and the media highlighting of the various disasters that befall various parts of the world, are beginning to make a cumulative impression on the general public—if this is so it is not necessarily a positive development. It is obviously positive that concern, sufficient to motivate generous donations, should be shown for the stricken populations, but the fact that public response seems to be forthcoming solely in the case of disasters is not, since this tends to create a market for disasters. Many governments in Africa and elsewhere know that the surest and quickest way of getting external support in times of crisis is to proclaim a disaster or emergency of one kind or another. The result is that many internal economic or logistics problems are blamed on drought, crop failure, etc. Once it becomes customary to follow this path, the root causes of those problems and any effort to prevent their recurrence get neglected—especially as the remedies needed are often unpopular or unpalatable. This syndrome is compounded by many of the donor sources of aid, who know that disasters elicit response where development does not. Obviously it is irrelevant to the victims of disasters whether they are suffering as a result of overpopulation, mismanagement, politico-ideological cynicism, ecological degradation or just lack of rain. They must be cared for. Yet to do so to the exclusion of all else is to invite a repetition of the event.

Although it may not have been evident in Geldof's original fundraising statements, it has now been clearly indicated, to the great credit of the organisers, that a sizeable proportion of the monies raised will, in fact, go into longer-term infrastructure strengthening and development efforts, designed to prevent the cyclical repetition of these disasters. It is perhaps not generally realised that droughts do not necessarily cause famine or conversely that famine can occur amid areas of agricultural plenty. There have been serious droughts in the USA and in France, but these did not give rise to famine nor to any particularly serious dislocation of supplies. Even the Republic of South Africa suffered little from the same meteorological phenomena that resulted in emergency situations in her neighbours. Some of the reasons for these differences lie in the availability of supporting infrastructure, such as transport and communications networks, storage facilities, credit and other emergency financial facilities, freedom of movement of goods and services—in short flexibility. These things are often lacking in many of the developing countries, perhaps because of insufficient investment in infrastructure, lack of maintenance, centralised control over supplies, prices and markets, restrictions on movements of goods, services and personnel, etc.

In other cases new population and agricultural centres may have grown

in areas that the original transport infrastructure did not cover, making access difficult in times of crisis. These are all areas upon which relief operations depend and if they can be helped to function efficiently and flexibly as a result of relief operations, it would be of lasting benefit to the economy. Such actions are, however technically complex and a number of major financing institutions have been putting considerable amounts of capital in the form of loans or credits into these areas, it would not be beneficial for a voluntary organisation to try to compete with such institutions, particularly since a demarcation of areas of action is relatively simple. Major funding institutions need to address themselves to major projects and programmes, anything under six figures is of little interest and the processes of approval are such that the time lapsing between an initial enquiry from a government and the commencement of operations is seldom under two years. A voluntary organisation, however, can put funds into small requirements within a very short time span and put them where they are most needed, perhaps through a local community rather than a central government. Voluntary organisations are not bound to purchase new equipment from overseas as are most of the major financing institutions, but can use their funds for refurbishing existing equipment, for the provision of servicing and maintenance personnel and so forth. Beyond this there lie the questions of technical competence to carry out the great variety of development tasks required. There are many voluntary organisations that specialise in various aspects of emergency and relief operations such as medical, nutritional facilities and staff, transport and logistics, appropriate technology, use of solar power, well digging, irrigation, etc. There is at present little in the way of co-ordinating machinery, other than some cohesion sometimes provided by external bodies in crisis situations, such as the UN High Commission for Refugees, the UN Disaster Relief Organisation, UNICEF or national institutions of the affected country.

Co-ordination is a frequently invoked word, but rarely an effective operation unless it is brought about through offering a service of some kind to the participating parties and empire-building tendencies are resisted. The Band-aid/Live-aid organisers are in a position to provide a service of this kind by acting as a funding agency or funding source for specialised or technically oriented voluntary organisations or individuals in the various fields required, rather along the lines of the University Grants Commission, or the way in which the UN Development Programme (UNDP) was originally intended to fund many of the development activities of the UN Specialised agencies (FAO, Unesco, the ILO, etc.). Such a procedure would not prevent or discourage the participating organisations continuing to mount their own specialised programmes, any more than the UNDP, that does not interfere with the regular programmes of the specialised UN agencies. Such procedure does however allow a central funding organisation to make full use of the available technical resources of the agencies, ensures cohesion and complementarity of action while holding the agencies accountable for

the operations the central funding agency has financed.

Outside the industrialised countries there is little experience or policy covering the largely uncharted territory between relief and development, despite many years of operation of each of the component sectors. Much of the reason for this is that different organisations, agencies and constituencies have historically handled relief/emergency on the one hand and development on the other. This dichotomy has also tended to be reflected in the recipient countries where disasters and emergencies are frequently the responsibility of special commissions staffed by persons temporarily seconded from other departments or ministries, whereas development actions would be carried out by the permanent staffs of ministries or institutions in corresponding technical/professional fields. For emergencies, among the prime requisites are quick response, logistic capability and good timing. There is consequently little time and less interest in undertaking the detailed studies needed for development actions covering expected impact, cost benefit, long-term returns, recurrent cost implications, etc. Furthermore, the most common emergencies arising from an influx of refugees or displaced persons have built-in factors that inhibit development work. These situations usually entail the concentration of large numbers of persons in settlements or camps, since this is thought to facilitate relief actions. A host country, whose own economy and ecology is fragile, is not in any position to absorb large numbers of strangers, so that attempts by outsiders to convert such settlements into productive centres raise the spectre of permanence which the host country would generally resist. In addition, these centres are usually located away from the main population centres and on land that is of little interest to the local population and thus probably unproductive. There is the additional problem that the great attention paid to these groups by external agencies makes them better off in terms of health, education and nutrition than the local population, bringing about tensions that are unwelcome to the host government. All this would indicate that the need is to prevent the mass collection of people in camps and to try and tackle the problems before they escalate into an exodus. Such preventive actions in cases of drought, flood, cyclone, etc. are a practical possibility due to the availability of early warning techniques. But here again these techniques involve unspectacular collection of data over long periods and this is not the type of activity that is likely to appeal to agencies set up to deal with emergencies and whose constituents want quick action and visible results.

The various simple and unspectacular actions mentioned are pre-eminently well suited for voluntary organisations over and above their immediate relief work in emergencies and could make a useful contribution to the economy in times of normal operation. It was interesting to note in this connection that a Band-aid programme in the Sudan recently came in for criticism on the television for trying to repair a number of existing, but inoperative, trucks rather than bringing new ones into the country that would have cost little more than the repair operation. Such

criticism overlooks the fact that there are large quantities of idle equipment from a range of donors in various African countries because of lack of repair facilities and of general maintenance skills.

This dereliction is unwittingly encouraged by international banks and bilateral aid agencies who are mandated to supply new imported equipment. As there are no major assistance programme for repair and maintenance as such, it has become simpler for recipient countries to ask for new equipment rather than keeping the existing items in operation. Band-aid should therefore not be diverted from its attempts to refurbish existing equipment where possible as this might be instrumental in bringing about a change of attitude in both donor and recipient communities. If new equipment is to be provided it would be more appropriate in the form of mobile repair workshops such as those currently used by Italian and German vehicle manufacturers for their commercial operations overseas. In many cases railway, wagon-mounted repair workshops could be a valuable asset. If bridges between emergency and development operations can be built up in this way and shown to be effective, some of the more bureaucratically constrained inter-governmental organisations and recipient country institutions might well be encouraged to follow suit, despite commercial pressures in the donor communities to favour the export of new national products. Voluntary agencies have the great advantage of being able to operate with a much lower profile than official organisations, and through their links with community and local groups can often begin to take preventive action long before a government decides to declare a national emergency situation and before which no inter-governmental agency can move to assist.

The real world, of course, frequently impinges brutally on the development efforts of recipients and donors and on hopes of preventing future emergencies. When one looks at the most spectacular emergencies of the past few years, one finds that those resulting from civil strife predominate and last the longest. Such confrontations, often armed ones, may be within national boundaries or cross nation-state boundaries, which themselves frequently cut across ethnic boundaries. Apart from Ethiopia, the events in Kampuchea, Somalia, Chad and the Sudan may be cited as examples. Although Ethiopia was the main focus of the Band-aid/Live-aid appeal it was in many ways not the most deserving recipient as it, along with less populous Chad, has become a net creator of refugees and of displaced persons. Sudan, despite the latent confrontation between the Muslim/Arab north and the predominantly Christian/black south, has become a recipient of refugees from Eritrea and the Tigre province of Ethiopia who have been located in the north-east and from Chad who have been located in the Dafour region in the west of the country. These are not isolated events; in the early 1970s the Somalis, with the encouragement of Soviet advisers and logistics support, sought to unify into a greater Somalia the 2 million or so ethnic Somalis who lived in eastern Ethiopia and north-eastern Kenya. This led to a limited military confrontation with Ethiopia that ended in a Somali defeat, since in the

interim the Soviet Union had switched its support to Ethiopia and deserted Somalia. This led to the forced exodus of around 1.5 million ethnic Somalis from Ethiopian territory, creating a refugee emergency in Somalia. Ethiopian forces then switched to suppressing internal dissension in Eritrea and later in the Tigre province of the country. This in turn led to a massive exodus of Eritreans and Tigreans to the Sudan. All these operations, covering over a decade, caused extensive disruption of the agricultural and pastoral productive base in the affected areas.

Taken as a whole, Ethiopia's growth rate in the agricultural sector dropped from 2.1% average for the decade ending 1973 to 1.2% for that ending 1983. Linked to a population growth rate of 3%, this meant that there had been a steady decline of production and widening gap between it and requirements. This was reflected in a rise in cereal imports from 118,000 tonnes in 1974 to 325,000 tonnes in 1983 and in cereal food aid from 59,000 to 344,000 tonnes in the same period. Figures for the Sudan, on the other hand, showed a rise in the agricultural growth rate from 0.3% for the decade ending 1973 to a 3.5% average for that ending 1983, giving a reasonable margin over the estimated population growth rate of around 2.8%. Nevertheless cereal imports rose from 125,000 tonnes in 1974 to 435,000 tonnes in 1983 and food aid for the same period from 50,000 to 330,000 tonnes. The implication of the 660% increase in food aid is that it went largely to the relief of the refugee influx, national agricultural production in nominal overall terms having been sufficient to keep pace with population. Even though some of the agricultural production was in cash crops rather than food, these sales enabled commercial purchases of cereals to be made. The disruption in the northern parts of Chad, which includes the capital N'Djamena have been such that no data on agricultural production have been available since 1973. Cereal commercial imports remained at around 50,000 tonnes a year between 1974 and 1983, but food aid over the same period rose from 13,000 to 36,000 tonnes, rising again steeply in 1984 to around 60,000 tonnes, largely to cater for the displaced persons who moved into secure areas. Others, however, preferred to move into the Sudan, as the situation in Chad was in some ways analogous to that described in the Sudan.

The relief situation in Ethiopia was complicated by the fact that official (UN and bilateral) aid could only be given at government request to the areas of the country directly under their control, implying that food aid was being used as a political instrument to deprive areas under Eritrean or Tigrean control of sustenance. Distribution points were set up in or near government controlled towns in order to entice people from dissident areas to collect food as means of advertising an apparent affluence in the government held areas, along the lines of the tactics used during the Soviet blockade of the Western sectors of Berlin in 1948/49. Consequently only the voluntary agencies were able to bring relief to the large affected areas of the country held by the Eritrean and Tigrean forces and whose populations were suffering as greatly from the prevailing drought as others in the northern regions of the country. All these questions and

the various tactics used for deprivation, deportation, conscription, etc. were reviewed in detail in the course of the House of Commons enquiry into the famine in Africa and the options open to bring succour under these difficult circumstances. The findings are available in the report published by HMSO. The voluntary agencies' ability to bring relief to both sides of the disputed territory thus led to the Ethiopian government having to come to a compromise on the distribution of official aid to all areas of the country.

Questions of this type have arisen in historical times. As a result of the German occupation of Belgium in 1914, American relief organisations under the aegis of Herbert Hoover, benefiting from America's neutrality at the time, proposed sending relief assistance to Belgium, but this was opposed by the British government who felt that any assistance given to the occupied population would lessen the burden on the occupier and enable him to strengthen his war effort. Although on the one hand it would not have been ethical to use humanitarian assistance to subsidise a war effort, it was, on the other hand, of little comfort for the Belgians caught in the middle to be deprived of help. An analogous situation prevailed in Ethiopia, and the fact that the supply of relief to the dissident areas through voluntary agencies finally led to a more equitable overall distribution, taking the edge off food as a political weapon, is an important contribution to the creation of more stable conditions in that part of the world.

[John Wood is a Visiting Fellow at the Institute of Development Studies at the University of Sussex, specialising in various aspects of food aid and development policies. A former faculty member of the Department of Political Science and Economics of the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Canada, he was invited to join the UN field service in 1965, serving as Resident Representative of UNDP in Iraq, Vietnam, Greece and Malawi. From 1972-76 he was with the Education sector of Unesco in Paris and from 1977 to 1982 as senior adviser of the World Food Programme in Zambia and Somalia. He has recently undertaken a number of missions in Africa for the African Development Bank and the World Bank.]

THE BHUTTO FACTOR IN PAKISTAN'S POLITICS

by Maleeha Lodhi

ZULFIKAR Ali Bhutto, Pakistan's former Prime Minister, who ruled the country in 1971-77, was overthrown in a military coup d'état by General Zia ul Haq in July 1977 and executed on a dubious murder charge¹ in April 1979. But eight years after his ousting and six years after his hanging, the potency of the Bhutto name has not diminished. Even after his death, Bhutto remains a major force in the country's politics through the Pakistan People's Party (PPP) that he founded and which is now led by his 32-year-old daughter and political heir, Benazir Bhutto. The PPP is widely regarded as the largest political party in Pakistan and is the major component of the 11-party opposition alliance, the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy (MRD), committed to ending military rule.

There is no better illustration of the continuing influence of the 'Bhutto factor' in Pakistan's politics and the popularity of the Bhutto name than recent events which culminated in the arrest on 29 August of Benazir Bhutto under martial law. Benazir had returned to Pakistan after a year and a half of self-imposed exile in Europe to bury her younger brother, Shahnawaz Bhutto, who was found dead on 18 July in mysterious circumstances at his home in Cannes, France.² She received a rapturous reception at Larkana, the Bhuttos' home town, and over 100,000 people turned up for the funeral.³ This public outpouring of sympathy and support for the Bhuttos—an opportunity denied to the people when Z. A. Bhutto was secretly hanged and buried—confirmed the emotional resonance of the Bhutto name, and was the largest demonstration of anti-government sentiment seen since 1977.

Soon after Benazir arrived in Karachi from Larkana to another tumultuous welcome, she was placed in house detention. Her arrest came despite repeated government assurances, including those from General-turned-President Zia and Prime Minister Mohammed Khan Junejo, that she was free to return to the country. In fact, Zia and Junejo had earlier sent condolence messages to the Bhutto family.⁴ And only days before her arrest, the newly induced civilian chief minister of Sind province, Ghaus Ali Shah, had proclaimed that Ms. Bhutto had complete freedom of movement so long as she did not create what he described as 'a problem for the government'.⁵

Benazir herself had declared that she was returning as a sister, not a politician. She stood by her statement that she would not politicise the funeral and generally refrained from making political speeches. Indeed she struck a conciliatory tone when she announced in Karachi that her party would not launch any political agitation against the regime to give Prime Minister Junejo a chance to fulfil his pledge to lift martial law by January 1986.

Against this background, the regime's action in arresting her was only

explicable as a panicky reaction to the public demonstrations of support for her. The authorities may have feared the impact she could have in galvanising opposition if allowed to go about free. By detaining her, the regime itself acknowledged the wide public perception of Benazir as a serious challenge to Zia and the most potent symbol of opposition to military rule.

The Oxford and Radcliffe-educated Benazir Bhutto has not long been in politics. Her political experience is limited by the fact that she has spent much of her relatively brief political career either in detention or in exile, even though this has helped to elevate her popular status into something of a martyr. Benazir has always maintained that she had no political ambitions whilst her father was alive and that she was thrust on to the political stage by her father's execution and her mother's ill health. South Asia of course presents many historical precedents of a woman's emergence into a top political slot following the death of a father, husband or brother. Indeed, this seems to have become an established political tradition. In neighbouring India, Mrs. Indira Gandhi assumed prime ministership after only a short period following her father, Jawaharlal Nehru's death. Similarly in Sri Lanka, Mrs. Bandaranaike took over after her husband's death. In Pakistan's own political past there is a historical parallel in Miss Fatima Jinnah's (sister of Pakistan's founder Mohammed Ali Jinnah) emergence during the sixties as the leader of the opposition coalition that campaigned against the Ayub Khan dictatorship. In contemporary Bangladesh the two leading opposition figures seeking to challenge General Mohammed Ershad are both women—Hasina Wajed, daughter of the assassinated founder of the country, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, and Begum Khalida Zia, the wife of assassinated General-turned President Zia ur Rahman, the present ruler's predecessor. Thus, political dynasties have been a common feature in a region where institutions have yet to strike firm roots and where the focus of political allegiance tends to be on personalities.

From his prison cell, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto handed over the leadership of his party to his wife, Begum Nusrat Bhutto in 1978, a move endorsed by the party's Central Executive. But when Begum Bhutto developed lung cancer and had to leave the country for medical treatment abroad in November 1982, the mantle of leadership passed to Benazir Bhutto. Although the Begum, who has since lived in exile in France, is still the nominal chairperson of the party, she has long been politically inactive and Benazir, as Acting Chairperson, is the effective party chief.

Bhutto's two sons, Murtaza and Shah Nawaz Bhutto, followed a radically different political path from their elder sister. Both had left Pakistan after their father's arrest in 1977. In May 1979, Murtaza set up in Kabul, with Afghan backing, an armed underground organisation, The People's Liberation Army, committed to the overthrow of Zia. The youngest of the Bhutto children, Shah Nawaz, after undergoing brief training in a PLO camp in Beirut in late 1980, joined his brother's organisation, renamed Al-Zulfikar. This organisation claimed responsibility for the

hijacking in 1981 of a Pakistan national aircraft to Kabul, in which one passenger was killed. For this, the two Kabul-based brothers were tried in absentia by a military court in Pakistan and sentenced to 14 years imprisonment.

While a series of bomb explosions and assassinations of prominent anti-Bhutto politicians have been ascribed by the authorities to Al-Zulfikar, their complicity in such acts of terrorism has never been adequately proved. The regime has nonetheless constantly used the Al-Zulfikar 'threat' to round up and incarcerate anti-Zia political activists and tried to link in the public mind Al-Zulfikar with the PPP. This did not succeed because the party strenuously disclaimed any connection with Al-Zulfikar and repeatedly and unequivocally rejected the use of violence. In 1983, the two brothers left Kabul and are reported to have shuttled for a time between Tripoli (Libya) and Damascus (Syria), but their organisation has been virtually moribund for over a year. Shahnawaz's funeral seemed to demonstrate that whatever the public's view of his political methods, there was immense sympathy for the tragedy of the Bhuttos.

Why does the public's fascination with the Bhuttos linger? What is the Bhutto phenomenon and why does it persist? The reasons are many and complex. To understand the Bhutto conundrum one has to recall not just the fact that the charismatic Bhutto was Pakistan's first and only popularly elected leader,⁸ but other factors as well.

By virtue of his populist role in the campaign against the dictatorship of Ayub Khan (who ruled Pakistan under martial law from 1958-62, and then as civilian President until his downfall in 1969), Bhutto represents a watershed in the country's history. Bhutto founded the PPP in November 1967, initially as a vehicle to challenge the Ayub regime, which he had quit a year earlier (over disagreement on foreign policy) after having served in it in different capacities but most notably as foreign minister for eight years. Political repression under Ayub as well as the acute social and economic tensions which his policies of economic development generated (especially the deliberate fostering of class and regional inequalities to fuel rapid industrialisation and growth) provoked widescale discontent and resentment, which Bhutto skilfully exploited. He was the first politician to cultivate support from mass sections of the population in a country where politics was generally confined to elite level manipulation and machinations. Bhutto addressed his appeal directly to the poor and the underprivileged by going over the heads of traditional power brokers—landlords, tribal and *biradari* (kinship group) leaders. In so doing he helped to usher in mass sections of the populace into the political system.

In the only free and fair election ever held in Pakistan's chequered history (in 1970), he adopted a populist platform, promising the people *Roti, Kapra, Makaan* (Food, Clothing and Shelter). He won a convincing victory in the then West Pakistan (the East was to secede a year later to become the independent state of Bangladesh). Although himself a

landed aristocrat, and despite the fact that the landed gentry were an important component of his party, he espoused socialist ideas and held out the dream of social justice in a society characterised by vast disparities of wealth and income. Today his daughter is popularly regarded as the custodian of that dream.

In power Bhutto never lived up to the promises of his radical demagoguery.⁷ His limited nationalisation measure (affecting only 11% of industrial assets), largely cosmetic land reforms and other policies, merely tinkered with the socio-economic status quo. But despite his inability to live up to his populist rhetoric, he did succeed in imparting to the ordinary man a sense of respect and pride that he had not hitherto enjoyed. Thus, while his populist image may have been dented, it had not been completely eroded.

The Bhutto period was also far from being a shining example of democratic rule and freedom. His tenure was increasingly marked by political repression—he sent in the army to deal with the political opposition in Baluchistan province—shackling of the press and erosion of civil liberties. In his last years, the *Quaid-i-Awam* (Leader of the People) had begun to look more like a moody and unpredictable autocrat. Indeed, there is much substance in the argument that Bhutto squandered a historic opportunity to foster the democratic process in a country prone to praetorianism. The defeat of the military in East Pakistan in 1971 and the discrediting of the bureaucracy gave him a unique chance to break away from the country's tradition of military-bureaucratic governance. But to rule, Bhutto came increasingly to depend less on his popular base or party than on the instruments of state power—the military, police and the bureaucracy.

However, his overthrow by the military after an opposition campaign of urban protest agitation—provoked by alleged rigging of the general election called by Bhutto in March 1977—once again cast him in the role of an underdog. The treatment meted out to him helped to erase from the minds of many people the omissions, failures and excesses of his years in power. Paradoxically, people's memories—fed by a nostalgia and deep sympathy over the manner in which Bhutto met his end—seem to have been conditioned more by his role in the years out of power than by his record in office. After being condemned to jail for a year and a half, Bhutto was hanged on April 4, 1979, following his conviction by the Lahore High Court and upheld by the Supreme Court—but clearly contrived by the military—for having ordered the murder of a political opponent. The dubious legality of his trial made his execution nothing but the cold-blooded elimination of a political opponent by a military junta, fearful of the consequences if Bhutto was left alive. His refusal to plead for mercy from the squalid conditions of his death cell together with the reported dignity and courage with which he went to the gallows made him a hero in the eyes of many, and gave him the halo of martyrdom. A mystique and legend grew around him, which was only strengthened by the regime's clumsy efforts to discredit and eradicate his

memory. Some would argue that the legend became larger than the man himself, but it nonetheless ensured that his ghost would stalk the country for years to come.

However, despite the popularity of the Bhutto name, the PPP has been unable to translate its public support into a mass movement that could dislodge the Zia regime. This inability is largely a reflection of its organisational weakness, which in turn is a legacy of Bhutto's policies. To challenge Ayub Khan in the sixties and to fight the 1970 election, Bhutto had adopted a broad coalition strategy. He managed to create an astonishing political movement that included the Marxist Left, urban professionals, industrial labour, landed groups (initially only in Sind, but later also in Punjab province), and newly politicised popular forces in urban Pakistan and rural Punjab. The diverse and disparate nature of this support base led him to fashion the PPP into a loose structure dominated by him. Indeed in its early years, the PPP was more a movement than a party with a well-articulated organisational structure. Nor did Bhutto, once he assumed power, seek to institutionalise the party. The years in power were a period of erosion of what organisational strength the party possessed. The PPP was systematically drained of its organised Left cadres, while more landed groups were brought into the party. Bhutto not only prevented the emergence of a strong second-rank leadership, but manipulated factionalism in the party, which served to exacerbate its disorganisation. The organisational weaknesses were compounded in the post-coup period by the party's persecution by the military authorities. The fact that the PPP was unable to organise substantial or sustained protest rallies at the time Bhutto was hanged was a poignant reminder of its organisational debility.

Nonetheless, most political observers are of the view that the PPP would win a majority in a free and open election. Indeed, this fear of a return to power of the PPP has twice led the military regime to cancel elections promised in 1977 and 1979. The 1979 elections were called off after the local bodies poll in September. This had demonstrated that, despite the ban on all political parties, candidates identified as being pro-PPP won a decisive victory in three of Pakistan's four provinces. In February 1985, the military regime held strictly controlled non-party elections to national and provincial assemblies. This was portrayed as a first step towards restoring democracy, but the MRD, including the PPP, denounced these polls as a sham and chose to boycott the elections.⁸

The dilemma of the PPP is that while the Bhutto name can probably ensure success at the ballot box, it lacks the organisational capacity to initiate and sustain a campaign of mass demonstrations to compel the regime to hold fresh elections and transfer power to elected representatives. The significance of such mass protests as a vehicle for change derives from the fact that twice in Pakistan's history, in 1968-69 and 1977, mass protests have led to the ousting of governments from power. So the real question is whether the PPP can contrive similar pressure and deploy its supporters on the streets to force elections. The argument

that in the event of a spontaneous uprising against the military government the PPP would be the principal beneficiary does not detract from its present inability to initiate such a rebellion. This weakness is all the more telling when set against its adversary—a powerful military machine that has strengthened the repressive apparatus of the state and has enormous financial and information levers in its hands.

But even the contention that the PPP would easily win in free and impartial elections is one that is challenged by its political rivals. They argue that the 'Bhutto myth' is greatly exaggerated and that the more time passes, the more the 'myth' is eroded. They attribute the survival of the 'myth' largely to counter-productive actions of the military regime itself. They draw a rough analogy between the Bhutto phenomenon and the Peronist movement in Argentina. And the argument is that just as in Argentina, Raul Alfonsín's Radical party scored a stunning upset victory over the Peronists in October 1983—defying the predictions of political pundits—thereby shattering the Peronist myth, so in Pakistan it will take free and fair elections to explode the Bhutto myth. Whatever the strength of this argument, until there are open elections in Pakistan this will remain untested.

NOTES

1. According to Ramsey Clark (the former Attorney-General of the US) and John Mathew, Q.C., who saw part of the proceedings of Bhutto's long drawn trial in the Lahore High Court, the case would never have stood up in an English or American court, and was contrary to the principles of Islamic law, since the conviction rested on the uncorroborated evidence of pardoned accomplices. See *Memorandum on Bhutto Trial* presented by Mathew to the convention of International Jurists on the Trial of Z. A. Bhutto, held in London, April 6-7, 1979. See also Leslie Wolf-Philips, Comment, *Public Law* (Summer 1979).
2. At the time of writing (late autumn 1985), the French authorities investigating Shahnawaz Bhutto's death have still not released the findings of the autopsy performed on him. On 4 November Benazir Bhutto was released from house arrest, but freedom was granted only so that she could leave the country to go to France to testify in the investigation into her brother's death.
3. *Financial Times*, 22 August 1985.
4. *Summary of World Broadcasts*, 22 July 1985.
5. *The Muslim* (Islamabad), 27 August 1985.
6. For an interesting (though not always balanced), biography of the man, see Salmaan Taseer, *Bhutto: A Political Biography*, (London: Ithaca 1979).
7. For analysis of the Bhutto period, see S. J. Burki, *Pakistan Under Bhutto*, (London: Macmillan, 1980) and the discussion in K. B. Sayeed, *Politics in Pakistan: The Nature and Direction of Change*, (New York: Praeger, 1980).
8. See Maleeha Lodhi, 'Pakistan: Winds of Change?', *South magazine*, March 1985.

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THE FOURTH DIMENSION

by Paul Rose

PRODIGY or prodigal, the reborn Jeffrey Archer in his latest novel had four contenders. This year, for the first time in real conference season terms there was a fourth dimension as Torquay and Dundee made the space between them take the Alliance to the top of the polls. It appeared that energy and space could meet the mass votes of Trade Union leaders and the velocity of a Tebbit bicycle.

Time is of course the real essence of politics since there need not be an election until 1988. No one should underestimate the energy of the far left of the Labour Party nor the gravitational pull of traditional allegiances. Enough of Einstein's relativity, but he is perhaps unfairly equated with paternity of the bomb. Meanwhile the polls swing to Neil.

Fortunately no bomb at Bournemouth or Blackpool shattered the hotels of the conference delegates this year. The closest were the verbal salvos by Neil Kinnock at those who live in the romantic shadow of the Councils of Soviets rather than the reality of a shrinking proletariat in 1984. The only real bombs contained petrol hurled at policemen in the scenes of hatred and anger in North London. These served to push the Tories off the front pages, aided and abetted by Sara Keays' sad tale of 'Cecil the Cad' and the PLO's hijacking of a cruise (fortunately not a missile) and the US's hijacking of the hijackers. Those riots in Tottenham do, however, give the law and order brigade a chance to find an object of hatred and to rise to calls for hanging—the one spark that ignited a comparatively dull conference of a proverbially dull but solid show. The only other unexpected heat came from the strongest call yet for the Conservative Party to respond to public feeling on unemployment by Peter Walker.

Presentation was the problem, the faithful were told, but how do you package nearly four million unemployed and the highest ever official figures? There was an imperceptible change in emphasis from the resolution of Nigel Lawson to stick to the monetarist totem pole which made Mrs. Thatcher and Norman Tebbit sound more caring. Douglas Hurd came over as a thoughtful and sensitive Home Secretary, walking a tightrope, but not yielding to the mob as his predecessor did—and for which poetic justice decreed he should be relegated to a less prominent role.

Tories care about the least well off, about spending on the Health Service, on keeping down inflation and creating jobs and less emphasis is placed on cuts, rates reform, or PSB. Tory policy, one suspects, may be modified along with the packaging; albeit Jeffrey Archer's experience of unemployment and a £400,000 debt hardly identifies him with the unemployed youngsters of Brixton for whom a £40 debt is a catastrophe and who have no one in the old boy network to bail them out when they get picked up on suspicion of being black. However, the ovation for the Harrovian lady who was black, British and Conservative is a far cry from the more overt racialism which once raised its ugly head at Tory conferences.

The tragedy of our inner cities pinpointed by Lord Scarman is that we now have a sub-class of people who feel alienated from the political process and of whom a high proportion are of West Indian or Asian origin. Their only political clout is violence and while the National Front may welcome the consequent racist backlash and the militant tendency may meet in Tottenham in the name of working class solidarity, it is a quite different world from leafy suburbia and vast swathes of semi-rural England where life is still pleasant. That is the heartland of the marginal constituencies which the four Parties have to win over.

Hence, Kinnock's denunciation of Arthur Scargill with the very criticisms contained in my previous articles for *Contemporary Review* and the additional power of a lilting Welsh oratory and personal passion that made him a credible leader. Hence Kinnock's denunciation of the municipal revolutionaries of Liverpool and Lambeth who threaten to alienate the average Labour voter and the floater for miles around as well as nationally. It was a striking personal success. It was his Conference and he must be the recipient of the award I gave last year to Paddy Ashdown. What we shouldn't forget is that he didn't carry Conference with him in terms of votes and the path of the Labour Party is strewn with chasms, ambushes, dropped bricks and mutinous infantry with sharp knives following the balding but boyish leader and his disarmingly attractive wife. As a former member of his Party nostalgia almost clouded my grey cells. Kinnock's timing was right, albeit everything he said was equally true and unsaid last year.

By contrast, Mrs. Thatcher has become Britain's first elder Stateswoman. Seen with Kings, Princes and Presidents, she has adopted a pose in foreign affairs that makes Sir Geoffrey appear as a pet poodle. It causes one to wonder whether she is standing in our first Presidential Election rather than being Her Majesty's first Minister. However low her current standing in the country she is shrewd enough to know that the spitting image or tarnished reputation has to be polished up and her supremacy reasserted if she and her Party are to survive and none should underestimate her resilience.

Meanwhile, from their outposts in the Celtic fringes of Dundee and the West Country, the yeoman and highlanders sounded an entirely new note. Thoughtful to the point of dullness, honest to the point of innocence, SDP delegates allowed themselves to be manoeuvred into postures that were centre right or centre left but rarely radical, and only Shirley Williams, reminding delegates of the Party's origins, rivalled Dr. Owen's brilliant apparently off-the-cuff handling of delegates. Above all, the Doctor is professional and confident to the point of arrogance and imposes his own personal stamp on a Party which cries out for less centralisation and a broader appeal to radicals.

I would estimate that 40% of the SDP are unhappy at its lack of radicalism and its failure to pierce the bastions of Labour from which its foetus first grew and gave it life. The irony is that in Liverpool, Bermondsey and Rochdale, the kind of seats that the SDP should have been taking, the Liberals are making the running. The SDP equals the Tories in support in the top group, not least among academics and clergymen, but it has not

replaced Labour from which its first leaders sprang. It has a strong appeal to those who cannot stomach monetarism and those who read the *Guardian* on the way to office or campus. It has yet to become the replacement for a sick and divided Labour Party, shored up by Trade Union finance, and has as a consequence fared marginally less well than the Liberals at local level.

In terms of immediate success, the sober, reasonable conduct, notwithstanding the amateurish oratory and virgin quality of approach to organisations, and sensible image, coincided with a Liberal Party that looked more serious, less eccentric, and poised to take on the hanging of Parliament if not the gallows of power itself. Dundee Pudding was most appealing. Clearly the fourth dimension has merged more closely into a third force that, give or take a few per cent, represents a third of the electorate. Those few per cent either way can mean enormous swings in terms of seats given our crazy electoral system not geared to the current situation.

Poor Paddy Ashdown got the bird for distancing himself from CND. David Owen now accepts Cruise Missiles with unintelligible reservations. Plastic bullets should be investigated but not stopped, and the very mudge and fudge which he condemned has left Owen as the enigma in a four party scenario with unprecedented Constitutional implications. The two Davids must get their act together and act as one. They need a Prime Minister designate and the electorate has a right to know for whom and what it is voting. A joint conference is a step forward but a fourth dimension is not easy for the electorate to understand. The Alliance needs stronger cement, unified policies and strategy if it is to be accepted as a realistic three dimensional solid force. It can be, but it has entrenched forces to overcome in the Cowley Street bureaucracy and certain streetwise Liberals.

In those socially deprived areas of despair, policed in a manner that mistakes symptoms for causes, there are few Alliance members preaching the doctrine of one nation and fewer forming part of it. No doubt it is stronger among working miners (during the strike) and Richmond and Harrow in the commuter belt reflect Altrincham and Sale in the suburbs of the North, albeit the industrial heartlands remain Labour territory. Brecon and Radnor galvanised Kinnock into turning his oratory upon mindless militancy and the Tories into a reshuffle that they hoped would appeal to Jeffrey Archer's best buying public.

Conferences distort polls and after the Alliance peak, Labour shot ahead and then things settled much as before. The aftermath in the spring will be more indicative of the Conference impact and follow up in the real world of Liverpool, Tottenham or Finchley. After the conference season who would give long odds against a hung Parliament? But what bombshells can explode overnight in the most volatile situation we have known for nearly a century when the Labour Party was born as an instrument for Trade Unions and a few Socialists. Today that whole alliance is in danger of breaking up in spite of Neil's coming of age.

HONG KONG'S CLOSED AND OPEN CENTRES

by Adeline Hartcup

THE jumbo jets thunder down to the landing-strip in the heart of high-rise, neon-lit, lucre-loving Hong Kong. Not many hundred yards away is the very different world of Kai Tak Open Centre, where refugees from Vietnam are housed while they wait hopefully for a chance of moving on to permanent resettlement elsewhere. The somewhat make-shift lay-out of the place is a reminder that it was built as British army barracks, but so many Boat People and other refugees from the Indo-chinese turmoil have passed through it during the past ten years that nothing survives of the army's occupation. Today, the Centre has all the clattering, bustling friendliness of a street in mainland China.

Children shout and skip, laundry flaps in the breeze, rice and bamboo shoots sizzle in woks in the open, to avoid the risk of fire in the huts. There are twenty of these, partitioned into family units with three tiers of bunks. Two adults to a bunk is the general rule, although not all families fit tidily into that pattern. Toys and tools, as well as the occasional transistor and television set, lie around.

Recently, there were 3,386 residents at Kai Tak, with a paid staff of eleven to look after them. It seemed crowded and lively, but in 1979 and 1980 there were 15,500 refugees and a staff of sixteen. In those years there was no irony implied in calling Kai Tak a transit camp. The refugees, in their thousands, arrived and moved on briskly and optimistically. Since August 1979 nearly 33,000 have passed through the place on their way to domicile in the United States (14,175), Canada (6,353), Great Britain (4,376) and elsewhere (7,906). Nearly a hundred have died and over a thousand children have been born in the Centre.

In such a predicament and in such surroundings, people have to live in the present. Past experience in Vietnam and on the nightmare journey to Hong Kong are too cruel to retrace, and today the future is uncertain, unimaginable. So life goes on. The refugees buy and prepare their own food. There is a school for the children, as well as cooking, sewing and language classes for adults. A brightly painted double-decker bus, presented by Kowloon Motor Bus Company and run by the Norwegian Missionary Society, makes an inviting kindergarten. A doctor visits the Centre five times a week.

The refugees are free to come and go as they please between Kai Tak and the surrounding city. While they are based on Hong Kong they are glad of the chance to take a job offered by the factories, shops, restaurants and building firms. Most of the Vietnamese refugees speak Cantonese and so can communicate with local Chinese. Earnings are good, sometimes as much as HK\$200 a day.

They tend to be hardworking and thrifty, with a sharp money-sense. Some of them manage to salt away impressive savings: one refugee who died in Hong Kong was found to have HK\$50,000 in one account and

HK\$6,000 in another. Apart from food and clothes, the refugees have very few expenses. Parents who are working are charged HK\$20 a month for their young children to be cared for at the Kai Tak crèche; and a token payment is requested for electricity and for in-patient treatment in hospital. Even so, the UNHCR is often left to foot the bill... The camp manager, Mr. Henry Loke, puts this down to 'refugee mentality'. The contrast between persecution in their own country and the compassionate welfare that surrounds them in Hong Kong tends to turn the Vietnamese survivors into passive beneficiaries who expect everything to be done for them. At Kai Tak they are treated better than the tenants of the nearby housing estate. The UNHCR spends HK\$4m a year on their welfare.

The turmoil that has struck Vietnam and caused its endless haemorrhage of refugees is also the reason for occasional social unrest in the reception camps. Over the years a thousand North Vietnamese have been moved from Kai Tak to the Jubilee transit centre because of the fights that quickly flare up between old enemies. The Hong Kong police are called in whenever there is any violence or crime, and they co-operate with the UNHCR in their agreed policy of trying to keep families together wherever possible.

But today the refugees at Kai Tak and Jubilee, the two Open Centres, count themselves fortunate, and no new arrivals are accepted in either camp. Because the resettlement countries can no longer offer permanent homes to refugees, the Hong Kong government has had to change its policy. Newcomers are now received in isolated Closed Centres where they are virtually prisoners, with no access to jobs and shops. Already there are more Vietnamese in the Closed Centres than in Kai Tak and Jubilee. Recent statistics (December 1984) give a total of 5,985 (who arrived before July 1982) in the Open Centres and 6,505 (who came after that date) in the six Closed Camps—Argyle Street, Cape Collinson, Hei Ling Chau, Victoria, Western Quarantine Anchorage and the old prison island of Chi Ma Wan.

The present check-mate situation is best explained by a resumé of the last ten years. After the American withdrawal from Vietnam in 1975, Hong Kong was the obvious haven for the Boat People as they set out on their hazardous journeys. In spite of its already exceptionally high population—over five million in an area of less than 400 square miles—the refugees who arrived in Hong Kong presented the government there with a manageable problem. They were given temporary asylum before they moved on to permanent settlement elsewhere. Hong Kong had the generous policy of never turning away a refugee. More than 70,000 were sheltered there before going on their way.

But as year by year the numbers increased it became clear that international planning and action were needed. The United Nations Conference at Geneva in July 1979 decided that people leaving Vietnam would be considered the concern of the UNHCR, and requested countries in South East Asia to provide first asylum for them while permanent resettlement in third countries was being sought. At the Geneva

Conference the United Kingdom agreed to accept 10,000 more Vietnamese—in addition to the 1,500 who were already here—and to contribute £5m to the UNHCR for the welfare of refugees in South East Asia.

But by 1982 such offers were drying up. Recession and unemployment were widespread if not universal, and the host countries everywhere were either closing their doors or at best leaving them only very narrowly ajar. The Hong Kong government was faced with impossible demands on its hospitality. Refugees kept arriving, though reduced in numbers by the turbulence of the South China Sea and the predatory pirates who lay in wait for the rickety craft from Vietnam. At least 250,000 refugees are known to have been drowned during their journeys; and even the survivors found very few possibilities of moving on elsewhere.

Mrs. D. B. Lasán, the impressively dedicated head of the UNHCR team in Hong Kong, co-operates with the local government in making every effort to find ways out of the impasse. As she sees it, Hong Kong is uniquely different from other places of asylum in that, under its present British rule, it is a western administration in an Asian setting. She finds the most positive course is to draw on the strengths of the two cultures. Hong Kong can certainly be proud of a fine humanitarian record in its reception of refugees, but it lacks the political clout it would have for resettlement purposes if it were a member of A.S.E.A.N.

And it is not only from Vietnam that the refugees come. In 1980 there was an alarming increase in problems caused by the massive inflow of illegal immigrants from China, 'our big northern neighbour', as Mrs. Lasán calls the People's Republic—and there was no reason to expect the trend to change. So the Hong Kong government agreed with the Chinese authorities to terminate the 'Touch Base' policy on October 23, 1980. After that date no illegal immigrants from China would be allowed to remain in Hong Kong. Those who had already arrived were given three days in which to register for an identity card which would entitle them to remain. After that, all illegal immigrants from China who reached base and were subsequently detected would be sent back to China. Some of the Vietnamese refugees who entered Hong Kong from China were found to have been officially resettled there; with the agreement of the authorities concerned, they were therefore returned to what was now considered to be their third country of resettlement.

The Hong Kong Government's present policy of detaining refugees from Vietnam in Closed Centres is aimed at discouraging others from setting out on their desperate journey north-eastwards. By no means everyone agrees with this prognosis. Far from being the 'humane deterrent' intended, the new plan has been described as a 'social volcano' and the Closed Centres as little better than concentration camps. They certainly do not meet the UNHCR's minimum requirements for a 'first asylum' for refugees. And what future conditions, however grim, could be seen as a deterrent—humane or not—by those who set out on such a hazardous journey because life for them in their own country has become impossible?

On the other hand, even if the Closed Centres are little better than prisons they do at least offer food, shelter, medical care, continuation of life as a family unit and perhaps the hope of future freedom. There has in fact been a drop in the number of arrivals: a total of 2,230 in 1984 compared with 3,602 in 1983. Is this due to the 'humane deterrent'? Other reasons may be the recent orderly departure system of emigrants from Vietnam and the shortage of viable boats. Winds and weather cause seasonal fluctuations in the numbers of those who succeed in reaching Hong Kong. A graph of boat arrivals from 1980 to 1984 shows a sequence of peak arrivals in May: these fell from a total of 14,000 in 1981 to less than 5,000 during the last two years. The numbers of sea rescues follow a similar pattern. The rule still holds that refugees rescued at sea must be accepted by the country of the ship which picks them up, although exceptions can be made for those with relatives already settled elsewhere. The rule can, of course, also act as a deterrent—non-humane in this case—to ships whose countries have difficulty in absorbing additional immigrants, but the UNHCR appeals for Boat People to be rescued whenever they are seen to be in danger.

The UNHCR regretted the Hong Kong government's change of policy. All they could do was stipulate three conditions for their co-operation in caring for the refugees in both Open and Closed Centres: they must be allowed unlimited access to all camps; everything possible must be done to keep family units together and voluntary agencies must be admitted. The government agreed to all three, but claimed a right to vet the personnel and intentions of the voluntary agencies in question.

Thus the accommodation in the camps is provided and maintained by the administration; social welfare, health and financial matters are the responsibility of the UNHCR. Much of the contact work is done by eighteen Vietnamese and two Chinese employees of the voluntary agency Caritas, who visit the centres regularly, interviewing the refugees to speed up their resettlement prospects and reporting back on any personal problems. The UNHCR office in Kowloon is manned by a highly qualified, hardworking, multinational team. Mrs. Lasán, authoritative, elegant and UK-trained, comes from the Philippines and has the rank of *Chargé de Mission*, representing the UNHCR at international conferences and meetings with VIPs in the resettlement countries. Her deputy is Mr. P. Meijer, from Holland, and the resettlement officer is Mrs. Sato, who is Japanese. Miss A. Elizondo, from Nicaragua, is a young USA-trained lawyer whose main job is the responsible and often distressing one of assessing individual and family claims to refugee status. The office where all this useful work is done is centrally and conveniently placed in a modern office block in Kowloon.

The endlessly growing number of refugees in the world, as well as the parallel decrease in reception possibilities for them, has made it necessary to pinpoint their status with precision. Above all they have to be differentiated from the 'economic immigrants'. The UNHCR definition of a refugee has called for clear thinking and exact wording:

Any person who, owing to well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality or political opinion, is outside the country of his nationality and is unable or, owing to such fear or for reasons other than personal convenience, is unwilling to avail himself of the protection of that country; or who, not having a nationality and being outside the country of his former habitual residence, is unable or, owing to such fear or for reasons other than personal convenience, is unwilling to return to it.

The UNHRC team in Kowloon tackle their Sisyphean job with such compassion and resolution that it seems unkind to ask them what they can hope to achieve; but they are all positive, practical people and they are ready with an answer. Their first concern is the welfare of the refugees, with all that this involves in personal contacts both in and outside the Centres. Office work includes the keeping of detailed statistics, year by year and often month by month: numbers of those arriving and leaving Hong Kong, deaths and births, countries of origin and destination, duration of stay in Hong Kong of refugees of Chinese and of Vietnamese origin, numbers submitted and accepted for resettlement as well as of those who have arrived in temporary or permanent resettlement countries, sex and age-groups of Hong Kong refugees, number and age of unaccompanied minors (under 18 years) and of single young adults (under 25 years), number of ship rescues and nationality of ships involved, closeness of relationship to refugees settled elsewhere, individual educational standard, occupation before 1975, and religion.

To resettle ten refugees today takes as much effort, Mrs. Lasán says, as the finding of permanent homes for 10,000 did in the 1970s. Last September's figures tell of only 862 who stayed less than six months in Hong Kong; 4,984 remained there between two and three years, while 2,469 had been there over four years. Even for those with jobs in the outside community, this can be demoralising. 'Refugee mentality' prompts families to expect everything to be done for them and to be discontented with what they are offered. Many are unprepared to go anywhere except the United States—with California a preference.

Yet reality has to be faced. The United States now tend to limit their acceptances to refugees from the south who either have close relatives already in America or who fought with them in the Vietnam war. Canada insists on immigrants having a sponsor already in the country, and is also particular about educational standards. Japan, Australia and the Scandinavian countries provide alternative resettlement possibilities, and of course Britain's historic link with Hong Kong prompts expectations of hospitality. Recently, these have been disappointed. Mrs. Lasán suggested that if Britain led the way, others would follow, and last October (1984) admission was agreed for 27 'unaccompanied minors'.

What of the future? A rough road ahead and no going back. Hong Kong today has the largest population of Vietnamese refugees in the world and the greatest difficulty in finding homes for them. Permanent settlement in the crowded city is out of the question, and even the fortunate ones who have managed to move on to other countries face problems that are only too familiar. Most are hardworking and able, but

in times of high unemployment those very qualities can be seen as a threat to the host population. Integration is a two-way process which becomes easier for each succeeding generation. Mrs. Lasán, for all her optimism, expects no more than that the grandchildren of immigrants will manage to integrate with the host community.

Meanwhile, influential pressure groups are at work. The UNHCR, the British Refugee Council and the House of Commons Home Affairs Committee are all strongly urging the Government to provide third asylum in this country for some at least of the refugees who are trapped in the Hong Kong camps. *Refugees and Asylum, with Special Reference to the Vietnamese*, the report published by the Home Affairs Committee in April, presses for the Closed Centres to be abolished. 'Unless the situation changes, there will shortly be children of school age who have spent their entire lives in closed camps.'

The British Refugee Council is equally explicit and positive in its latest policy statement on the situation. *Behind Barbed Wire* calls on the British Government to increase the rate of arrivals from Hong Kong and to ensure that Vietnamese refugees in the Closed Centres are no longer detained in such unacceptable conditions. The BRC's recommendations for reform can hardly be questioned, and in themselves they paint their own picture of what the people there are enduring:—

- (a) That husbands and wives separated by the closed camp policy no longer be forced to live apart;
- (b) That the cramped conditions in Cape Collinson camp are totally unsuitable accommodation for over 500 people and must be reviewed immediately;
- (c) That administration of the camps be handed over to a more appropriate body than the Correctional Services Department and the refugees given a far greater role in the running of services;
- (d) That voluntary agency involvement in the camps be reviewed and that non-evangelical agencies be offered a greater role;
- (e) That normal and expeditious use of postal services be provided;
- (f) That adequate educational and training facilities be provided.

All very commendable but of course there can be no simple answer to the problem. Yet it must not be forgotten that the distress and hopelessness of the Vietnamese refugees in Hong Kong are in fact the responsibility of the UK. To sensibilities anaesthetised by daily viewing of televised scenes of catastrophe and inhumanity in all parts of the world, just how much meaning does the above statement carry? To watch or to read about cruel treatment of helpless human beings is not only distressing; it is morbid and demoralising unless it sparks off some kind of action. It is action that is called for now, by the people of Britain, to press their demands on those who represent them in Parliament, and by the Government to improve the shameful inhumanity of the Hong Kong camps.

[Adeline Hartcup is preparing a book on the Vietnamese refugees in Britain. *Spello—Life Today in Ancient Umbria* (with John Hartcup) will be published in November 1985.]

LET THEM DO THE REJECTING: THE TREATING OF PHYSICALLY AND PSYCHOLOGICALLY ABUSED CHILDREN

by L. F. Lowenstein

WHAT follows now might appear to be a rationalisation of failure. Others will see in it a process which has eventually a beneficial outcome. It concerns children who are severely disturbed and have been mishandled and rejected over a number of years by different adults in different settings.

Children who have been abused by their parents physically and/or psychologically frequently tend to feel rejected by them. Their deteriorating behaviour may well have been compounded by parents who were unable to face the difficult task of child-rearing and handling. Since rejection usually breeds further rejection, many abusing or rejecting parents have themselves suffered at the hands of their own parents or those who have taken over the rearing process. Without realising it, they are merely perpetuating the unhappy and vicious cycle of abuse and rejection.

Certainly, children who enter the therapeutic community have survived a diet of continuous mishandling and rejection, initially from their own parents, then a variety of children's homes, foster parents and other caring bodies or establishments. This has produced a child accustomed to abuse and the greatest of all abuse is undoubtedly rejection. This may be seen as a psychological rather than physical abuse, and it is much harder to heal than physical injuries.

It is for this reason that while we, as a caring and therapeutic agent, can never reject such children, the children should be allowed to act out their feelings, without provoking further rejection from the adults who care for them. Such behaviour takes various forms. These may include:

1. Refusing to develop anything but a superficial relationship with adults.
2. Displaying disturbing behaviour (aggression, disruption, manipulation, destructiveness).
3. Displaying intra-punitive behaviour (suicide, self-destruction, being prone to accidents, drug misuse and substance misuse, etc.).

Let us look at each example of reaction, while remembering that they could be combined in various ways. Even more important, let us see how such long term disturbances must be treated and how woefully inadequate our theories and practices are at present in dealing with such severe disturbances in children and adolescents.

There are indeed many things that can be done to help. Unfortunately many approaches and methods which could be effective in certain cases are not being used.

It is very apparent for those working with psychologically abused children that the only relationship established with them is one which is super-

ficial. Hence any friendliness expressed by such children is usually based on a desire to lull the adult into a false sense of complacency. The objective is always the manipulation of the adult, in some way which will give the child or adolescent an advantage over that adult. In this way a subtle kind of vengeance in the form of counter-rejection is practised.

This type of behaviour may be totally unacceptable to many people. It is one of the facets of child care of the disturbed adolescent that new staff must be informed about. Such a child requires tolerant, caring, warm, yet also strong determined adults who can cope with often aggressive and manipulative behaviour. These children are essentially seeking to get even with adults who have let them down because they were too weak to control and guide them. The child's interpretation of such weakness and inability to control them is that such adults cannot be respected because they either don't care or are ineffectual in handling them.

Staff who are not educated in the correct handling of psychologically damaged children often feel demoralised by the children's behaviour and leave the establishments set up to care for them. At the same time, children are sometimes expelled from such centres and thus a deterioration in the morale of both staff and other children occurs as well as further damage by rejection in the individual concerned.

This may be manifested in a variety of ways. The most extreme form is attempted suicide. Sometimes, less drastic self-injurious behaviour occurs. This includes self-mutilation, substance abuse and being accident prone.

Another response of counter-rejection due to earlier experiences makes it necessary for such a child to want to hurt not only themselves but those adults who apparently care for them. Further acts of self-destruction may then occur to test the level of caring of the adult. Such children must obviously be safeguarded from their own self-destructive inclinations and this may well require a considerable amount of dedication, ingenuity and energy, since one is essentially working against the child's own lack of desire for survival.

Perhaps the most important question to be answered is how to achieve the reversal of the tragedy of psychological rejection experienced by the child. Physical abuse, be it sexual or otherwise, will eventually heal with time and care. Psychological abuse takes longer to remedy since one is unable to predict the response; all that can be done is to concentrate the maximum effort for each individual child and adolescent. The important consideration is to halt the cycle of abuse, rejection and other negative repercussions by adopting a total commitment, irrespective of the behaviour manifested.

We must develop the self-esteem and self-control of such youngsters, encourage them to seek to change the conditions reflected by the problem and alter their attitudes and behaviour towards others and themselves.

How can this be achieved? Only over a long period, especially if the damage has been long-lasting and early in life, by promoting gratification through learning in the educational setting, developing social skills, improving relationships with adults and those in authority and seeking and work-

ing towards appropriate vocational goals.

Many children who have suffered from child abuse and rejection react poorly to the normal system of education. This is because the ingredients of the normal education diet include competition, uniformity, examination taking, etc. While this is acceptable in varying degrees to ordinary children, those who have been psychologically damaged, rejected or otherwise mishandled find such a system hard to accept. This is because of fear that they will fail in comparison with others and this further lowers their self-esteem.

It is therefore vital to develop an educational regime that leads to educational achievement and provides for personal satisfaction.

This can only occur when children are carefully assessed intellectually, educationally and emotionally. It must then be followed up by a tailor-made individualised educational programme with regular assessments and a positive feed-back of success having been achieved, as often as necessary.

In this way, the child eventually takes heart and becomes more interested and involved with learning and, in so doing, further gratifies his self-esteem.

As has already been said, children who have been rejected frequently have very poor ego development and self-images. They must be made aware of their specific defects in their capacity to relate to other children and what positive ways they might use for improving their behaviour so that their relations with the peer group improve. This can be ascertained by group assessments or group therapy encounters as well as by individual discussions with the psychologist. Once awareness has developed, the child is encouraged and advised what he must do with the help of the group to make friends instead of enemies. The satisfaction which is derived from such encounters will gradually increase the more valuable positive behaviour which leads to social skills being learned and the elimination of negative demeanour.

Since the initial abuse and rejection of the child was caused by an adult, it is in this area where improvement is most difficult to achieve. Not many adults are capable of such a task. This is why a large number of abused children are passed from one adult or caring situation to another. Those who are faced with the task of finding substitute parents and homes for such youngsters rely on two basic guidelines, and it is necessary to put them in the desirable altruistic order rather than the financial cost order.

- (i) What is ideal for the child in an ideal situation.
- (ii) The respective cost of what is being provided.

The ideal placement for a rejected/abused child is not necessarily the most obviously sensible or apparently effective placement. Hence, while adoption or fostering is in many ways preferable, some children cannot be dealt with in these types of settings because of the severity of their problems and the inability of substitute parents to cope with them. Hence, if they are thus placed, that placement is likely to fail. This increases the feeling of rejection that the child already has. Sometimes, due to ignorance or hope, such children are placed in several such settings, making matters even worse. It is always hoped that it is the fault of the foster parents rather than the child if the trial period does not work out. In fact, the child is so difficult

that rarely, if ever, can any foster parent cope.

This is an example of ideals clouding the practical issue, since severely disturbed children and adolescents need placement in a therapeutic milieu where control, tolerance and guidance are more likely to be provided in accordance with the needs of the children, and where professionals with a high degree of dedication and some degree of objectivity can deal with the problems more effectively than substitute parents.

When finances are limited, efforts are frequently made to place children and adolescents in the least expensive placements, rather than those most appropriate to the child's needs. Substitute parents or children's homes are likely to be cheaper than small schools for maladjusted children, therapeutic communities or psychiatric units; yet what is cheapest should not be considered preferable if in the end it leads to failure and further experience of rejection by the child, as well as further and much higher expenditures for the tax-payer.

In the case of adolescents whose school experience is coming to an end or which has been relatively unsuccessful, it is sometimes possible to motivate such children by appealing to their interest in potential future employment.

Before such motivation can occur, the individual will need to understand that self-control is the control of himself by others. Initially, however, external control must exist, this being gradually reduced as the individual increasingly becomes capable of controlling his own behaviour.

It must be remembered that inability to control oneself is partly learned through experience and partly through a response to inherited tendencies. We can do little about the latter, but much can be done about learned experiences. These frequently need to be reversed. Hence, the child who gets his own way through temper tantrums or aggression must be shown more controlled forms of behaviour. Such children should not be allowed to gain advantage by a display of negative behaviour, but only through demeanour that is socially acceptable. Gradually, the new patterns of responses will become habituated.

Before any problem can be solved, it must be recognised as such. Most children and adolescents cannot recognise in the first instance that there is anything wrong with them. They tend to feel the repercussions of their wrong doing, but generally blame others for their difficulties. Not until the real and initial reason or basis for their difficulties is accepted can modification in behaviour be attempted. This is not the same condition as what is commonly termed etiology.

Basic causes for problem behaviour such as the initial rejection and abuse of the child by his parents is of less value than the current repertoire of maladaptive behaviour which the child manifests, i.e. that which makes others suffer, and also the child, by the reaction of others to him. Obviously, we cannot reverse basic causes and parental cruelty or heredity. The best we can do is to understand what has happened and how it refers to the present. This should be explained to the child, who should be encouraged to speak openly about his or her feelings.

How is understanding and acceptance of one's personal problems developed, especially when there is likely to be resistance? This resistance is based on the need for false security. Thus, the individual must rely on that which he has learned and which, on the whole, has led to achieving basic needs, albeit through negative procedures.

The normal reaction of adults and the peer group is to reject or avoid those individuals who are aggressive, difficult or unpleasant. What is needed is to *redirect* the individual through a number of strategies which have been proved effective in a number of cases treated in a particular therapeutic community.

The necessity for convincing the individual that he has a problem cannot be over-emphasised. Sometimes it is the close personal relationship with a significant adult (therapist, teacher or care-person), who achieves the breakthrough. At other times it is the peer group in the therapy session and the pressure for change experienced in this area which leads to success.

As already mentioned, in order to develop a desire for change and improvement there must be some positive advantage to the individual; for once a habit of behaviour has occurred, whether it is positive or negative, the repercussions of that habit have a cumulative effect.

Sometimes the desire for change comes about because of the influence of a person who becomes highly significant to the individual; usually a strong, emotional tie such as love for another human being or positive constructive activities are the reasons for promoting a desire for change. Thus the change in the direction of behaviour comes about only partly or indirectly as a result of external pressures. The predominant force is the alternative goal that has been created, the importance of which comes from within the individual and which transforms negative demeanour into a positive, acceptable alternative behaviour.

Once such behaviour has been induced, a period of 'living out' behaviour is necessary before it becomes habitual and forms part of a new 'style of life'.

There are some interesting examples of changes in behaviour brought about by:

1. Religious conversion.
2. Developing a special interest such as the 'Birdman of Alcatraz', a convicted double murderer who spent most of his lifetime in prison and who became an expert on diseased birds.
3. Falling in love with an understanding and sympathetic woman.
4. Studying art, literature or through education in a general sense.

There are many other ways of changing attitudes and behaviour which show that while basic personality traits or character may be relatively permanent, their specific expression can be made to vary; hence the view that there is little fundamental difference between martyrs and tyrants or saints and sinners. The obsessional or aggressive individual is likely to behave in a variety of morally/socially acceptable or unacceptable ways. Therefore, when we seek to alter attitudes and behaviour we are unlikely to change basic personality traits. All we can hope to do is to re-direct these traits so

that they are less likely to come into conflict with society in general.

Psychological experiments have shown that intermittent reinforcement much as the gamblers' occasional win reinforces the habit. It is for this reason that the gambler continues to gamble. A considerable amount of over-learning or 'over-experiencing' through heavy bombardment of positive stimulation is therefore necessary in order to effect an ultimate improvement.

Only the most effective staff who know and accept that they are facing an almost impossible problem and yet persist in their efforts are likely to break the sad pattern of perpetual rejection.

The child and adolescent who has faced years of abuse and rejection needs firm, patient and determined handling. Weak, naive and easily disappointed adults can only further harm the child who has been abused. Love or even liking by the child of the adult must come from respect. Initially, before such love develops, there may even be a long period of hatred for the adult who is resolute and determined not to give in to the child's anger, violence and manipulation.

It would appear to many that the exercises or procedures suggested here are essentially a pressurised modification of behaviour through brain-washing techniques, indoctrination, rewards and punishment, etc. This assertion is not altogether erroneous but neither is it altogether correct. There are, however, other facts involved which create or recreate a more valuable individual and by this is meant one who is able to live in harmony with others.

The desire to feel secure, loved and happy is not wrong in itself. Only the way this is expressed makes it wrong in as far as how it relates to oneself and others. Thus, a child whose personal relationships have been poor, may seek to satisfy his needs for love or security by demanding, accumulating or even stealing material possessions. When this proves to be a useless exercise and he is criticised or punished, he will gradually learn that what he is doing is undesirable. This is not enough, we must also change the direction of expression of such needs and actions.

As already explained, this is not an easy task. The child who steals objects finds in this a temporary substitute for what he lacks. Equally, the child who is self-destructive (suicidal or self-mutilating) needs to be encouraged to re-direct such behaviour into positive and creative expressions which promote simultaneously satisfactory relations with others as well as self-gratification.

At the same time it must be remembered that when faced with the task of reversing long term rejection and abuse, there are numerous other courses to be taken, which on their own are unlikely to be successful and, even more often, are frowned upon by Local Authorities or are actually illegal. One cannot, for instance, physically punish youngsters for their often vicious and nasty behaviour. One cannot lock them up when they are likely to abscond from an open centre and commit offences against the law. By law, one cannot use punishments such as deprivation of food, or prevent absconding by dressing children only in pyjamas.

These rules and limitations restrict one's options when faced with an extremely recalcitrant youngster who knows the system and uses it to his or her own long-term disadvantage; and indeed any such measures are open to misuse, so that those in authority rightly place an absolute veto on such punishments. So, when other measures of a less stringent nature have been tried and have failed, there remains, alas, little that can be done to influence the disturbed and disturbing child other than the ultimate sanction of rejection, which can only reinforce the young person's very poor view of adults and society as a whole, particularly if, after numerous rejections, he is incarcerated in a secure (lock-up) placement.

Yet more can and should be done to help children who have been repeatedly abused and rejected. Above all, they must be reassured that they will never again face rejection, that there is unanimity of purpose in the responsible adults.

Ideally, the significant adult should be with the child at all times. This is, however, not always possible and in any case the child may elude the adult. The entire house may need to be locked, since it is forbidden to lock the child in a room. Ideally, also, some clothing and especially shoes should be removed to make absconding less likely. Yet, clearly, something positive needs to be done to make it possible for centres dedicated to rehabilitation of disturbed children to do their job effectively. The situation is ludicrous, when rules and laws that are meant to protect the liberty of children actually work against their best interests.

The question remains, can we continue to allow the children to reject us, because of all they have experienced, but never rejecting them ourselves? We can and must. It is our task as caring professionals and society generally to break the cycle of child abuse and rejection, hopefully for all time.

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IRIS MURDOCH

by John Elsom

THOSE who praise Iris Murdoch have developed the habit of slyly belittling her at the same time. 'She remains,' wrote Michael Ratcliffe in *The Times*, 'a consummate and sensual scene painter', which sounds fine until you start to ponder on what he meant by 'remains'. Is that *all* that remains, a knack for description? 'You certainly don't want it to end,' chattily observed Martin Amis of *Nuns and Soldiers*, which sounds like blurb-speak for a good yarn without much depth.

These odd tributes were considered sufficiently fulsome to adorn the covers of the Penguin paperbacks, together with some fatuous plot outlines. In his Guide to World Fiction, *Novels and Novelists* (1980), Martin Seymour-Smith offered this little sketch. After asserting that *The Bell* (1958) was her best book and that her talents fell into decline after *A Severed Head* (1961), he warns that 'she has since published a book a year, each compromised by faults which only lurked in her earlier fiction: an unreal, febrile, overcharged brilliance; concentration on plot at the expense of developing characters; a *faiblesse* for arch, donnish gags; and above all, symbolism poured as thick as treacle over meaning and action.'

That verdict was delivered in the year when Iris Murdoch published *Nuns and Soldiers*, shortly after she had won the Booker Prize for *The Sea, The Sea* (1978) and just before she had finished writing *The Philosopher's Pupil* (1983). Far from dwindling away, Iris Murdoch was coming into her own, having discovered how best to blend those elements of passionate thought, cool (even comic) observation and narrative surprise which had been present in her novels since the early 1950s. Seymour-Smith is not alone, however, in his lack of enthusiasm. Indeed, his views represent a kind of English provincial sophistication (bored with abstracts, dotty about concretes, pragmatic to a fault) which has always treated Iris Murdoch roughly.

When *The Bell* appeared, a friend of mine (a psychiatrist) remarked that only a woman could be so frank about homosexuality. In those days, even well-established male couples were discreet about their arrangements, for the 'practice', as it tended to be called, was illegal and not easy to discuss. The kiss which caused such havoc in Iris Murdoch's community of lay brethren set some hearts a-flutter in the literary world as well, a foretaste of things to come, when all would be revealed. Now, after twenty years of gay sweatshops, we can look back at *The Bell* and note the discretion with which the theme was handled, neither coyly nor too candidly, aware of the shock effect but not overdoing it, so that it did not obscure the real subject of the book—which was not homosexuality.

Then, however, we were dazzled by her audaciousness, which we attributed to her gender, not to her skill as a writer, and so, through the sixties, we came to expect sexual daring from a Murdoch novel, and she, like a trouser (though not a pander), never let us down. Those Murdoch people, they would do anything with anyone! In *A Severed Head*, every possible

sexual combination rolled around, in couples and trios, like winning lines on a fruit machine. And once more she was in a sense overtaken by events, for shortly after the shock scene in the stage version of *A Severed Head*, when one actress was seen half-naked on a West End stage, censorship was abolished and there were shows like *Hair* and *Oh! Calcutta!*, where full nakedness was normal and often rather boring.

Iris Murdoch was partly a victim of British prurience, for having been attracted to her novels for reasons that were not wrong but superficial, we discovered that our tastes for outrage could be satisfied more easily elsewhere. And we were reluctant to turn from the scandalous pleasures of her books to the deeper ones, which needed hard thought. Iris Murdoch, we discovered, was a daunting writer: even her hobbies included kendo and jujitsu. In 1942, when she was twenty-three, she received her first in Classical 'Greats', and joined the civil service as a principal in the Treasury, before going to the United Nations as an administrative officer in the Relief and Rehabilitation Department, clearing up Europe after the war. She studied philosophy and became a fellow of St. Anne's College in 1948, publishing her first book, a study of Jean-Paul Sartre as a 'romantic rationalist', in 1953.

Like Sartre, she was politically left-wing, a former member of the Communist Party, who joined the British Labour Party after the war. Her pre-occupations as a writer stem, if at many removes, from that period; but unlike many of her contemporaries, who wandered off the point into new-wave novels and social action pamphleteering, Iris Murdoch refused to duck away from the fundamental questions raised then. These problems have been with us for some time and show no signs of going away. They are so much part of our existence that we barely notice they are there, until Victoria Gillick wins or loses her case, sanctions are or are not applied against South Africa, Mrs. Whitehouse sends in her umpteenth complaint to the BBC and then, beneath the surface eddies of our lives, we can feel the stirrings of some immense tide, the tug and flow of enormous questions, which Iris Murdoch is brave enough to dive down and swim among, risking, as sometimes happens, being tossed from side to side by battling forces, dismembered, disorientated, abandoned.

In his novel, *La Nausée* (1938), Sartre asked whether or not there was an order inherent to the universe. If there were such a pre-ordained order, then why was it so cruel, wasteful and badly organised? And if there were not, then why was there any continuity at all, between sunrise and sunset, between the seasons? Without God, or some such organising principle, his hero Roquentin's tongue could turn into a centipede. And Sartre concluded that one moment of time influenced and conditioned the next simply by being its neighbour, through 'contiguity'. In that way, Sartre tried to reconcile his existentialism with his recognition that the universe does have some order, chaotic though it may sometimes seem, and that order brings with it a concept of value.

Murdoch's common sense was never suited to the French tongue-to-centipede kind of logic, preferring less categoric versions of the same dilem-

ma. But neither was she attracted to the English school of linguistic philosophy. 'Wittgenstein . . . ' rambles the dying Guy in *Nuns and Soldiers*, 'was a sort of amateur really'. Murdoch was drawn towards philosophy for, I suspect, old-fashioned reasons—to find a guide to good behaviour which made intellectual sense—but found herself in an academic discipline which, in its efforts to be precise and 'pure', was losing its usefulness altogether. At a certain point in all our lives, sanity forces us to accept a paradox—that while God is incredible, nevertheless something like Him exists. While it may be impossible to express logically any general principles about goodness and badness, nevertheless we are surrounded by examples of good and evil every moment of our lives—and we intuitively recognise the difference even though we may not be able to explain it.

Iris Murdoch's novels can be seen as part of a long quest to discover what, if anything, is inherently valuable. She begins as an existentialist with common sense. Yes, existence precedes essence, yes, we discover what we are while in the process of merely being, yes, morality is not a matter of obedience to fixed laws but of discovering for ourselves our own values in life (although Murdoch never adopts the subjectivity of a Sartre, whom she dubbed a 'romantic'). But to what extent really do we have a choice? Can we change or transform our lives? Can we pursue any 'good' which we feel to be generated from within ourselves and not, as it were, endorsed from outside? The sexual gymnastics of her early novels reflect this preoccupation, for it was a matter of observation that the post-war generation had a freedom of choice in sexual relationships unknown to their parents; and that with this freedom the codes of conduct would need to be rewritten, if codes were needed at all.

This stance lends an authority to Iris Murdoch's love stories, even when, as in *A Severed Head*, they are hard to accept at face value. They are not salacious or judgemental, they are not pro-women or pro-men, they are not in the widest sense prejudiced. But they are moral, in the sense that the reader is always drawn into considering where the values ultimately lie. In *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine* (1974), Blaise, a psychotherapist, is trying to divide his life between his wife, Harriet, and his girl friend, Emily, who lives in a degree of squalor and unhappiness with their eight year old boy in a block of flats off Upper Richmond Road. Emily is bitter, sluttish and makes Blaise's life a misery. Harriet is brave, determined and, in a conventional sense, a fine wife and mother. And yet Blaise, endlessly guilt-ridden, cannot choose between them. When the decision (if it is decision) is forced on them all, it is Emily who wins and proves to have the stronger claim on Blaise's affections. In the meantime, almost every permutation of secrecy, deception and openness is attempted, almost every new pairing considered and in the end we are left with trusting only the plain need which binds Blaise and Emily together. All the rest, including Harriet's alternative waiting-in-the-wing husbands, seems insubstantial.

But is this need simply erotic? Eros is a powerful god in all of Murdoch's novels—but he is not all-powerful. In *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine*, which leaves us wondering which is which, as Murdoch intended, Emily

and Blaise are glued together because they don't keep up pretences with one another. They can't. It isn't possible, and so their fears don't have to be sublimated into dreams because they're part of their regular quarrels. Hence, Blaise's relationship with Harriet, though much more comfortable, is more insubstantial, and privately haunted. By not jumping to conclusions about the nature of the relationship (Blaise does not have his cake and eat it, he's simply choking), Iris Murdoch encourages us to feel the weight of things, the texture of their lives, and conventional moral responses dissolve within her compassionate understanding of a situation almost too commonplace to seem worth describing.

There is nothing commonplace about *Nuns and Soldiers*. Two women are, as it were, thrust out into the world—one from holy orders, the other from an exalted marriage which ended with the death of her husband. The novel is about how they cope with their losses and what they discover in the process of rebuilding their lives; and, of course, they both fall in love, one dramatically with an apparently unsuitable man, the other quietly and hopelessly with a suitable one. In a century's time, when all the day-to-day brush strokes have blurred together into the slap-dash of history, *Nuns and Soldiers* will seem to belong to those intense post-war speculations—what can we do without God?—side by side with the plays of Sartre, Billeloux's *Chin-Chin* and Marguerite Duras' *The Sailor from Gibraltar*, but larger than any of them because infused with a wider range of experience and handled with a comic zest which disdains pedantry. Not least among her achievements, Iris Murdoch has managed to provide portraits of people wedded to particular philosophical outlooks, not caricatures, not satirical types, but convincing studies of a despairing philosopher (*The Philosopher's Pupil*), the guru psychoanalyst (*A Severed Head*), the lay preacher, the layabout and dharmabum, each seen as curious pilgrims who keep travelling although they have lost their faith in destinations.

At one time Iris Murdoch seemed to be manipulating her stories and her characters to suit her philosophical preoccupations. Even in *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine*, there are faintly suspect characters (from the novel's point of view) like Pinn, Emily's friend and confidant, whose presence seems too intentional to be true. But one strength of her major novels is the instant assent which we can bring to such comparatively odd characters as the Polish 'Count' in *Nuns and Soldiers* or Palmer Anderson the analyst in *A Severed Head*. Because the detail is so good, the credibility achieved on so many levels—Murdoch can even provide them with appropriate dreams—we accept what happens to them, which may be very odd, with the surprise usually reserved for real life. When Tim the painter who doesn't think he's good enough to be married to Guy's widow, Gertrude, in *Nuns and Soldiers* returns to her suddenly and instinctively after nearly drowning, the effect is not to query whether he would have done such a thing at all, but to consider what force draws them together, against the odds, despite all circumstances. And having established the particular nature and degree of their love, Iris Murdoch goes on subtly to indicate where it is insufficient.

Great artists often seem both of their time and beyond it, of no time at all. Iris Murdoch is such an artist in that we can without condescension precisely identify the period—which is not quite now—from which her preoccupations stem, while finding a seemingly inexhaustible range of insights which do not stale or lose their interest. Her latest novel, *The Good Apprentice*, waits for me, but I will not rush through it quickly for the purpose of adding it to this tribute. It is there, she is there. That is satisfaction enough.

The January 1986 issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Indonesia and East Timor* by Keith Suter, *Why We Lost the Peace in 1945* by Sir John Colville, *The Bishop's Pastoral Letter: A Catholic Citizen Replies* by John F. Gaski, and *Homeless: Whose Fault?* by Sheila McKechnie.

IN RETREAT FROM HISTORICAL FAITH

by John J. Haldane

THE churches are seriously divided within themselves. This sad scandal is now frequently demonstrated by public disputes between proponents of different views of the true nature of Christian Faith. Most recent and most dramatic have been the fierce protests directed against Pope John Paul II on his pastoral visit to Holland, where his unambiguous reaffirmation of traditional Roman Catholic moral teaching on homosexuality, contraception, abortion and the Just War, and of Canon Law in respect of the masculinity and celibacy of the priesthood are regarded as reactionary and irrelevant to contemporary circumstances.

In the same week Bishop Jenkins of Durham in an interview with John Mortimer published in the *Sunday Times* restated opinions which have given offence and scandal to many devout Anglicans. Underlying the obvious but important difference between the two cases the former involves a traditionalist church leader, the latter a progressive one—is a common feature: Modernism.

In the past, divisions among Christians have generally been compatible with universal assent to the articles of the Creed interpreted as literal truths, but the distinguishing mark of the modernist heresy, which afflicts the entire Christian community, is the rejection of this historical faith in favour of a view which has it that the essence of Christianity is a religious-cum-ethical *attitude* inspired by the example of Jesus Christ but free of any attachment to primitive, supernaturalism. The motive for this development has several springs chief among which is the wish to incorporate the claims of contemporary philosophical, ethical, political and sociological theories, so to produce 'informed and relevant theology' which by dealing in the currency of modern thought may escape ridicule by academics and simple dismissal by others.

While the aspiration to virtue is always commendable and the particular task of rendering religion intelligible and attractive is to be encouraged, modernist thought in this area (as in others) has been inspired by and rests upon certain false or confused assumptions. Collectively these are taken to support the claim that Christianity needs to be reinterpreted for the contemporary world and that this involves the abandonment of beliefs formed in the pre-scientific, pre-psychoanalytic, pre-liberal-democratic age. Accordingly, the concern to shape a religion fit for modern man has replaced a more ancient and humbler thought: that man is deformed and needs to fit himself to the shape prescribed by true religion: 'He who abides in me, and I in him, he it is that bears much fruit, for apart from me you can do nothing. If a man does not abide in me, he is cast forth as a branch and withers; and the branches are gathered thrown into the fire and burned', (*John* 15: 5-7).

Chief among the flawed assumptions supporting the modernist reformation is the idea that truth is relative; that what was the case at one time

is no longer such. Thus, while it was once appropriate to proclaim Christ's bodily resurrection, or the fall of man—as does St. Paul, it is now appropriate to substitute claims different from and incompatible with them. One way in which this idea expresses itself is through talk of different kinds of truths, and with it the acknowledgement that while 'cold, hard facts' may remain more or less unchanging the more important 'emotional, religious truths' depend for their 'validity' on the nature and circumstances of those who voice them.

In reply one need only point out that truth is absolute and eternal and that relativism is simply confused and self-defeating. If a claim is true then *ipso facto* its negation is false; and the assertion that assertions do not remain fixedly true invites the response: 'is this fixedly true?' to which the relativist has no coherent answer.

Conjoined with relativism is the further thought that where two very different explanations of some event or feature are available the adoption of one excludes the other. This usually presents itself in the opinion that an understanding of religious discourse as expressive of moral insight into the character and quality of human existence is a rival to the orthodox view of it as relating literal truths. In these terms one may, for example, be required to choose between interpretations of talk of 'resurrection' as either describing an historical event on a par with the crucifixion, or else as affirming one's commitment to the value and meaning of Christ's life. And since it is central to Christianity to do the latter the conclusion is drawn that the former is to be rejected.

Once again the reply is clear: because one analysis of a doctrine is possible it does not follow that all others are excluded. Indeed, historical Christianity advances both interpretations and shows them to be mutually supportive. Belief in the mere revitalisation of a corpse, or in the moral virtue of Christ are individually insufficient for the Resurrection doctrine; but together, in conjunction with other beliefs, they form a rich and complex account of the history and meaning of the Incarnation.

A third component in modernism is the idea that pragmatic considerations should determine the content of belief. The origins of this lie in the philosophical traditions of Empiricism and Scepticism and its political counterpart, odd though it may sound, is Burkean conservatism. In the theological context, however, it emerges in the thought that a religion should assert no more than is compatible with common-sense beliefs. As Dr. Jenkins put it: 'Miraculous claims put ordinary, sensible people off Christianity.'

Taken together, these assumptions yield a conception of Christianity and of the role of Churchmen that is at odds with the historical Faith of the Apostles transmitted by Scripture and preserved through the teaching authority of the Bishops in Council. The former defines the scope and content of the religion by reference to the concerns and interests of modern man; and since these are assumed to be antipathetic to supernaturalist theology and perfectionist ethics it replaces them with a set of moral attitudes of a broadly liberal-utilitarian sort together with an

imprecise commitment to 'a power present in all things whose human expression is Jesus Christ.'

Traditional Christian Faith, by contrast, starts from the fallen nature of man and looks to Christ as Saviour from corruption and death: 'For I delivered to you as of first importance what I also received, that Christ died for our sins . . . was buried . . . [and] was raised on the third day. . . . As in Adam all men die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive. . . . Do not be deceived: bad company ruins good morals. Come to your right senses therefore and sin no longer. For I say this to your shame, some have no knowledge of God.' (1 Corinthians 15).

The more violent reaction of liberal Roman Catholic opposition to the present Pope is due to the correct perception that he instantiates (what is absent from Anglicanism) a teaching authority irremovably attached to the historical doctrines and moral theology of the Church. Ultimately, all that stands in the way of these new reformers is a priest who says: 'I am Peter the Rock that cannot move for I have been commissioned by Christ himself to teach His truth and will not depart from it.' Here it is apt to speak of a conflict of wills—but not between those of men alone. Rather one may view the reformers' rage as expressing the frustration of those who dimly recognise the inevitability of defeat as they assert their preferences against God's word. John Paul is under attack for a very simple reason: he will not give the modernists what they want. Yet he cannot refashion the Church after the pattern of their ideas if he is to remain faithful to its Divine commission.

In the Nineteenth Century some Anglicans concluded that only within the Church of Rome is the authentic Christian Faith safe from humanist revision. The result was an influx of converts. Recent events give some reason for thinking that this may happen again. Indeed, perhaps the movement has already begun. In the same month that the Pope visited Holland and the Bishop of Durham again gave public voice to his version of the Creed, the Anglican vicar of the University Church of St. Mary's, Oxford announced his intention to seek membership of the Roman Catholic Church and thereby followed in the pathway trodden by one of his predecessors in the post, viz., John Henry Newman. It is no accident that among the reasons he is quoted as having given for his decision is his search for a church equipped to say: 'This is the faith of the Church whatever professor X or Y says it is.'

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CHINA'S NEW RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

by Clyde-Ahmad Winters

UNDER the leadership of Deng Xiaoping, religious freedom has returned to China. Today, Buddhist, Christians and Muslims are allowed to practice and teach their religion.

The members of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) are materialists and therefore do not believe in any type of idealism or religion. Although Marxists are opposed to all theisms, the political practice of the CCP today is the use of patriotic religious groups as part of the united front in the struggle to build socialist modernisation.

The religious policies of the CCP can be divided into two major periods, the three stages of Mao Zedong's religious policies and the religious policies of Deng Xiaoping. A popular saying in China before the Communist take-over was 'one more Christian, one less Chinese.'

The Chinese Christians were not always seen as patriotic. Commenting on this fact, Chen Zemin, vice-principal of Nanjing Theological Seminary, in the Winter 1984-85 issue of *China Notes*, observed that 'Before and shortly after liberation, many Chinese Christians had become victims of the alienating indoctrination and anti-communist propaganda of their western mentors. They took faithfulness to God and loyalty to the Church as being incomparably higher over against or even incompatible with, the love of their country.'

Protestant Christianity did not enter China peacefully. It came with Western imperialist powers who imposed unfair treaties on the Manchu government in the 19th century. This led to Christian missionaries and their congregations gaining a reputation as a tool of colonialist powers. Up until the Communist War for Liberation, Christianity was regarded by the Chinese as *yang jiao* (foreign religion).

Among the Christians in China, the Catholics have been the most persecuted by the Communist. The CCP will only accept an independent Catholic Church on the mainland because they do not want to have the Chinese Catholic Church guided by the Pope. This has caused a conflict among many Catholics because they feel a genuine Catholic should accept the spiritual guidance of the Pope. But without a cut in ties between the Chinese Catholics and the Vatican the Church could not survive.

Dr. Chen declared that: 'After liberation, however, innumerable undeniable facts and personal experiences convinced many honest Christians that under the leadership of the Communist Party, New China is far, far better than it had ever been before; that the Party was really working for the welfare of the people...'

During the Communist period, religious belief has declined among many groups. Taoism is almost non-existent, while Buddhism, Protestantism and Catholicism saw a reduction in their membership until the 1980s.

The only exception to this decline in religious belief has been the Muslims. The Muslims are more united than the other groups; with the growth

in population Muslim influence has also grown. Commenting on this fact, the British journalist Peter Humphrey wrote in *Religious Suppression in Mainland China* that '... compared to the old generation, the new generation of Muslims is quite different in adhering to their faith. The new generation is taught atheism in school, but must practice Islam at home.'

Under Mao, the Muslims were recognised as ethnic groups, not religious minorities. As a result, Mao sought to minimise religion, which he hoped would ultimately be eliminated once the feudal special privileges of religion were eliminated.

In 1936, Mao made known the first stage of his religious policy. At this time he promised autonomy to the Muslims in the border regions. The second stage of Mao's religious policies began in 1949, when he gave religious groups limited freedom and control over their own religious affairs. The third stage of Mao's religious policy was the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (GPCR). Jing Qing maintained that the goal of the GPCR was 'to sweep away all the remnants of the system and habits of old ideas, culture, customs' is the 'fundamental challenge of our Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.' During the GPCR churches, mosques and temples were closed by the Red Guard. Many religious leaders were put under house arrest or even murdered.

During the GPCR, the Religious Affairs Bureau (RAB) was disbanded. In addition, religious Muslims were purged from the United Front Department (UFD) between 1962 and 1976. Up until 1966 all religious organisations were under the UFD of the CCP's Central Committee.

Mao's death in 1976 led to the end of China's 'open' suppression of religion. The period of religious persecution in the People's Republic of China (PRC) did not show signs of diminishing until the end of 1977, when the 'Gang of Four' were arrested.

In 1978, Deng began to re-institute full religious freedom. By 1979, the UFD was reconstituted and the RAB reintroduced: and in March 1978 16 representatives of religion participated at the National Political Consultative Conference in Beijing.

The UFD was rehabilitated by Ulanfu, former head of Inner Mongolia. Commenting on the purges of 1962-1964 in the UFD in March 1979, Ulanfu noted that 'With the permission of the Party Central the cap (of shame) put on the United Front Department and the (government) departments dealing with nationalities and religious affairs, branding them 'followers of the line of defeatism and revisionism has been removed.'

By 1980 religious organisations were made a part of the UFD. Religious organs of the UFD include the Chinese Buddhist Association, Catholic Patriotic Association, Christian Three Self Movement (TSM), the China Islamic Association (CIA) and Taois Association.

By 1980 the RAB of the State Council was reorganised to maintain Communist influence over the religious groups. The re-institution of the RAB should not be seen solely as the liberalisation of the CCP religious policy; it was recognition that religious belief exerted a major influence over many of China's minorities and religious groups. The present religious

policy of China as outlined by Lei Zhenchang in 1981, a worker in the Research Institute of World Religions of the Academy of Social Sciences, said that China's religious policy was aimed at propagating 'dialectical and historical materialism so that a scientific outlook will gradually be cultivated among the people. If this is done well and steady, the influence of religion can only diminish.'

In general, under Deng religious freedom must be in line with the 'three self' principles: self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating. Thus the activities of religious personnel must follow the united front line at home and abroad. The regulations governing the activities of religious personnel are outlined in eight articles on domestic religious activities. They are: 1) citizens 18 years old enjoy religious freedom; 2) juveniles under 18 shall not be allowed to believe in a religion; 3) all religious bodies must be in conformity with government laws and policies; 4) collective property cannot be appropriated for use by religious institutions; 5) religious privileges already abrogated cannot be restored; 6) Party and Youth corps members cannot accept religious faith; 7) train new religious professionals following the guidelines of 'solidarity, education and reform' to people in religious activities; and 8) mobilise the masses to eliminate class enemies wearing a 'religious cloak.'

In July 1983, an article in the *Red Flag*, a document on the religious policy of the Central Committee of the CCP, was published. This document answers questions concerning the CCP religious policy and proclaims religious freedom.

In the *Red Flag*, it was reported that 'the policy of freedom of religious belief is directed towards the citizens of our country, it is not applicable to Party members.' But this document also made it clear that all Communists must be Atheists, except for members of minority groups, who are still shackled by the bonds of religious feeling. The CCP allows this deviation because '... there are some minorities where basically all the people believe in a certain religion, such as Islam or Lamaism. Their religious problems and nationality problems are always intertwined ...' according to the CCP document on religion.

Christianity entered China with the Jesuit-priest Matteo Ricci in 1583. The Franciscans and Dominicans were banned in China in the 18th century by Emperor Kang Xi as punishment for the reluctance of the Pope to recognise the importance of Chinese culture and religion.

Since the Communist takeover the Protestant churches have launched the Three Self-Patriotic Movement: self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating. TSM gave the Chinese Church a Chinese character. This helped the Chinese Christians to gain recognition as patriotic Chinese. The TSM was founded by Dr. Y. T. Wu in 1954.

Bishop K. H. Ting told the *Beijing Review* in June 1984 that the aim of the TSM is limited to achieving a Chinese identity for the churches in China. That is, they are to be just as Chinese as churches in England, or as English as those in the USA are American.'

In 1979 two churches were opened in Ningpo and Shanghai. Today there

are around 1,800 churches open. The China Christian Council was set up in 1980. The CCC was established to coordinate concerns of Chinese Christians and re-establish local church structures disrupted during the GPCR. It has published one million, three hundred thousand bibles in Chinese, Korean, Miao and Lisu.

Protestant church membership is now well over 3 million. This is around four times more than the total number of Christians in China before 1949.

There are national, provincial and municipal TSM organisations to help promote the cause of Protestants throughout China. These organisations monitor state policy to make sure that religious freedom is fully implemented. In addition, local Christian councils oversee the ordination of new ministers.

The Chinese Christians believe that their churches are places where they can *tingdao* (listen to the truth). They declare that their duty is to be *hao-bangyang* (a good example) at their work place.

Chinese Christian leaders today insist on the 'Chineseness' of Christianity. The leading Chinese Protestant theologian is Bishop Ting, President of the China Christian Council. Bishop Ting is a constant propagandist of Chinese Christian selfhood and independence. He also argues for an anti-imperialistic stance within the Chinese church.

Bishop Ting, an Anglican Bishop, studied at the Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University in New York. At present he is Principal of Nanjing Union Theological College and Vice-President and Director of Religious Studies at Nanjing University. He believes that '... the most serious obstacle to our work is ultra-Leftism. We find it entirely possible to work with true Marxist revolutionaries who, while entertaining no high opinion of religion at all, do see the importance of the united front in propelling society forward.'

Thus, the Chinese churches are led by Chinese. According to Bishop Ting there are no denominational partitions. Funds to administer religious places come from exemption from taxes and the collection of rentals from former church property taken from the Christians during the GPCR and now used for other purposes, and gifts from believers.

Although there are approximately 1,800 churches open in China, many Chinese Christians attend 'house gatherings' or 'underground churches.' There are around 10,000 'underground churches.' These churches were opened by Christian laymen during the GPCR, after official churches were closed by the Red Guard. They remain open today because some Christians fear that at any moment the 'ultra-Left extremists' may come back to power and again persecute religious believers.

The Christians have many services. On Wednesday evenings Christian churches have hymn singing and each church sets aside one afternoon or evening every week to study the Bible.

Due to Communist persecution there is a shortage of trained clergymen in the PRC. Consequently, theological training is carried out on various levels from short-term courses to seminary study. A 'syllabus' published by the seminary in Nanjing is used by many groups in the PRC to train reli-

gious personnel. In addition the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary (UTS) offers a four year Collegiate programme and graduate courses.

In addition to UTS, there are also 'junior seminaries.' The junior seminaries offer a two year theological training course for senior middle school graduates at Hengzhou, Shengyang, Guangzhou, Fuzhou, Beijing and Chengdu.

The Catholic church has experienced much persecution in the PRC. This results from the fact that control of the Chinese Catholic church remained in Rome until 1949. Thus the Chinese Catholics were slow in acknowledging support to the Marxist.

Many Chinese Catholics are saddened by the hostility the Vatican has shown the PRC. Before the Communist takeover 90 per cent of the Chinese parishes were without bishops, because only the Vatican could assign parish clergymen. But since 1958, each parish has elected its own new bishops. Up until today, the Vatican has refused to recognise the new bishops. It is interesting to note that both men and women can become priests in China. In Shanghai, for example, there are two women priests including Sister Pang Enmei, of the International Church.

Finally, a word about Buddhism and Lamaism. Like Islam, Buddhism came to China by way of the Silk Road. Buddhism entered China in 2 BC. At this time it was practised mainly by the families of aristocrats, but between the 3rd and 8th centuries AD Buddhism spread among the common people. During this period Buddhist scriptures were translated into Han and Tibetan languages. During the GPCR, Buddhists were persecuted and many monasteries closed. Today, Buddhists can study their scriptures and young males can become monks.

Except for Muslim Mongols, almost the entire minority populations of Mongolians, Thais and Tibetans believe in Buddhism or Lamaism. (The Tibetan Buddhism is called Lamaism.)

Lamaism is 1,300 years old. This sect of Buddhism has a great influence over the Tibetans. Since 1980 the State and Tibet Autonomous region has spent millions of *yuan* on repairing temples, monasteries and pagodas.

As a result of government funds, in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, the Potala Palace, Daibung and Sera Monasteries have a new look. And the Ganden Monastery, torn down during the GPCR, is being rebuilt.

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POEMS

CORMORANTS

Now the grey groups of cormorants that became
Fleets of efficient, living submarines,
Periscopes poised, hidden parts swift to action,
Fly home like angels commonly on wing.
In cliffbound niches their giant young are waiting,
Shrilling to grasp the treasures of the deep
While training for the ancient family trade.

Not being able to fly or even yet float,
One now drops to the sea like an aerial depthcharge
From an accident of play.

The enemy is many, the juvenile fleet
Is not yet organized for nature's warfare.
Perhaps three per cent will survive on the winking waters
To carry the evolution of their race,
While we who know more of greed than bare survival
Take life with the safety of trained intelligence.

THE SOUNDING

Now I
Must tether life in the firm clutch of clay;
Evoke without ceremonial present form
That breathes in the present hour with delight
Or where is delight today?

No! The bright blossom needs the sturdy tree,
The star its fixed black hollow; even I
Need the body that only leaps with life
When wholly me.

Innocently certain of continuum,
I hunted essence to the lifeblood's cost.
Now, shadow vibrates at full intensity,
And not a rich honest drop of life is lost.

PAMELA CONSTANTINE

THE FACE OF TWENTIETH CENTURY GERMAN ART

by Muriel Julius

EVERYTHING that makes one smile is worth twenty times what makes one sad. Although it's a stunningly rich beginning to the planned series of exhibitions of twentieth century Western Art, country by country, there are not many laughs in the 299 paintings and sculptures representing German art in this century at the Royal Academy of Arts show until 22nd December.

Although politically united since 1870, Germany remained culturally fragmented. Unlike London or Paris, Berlin was never the undisputed centre. Almost every sizeable German city, Munich, Dusseldorf, Hamburg, and also smaller towns such as Weimar, Darmstadt and Dresden had its own individual artistic characteristic. This explains the extraordinary range of separate groups that exists throughout German art of the period. It explains also the sharp contrasts—the savage often shocking heightening of reality and a lowering of reality that bemuses.

With a single exception—the 1960s' glowing colourfield paintings of Gottfried Graubner—the art is almost entirely figurative; the dominant ethic before, after and during wars is Expressionism. Expressionism which depends for its effects on distortion in composition, swirling surfaces, lurid fervent colours that are unnaturalistic but emotionally charged. This is the art that reflects the German psyche most accurately. Not for them the subtleties of the French oil painters, or the thin gradations of the English watercolourists. German art is powerful, the element of social and political comment all pervasive. The exhibition opens with the work of the two most important pre-war groups. *Die Brücke*—the Bridge—founded in 1905 in Dresden by three former architectural students, E. L. Kirchner, K. Schmidt-Rottluff and Erick Hechel. And *Der Blaue Reiter*—The Blue Rider—founded five years later by Wassily Kandinsky and Franz Marc. These rooms glow with incandescent colour. A portrait by Karl Schmidt-Rottluff of Rosa Schapire; against a yellow and black striped cushion she sits wearing a greenly-green dress, a vast black hat on her head. Her arms are yellow, her face dark red with a brighter red mouth, the highlights are green: her black eyes have brilliant blue irises. Strangely, she is startlingly real, a woman of sensitivity and taste, fashionably attired.

The birth of *Die Brücke* coincided with that of the Fauves in Paris, and with a recognition of African, Oceanic and other primitive art as important. Gauguin, Van Gogh, Edvard Munch and later Matisse were their influences. They were the most cohesive of all the artistic groupings Germany spawned. For almost ten years they shared studios, holidays, literary activities and exhibitions. However, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner considered himself its leader. If so, it was as the painter of the modern city. For him the perfect denizen was the cocotte. Two of his Street Scenes are exhibited. The aggressive,

the adjoining panels show the crippled soldier, the legless beggar, the show-girls and the prostitutes. In this exhibition we see only his 'Homage to Beauty' of 1922.

The great powerhouse of all the arts in Germany was the Bauhaus, founded in 1919 in Weimar by the architect, Walter Gropius. At various periods its teaching staff included Kandinsky, Paul Klee, Otto Schlemmer, Lyonel Feininger, Josef Albers and Lazlo Moholy-Nagy.

Over and above all these painters, given pride of place, is Max Beckmann (1884-1950). Considered the greatest modern German figurative painter, he belongs to no group. He has been called the German Delacroix but he is more powerful than that. His ability to create linear tension based on gesture is seen in 'Aerial Acrobats' of 1928; even more in the vigorously extended limbs of 'The Apache Dancers' of 1938.

In 1937 the Nazis mounted their infamous exhibition of 'Degenerate Art.' One hundred and twelve artists were hounded with unbelievable vehemence. One artist had over a thousand canvases removed from museums. The confiscation of 639 of his works robbed Kirchner of his will to live and he committed suicide in June, 1938.

As one reads the biographies of the artists, included in the huge and excellent catalogue, one is appalled by the breakdowns, the spells in asylums, the forced dismissals, the arrests and exiles of so many. None of the official Nazi Art has been included, for reasons of quality, we are told, yet it would have been interesting to see even photographs, if only as a dreadful warning.

Today there is still a dichotomy in German art. Joseph Beuys is all powerful in Dusseldorf: Georg Baselitz in Berlin.

Now 64, Beuys is a brilliant self-publicist and a charismatic teacher. Immendorff, Kiefer and Blinky Palermo, all showing here, are among his students. A former member of the Hitler Youth Movement, a bomber pilot during the war, Beuys was a founder of the Green Party in Germany and has been a candidate for the European Parliament. A whole room is given to his sculptures, inexplicable and ugly. We are permitted to see his latest (1985) work, 'Wet Washing Virgin.' It consists of a huge half-cylinder of a tree trunk indicating the arched torso of a reclining woman. Attached to it are two square pieces of wood, roughly hewn, which makes them seem like the cracked soles of gravel-worn feet, indicating the figure's connection with the earth's interior. Norman Rosenthal, an organiser of the exhibition, has written: 'His work goes beyond all traditional sculptural forms to encompass materials such as fat and felt, used to symbolise the healing and comforting purposes of art.'

I admire the pinhead people of A. R. Penck, the surreal perfection of Konrad Klapheck's typewriters and sewing machines, even the symbolic allegories of Jorg Immendorff's cafés. But best of all I like the variety and wit of Sigmar Polke, who can take an object as banal as a sausage and make me smile.

This is not a happy or a likeable exhibition, but with the upsurge of interest in the new art in Germany, it is surely one not to be missed.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CHRISTIAN HERESY

Heresy. Joan O'Grady. Element Books Ltd. £8.95.

The treatment of heretics was for many centuries the least attractive feature of Christendom. Their persecution by St. Thomas More, most sublime of English saints, does not bear thinking about. For most Christians today all this is beyond comprehension. The prolonged discrimination against Catholics in Northern Ireland represents a faint echo. Come to think of it, Catholics were not admitted to the British parliament until 1829. And the bigotry was certainly not all on one side. Mrs. O'Grady, in this arresting study—full of penetrating insights—provides a background of explanations if not excuses.

She confines herself to the first five centuries of the Church, by which time the main doctrines had been established in something like their present form. It had become clear by that time that the Pope was the authoritative head in whom resided, at least in theory, an ultimate power of decision. Thenceforward heretics could be identified with more complete confidence. Earlier someone like Origen (185-254 AD) generally recognised as the most influential Father of the early Church, found some of his propositions severely censured.

Mrs. O'Grady brings out the full significance of the early centuries. 'In the early centuries it was often due to the very heresies themselves that doctrines were formulated and re-formulated. Formulations were made in order to counteract or refute the heresy and this, in turn, led to further need for clarification. So the body of dogma requiring Christian assent continued to grow. The early heresies are important, not only because of their content, but because of their influence on doctrinal developments.'

She points out truly that 'today to be called a heretic is in itself considered something of a compliment—the description of an adventurous, independent thinker. But in the early centuries the term "heretic" was one of grave abuse.' Then, and for many centuries thereafter it could be a fatal appellation.

The mentality of Christians, including very high-minded Christians, who for so long persecuted heretics, can only be described as ambiguous. Was it that they detested these 'evil' persons and set out to inflict on them their just deserts? Or was it that they saw each heretic as precious in the sight of God and were determined to save him or her from eternal damnation by forcing him or her to recant? Human nature being what it was, the first attitude must be deemed to have been predominant.

Mrs. O'Grady leads us to ask ourselves why we accept, if we do accept, the teaching of any particular Church. No doubt believers consider that the Holy Spirit is at work. But many heretics have reached the same kind of conclusion and paid the penalty. I am by no means one who thinks that all history is a story of human progress, but in their treatment of heretics the Christian Churches can rejoice that they have set aside a lamentable tradition.

WESTERN POLITICAL ECONOMY

The Crisis for Western Political Economy and Other Essays. Peter Jay. Andre Deutsch. £14.95.

Don't expect to find the essay entitled 'The Crisis for Western Political Economy' here because there isn't one, the title encompasses two essays; one from 1975 on employment, inflation and policies, whilst the other is on worker co-operatives. The 'other essays' form an amorphous 'blob' of writings covering diverse ideas on foreign affairs, the news and personal and philosophical ideas.

Perhaps the more interesting information comes in the first two essays and there is no doubt that Mr. Jay has produced some interesting ideas, though one is left undecided about his personal political stance, particularly after the cries of 'nepotism' on his appointment as Ambassador to Washington. Jay's contention, through the nineteen seventies, was that the current situation of power politics, that is, governments were continually stimulating the economy whilst unions were continually preventing the labour market from working, was not feasible in the long run. This may seem obvious today since we can look backwards over a long time horizon, but part of Mr. Jay's 'greatness' comes from his ability to see that the circumstances occurring in the 1970s were not just short-run phenomenon.

What could be the way forward without resorting to downright Friedmanism?

Mr. Jay's remedy is to retain our market economy but base it on co-operatives. This disaggregates the labour force into micro units who then bargain for pay on the micro rather than, the union, macro level. This implies that groups of workers sell their services for what the market will bear. There may be problems here, for, if management is still in its 'macro' state surely its bargaining power is made all that greater. Moreover, do individuals know what they are worth? It would seem odd for them to go to the market place to find out how much they are worth when the market price was obtained from aggregate versus aggregate.

A familiar Ricardian problem? Finally, economic theory for what it is worth, suggests that an economy of workers' co-operatives may perform below optimum when compared with a system based on familiar capitalist lines. Co-operatives, however, are not the only way to increase employment; profit sharing, relaxation of union power and social ownership may be alternatives.

As for the other essays, some of the thoughts are 'dated' by circumstances that have occurred since the original essay was written; for example, Jay's ideas on the workings of democratic politics in Britain based on two main political parties are inappropriate as we move towards the three party system of today. Others, however, seem very appropriate, for example the essay on electronic publishing, and his 'original' contribution on 'Regionalism as Geopolitics'. Wherein the latter he expounds the notion that by imposing one country's geopolitics on another country which has a different political stance is a recipe for disaster.

Here then we have a fine collection of essays, well worth reading. My overriding feeling is that the collections should have been split removing the 'News and Television side' from the other. Mr. Jay is putting more essays together and we wait to see if his modern notions match those in the 'historical' essays.

MARK COOK

PEACE AND STRENGTH

The Search for Peace. Frank Longford. Harrap. £10.95.

A neat illustrated book written by a truly nice man who loves peace and practices his strong Catholic convictions as a socialist, Frank (Lord) Longford has good credentials for writing 'The Search for Peace.' As a Minister alongside Ernest Bevin, his first subject in what is really a book of pen portraits of individual statesmen and leaders, his religious convictions bring him ultimately to Pope John Paul II and his many pronouncements for peace. Almost at the end of the circle is a curious choice—Lord Carrington—until one recalls his role in the birth of Zimbabwe that no Labour Minister achieved. Having been in the thick of the European post-war divisions as Minister for Germany, he is a man lacking in personal malice but with an exaggerated fear of Russian expansionism. He is far from being a unilateralist and admires courage, negotiating skills and strength.

In a discussion of peace movements, the only Chapter that is not devoted to an individual, he nevertheless alights on the character of Monsignor Bruce Kent. While disagreeing with his views he never questions his motives and is equally generous to the Greenham Common women. In this sense, his admiration for sacrifices for principles, even if one differs intellectually, is something I share. One wishes others were as understanding for only good can come in the long term from such devotion to peace, albeit human rights must never be forgotten and the author is somewhat myopic over US attitudes.

His choice of individuals is in some respects odd, selecting Richard Nixon for the improvement in Sino-US relations and his warm meetings with Brezhnev. Perhaps he fails to see that the Soviet rift with China made it important for those two powers to restore the balance by seeking friends across ideological boundaries. Similarly he includes no Communist seeker of peace, not even Khrushchev who destroyed the Stalinist myth and excludes perhaps the most sincere and successful European statesman Willi Brandt, albeit including the founding father of the EEC Jean Monet. By the same token Gandhi is a Christ-like figure but it would have been more pertinent to examine the problems facing Nehru as the inheritor of non-violence and a nation with an army and hostile neighbours yet prominent on the world stage. One also wonders whether non-violence is viable in fighting regimes as evil as Nazi Germany, South Africa or others which care nothing for public opinion within or without.

Of necessity, the choice of personalities distorts the overall picture but makes for pleasurable and instructive reading in the sense of praising famous men. Clearly Bevin did much to shape the post-war world and the foundation of NATO. His Middle East policies were more controversial and in a curious sense he revelled in our Imperial past. I suspect most of us feel a mixture of immense pride and twinges of shame over the Empire, however committed to a unified Europe we may be. Fiji's Rugby team or Sri Lanka's young cricketers show it can't all have been bad but the Western Alliance not Empire, was the guarantee of security after the ravages of the war.

Harry Truman stepped from obscurity and the shadow of FDR to surprise the world. Adenauer restored respectability and self-respect to Germany albeit with a conservative face. He brought it into the European fold and helped heal the wound of a century of Franco German rivalry. We feel the loneliness of Dag Hammarskjöld in a near impossible job, dying violently, as did Anwar el

Sadat after his courageous pilgrimage to Jerusalem, dying a Martyr to peace like Gandhi at the hands of his own extremists.

One may question the author's choices or differ from him in his analysis in a world where goodies and baddies may have been replaced by the need of the small to resist the predatory great powers and where ideology is a cloak for old fashioned power politics. The author recognises that internal policies frequently are quite unconnected with the search for peace or otherwise. Subjectively I found each Chapter a pleasure to read as an essay in its own right and without the difficulty one faces in a conventional history book. It is neither pretentious nor profound but generous and in itself a tiny contribution to the greatest quest in the nuclear age; the search for peace.

PAUL ROSE

POST-VIETNAM AMERICA

Seeds of the Seventies: Values, work and commitment in Post-Vietnam America. Arthur Stein. University Press of New England, Hanover, New Hampshire. £18.

The United States has always cherished idealists, even in its waves of xenophobia and know-nothingness. 'Send them the hungry, tempest-tossed to me...' It has a long tradition of giving a home to innovative experiments in communal living. So it was with Robert Owen of New Lanark and Fanny Wright of Dundee in their New Harmony community. Upton Sinclair ran for the governorship of California in the 1930s on an EPIC formula (End Poverty in California). And in all its contemporary uniformity of dress, life-style and behaviour, in the midst of Reaganism it can find room for social experiments and communities that have a vision of a more just and caring society, and which—rare in the history of such collectives in America—show some stability and a capacity to survive.

Professor Arthur Stein of the University of Rhode Island provides a sympathetic handbook of these experiments. He pays some attention to feminism, and the E.R.A., now unable to win enough support to become constitutional. He pays little attention to the movement of black protest and hardly any to politics in the party sense—though respectful of Mrs. Ferraro's Vice-Presidential campaign and of Rev. Jesse Jackson's 'Rainbow Coalition'. What interests him is the social undercurrent: community experiments like the Farm near Nashville or the Highlands Folk School near Knoxville, the food co-operatives of Berkeley, and of many University towns, the concern for the environment, the opposition to nuclear weapons, the campaign for a world government that is very far removed from what goes on in the babel of 42nd Street. He sees Scott Nearing's experiments in Maine—a Pennsylvania professor who like Thoreau went 'back to nature' and to 'organic farming' in northern New England—as the model. He could equally have seen the origins of this social idealism in the movement for change in Appalachia that led to the TVA in the 1930s and 1940s or the Swedish-American idealism that was in evidence in Minnesota 30 and more years ago. His other heroes are Schumacher the economist, Michael Harrington and Buckminster Fuller.

Professor Stein is avowedly subjective. He draws on his own experiences as a protester against nuclear war and as a participant in 'New Age Politics'. He recognises that such movements do 'burn out', and that what began as Oneida

can end as a valuable manufactory of high-class and costly silverware, operated for profits or even in the disasters of the Manson community or in Jonesboro'. He might have noted how regional these experiments are: more noticeable in California—though more in Northern than in Southern?—in Appalachia, and in New England than elsewhere. He might have stressed more than he does the difficulty of inner-city reclamation, and that both Boston and Philadelphia—rich though they are in reformers and idealists—have an ugly side in their own racial and social tensions. In the industrial and urbanised Middle West, this social idealism seems a much rarer phenomenon. And he does not pretend to tackle the bigger issues of blacks (though noting their failure as farmers) and/or of the relevance of his analysis for party politicians. His phrase, 'think globally, act locally' puts him into what in England would be called a Liberal camp. But he is a liberal with a small 'l'. This is, in all its frankly personal flavour, a valuable guide to the 'other America', balanced and calm in tone, but warm, human and moving; and it has, what is rare in our day, a genuine touch of innocence.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE AMERICAN NOVEL AND SUCCESS

The American Dream and the Popular Novel. Elizabeth Long. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £15.

Dr. Long sets herself an ambitious task: the analysis of success and of the nature of the good life as expressed in best-selling novels over the last 40 years. She ranges widely—from spy thrillers and historical sagas to the work of Bellow and Mailer, Updike and Steinbeck. Her research apparatus is equally daunting—the book has indeed many of the characteristics of a doctoral thesis. But she has a very useful first chapter on some of the features of the publishing business, drawing on her own experience, that is fresh, and in many ways more interesting than her own scholarly conclusions. Those conclusions are not especially novel. She argues that popular literature is more 'sociological' than most cultural analysis have supposed—a view natural enough to a professor of sociology. But it is hard to see in contemporary writing the survival of 'entrepreneurial' values that she claims are there. As she admits, the social critics of the last 30 years, David Riesman and C. Wright Mills, Daniel Bell and Christopher Lasch, are pre-occupied less with success than with 'organisation man', with marxist concepts or with the peace of the individual in a media-dominated, increasingly anonymous but highly complex society.

Moreover, Dr. Long's own range weakens her case. So many novels are discussed here that it is bound to be difficult to sustain themes like 'success' or 'entrepreneurial ethos'; and 'varieties of self-fulfilment' is a broad enough theme to permit almost any work to be included.

But it is hard to find common themes running through the books of Harold Robbins, the thrillers of Ian Fleming or Frederick Forsyth or John le Carré, and the historical reconstructions of James Michener. I join with her in saluting *Centennial* but it seems to me to distort Michener's themes to label them by vague labels such as 'the story of success' or 'a call for the renewal of certain virtues which might otherwise have become lost or obscured'. And while I salute the range of Dr. Long's reading, surely the ideas that Morris West explores in *The Shoes of the Fisherman* and Margaret Stewart probes in

her Merlin trilogy (spelt here as Merlyn) have nothing to do with any American dream—of success or otherwise?

The literature Dr. Long explores is far more diverse, more stimulating and more satisfying than to allow it to be reduced to so narrow—and undemanding—a measuring rod as 'competitive individualism.'

ESMOND WRIGHT

WHENCE CAME THE BIBLE?

The Bible Came from Arabia. Professor Kamal Salibi. Jonathan Cape. £10.95.

This book is pleasant in appearance, with splendid print and is adequately supplied with maps. It is directed at the scholar and the general reader, though it is suggested that the latter should skip where necessary and concentrate on conclusions. This has its dangers, especially when there are disturbing political implications. The title is intended to startle.

Kamal Salibi is Professor of History at the American University of Beirut. He says that, by chance, he found that nearly all the biblical place names which we associate with the beginnings of the monarchy and the site of Solomon's Temple can be found in a coastal strip facing the Red Sea, North of Yemen. It is here that he places David's Jerusalem. Briefly, then, his theme is to reinterpret 'the geography of the Hebrew Bible in terms of West Arabia rather than Palestine'.

Some arguments will not sound convincing to the general reader; for example, that dealing with Naaman the Syrian washing in Jordan to cure his leprosy. This took place, says the author, in a pool in an Arabian wadi, not in Palestine. The rivers of Damascus, identified with Abana and Pharpar, and in the biblical text favourably compared with Jordan appear too easily dismissed. However, such matters may be small; if the Professor's theme is right, far-reaching adjustments would have to be made in the history and geography of the Old Testament. Faith need not be affected, nor respect for the Israelite contribution to civilisation. The most dramatic and immediate challenge is to the claims of present-day Israel to be based on the history of the old kingdoms. Furthermore, Saudi Arabia is unlikely to be happy that Israel began within its present borders.

This could be a very important book, but it can only be evaluated by detailed and specialist treatment. It is for experts in linguistics and essentially archaeologists to disprove or support the thesis. Unfortunately, digging is not permitted in the relevant area, but we can await with interest the opinion of biblical scholars.

LAURENCE TANNER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Travels with a Superior Person (Sidgwick & Jackson. £12.95). In his recent *A Viceroy's India*, Peter King brought together a selection of Lord Curzon's travel essays about India. Now in this delightful and enthralling

volume, he has drawn from Curzon's *Tales of Travel*, *Leaves from a Viceroy's Notebook* and *Russia in Central Asia* a further selection of essays based on his travels mainly in Turkestan, Persia, Greece, Egypt

and Russia. It includes his remarkable train journey through Russia to Samarkand in 1888. These were his adventures as a young man between 1882 and 1894. In her Introduction Elizabeth Longford refers to his superb prose, to his qualities as a writer drawn to the glowing Orient in a volume which 'is splendidly descriptive, its aim being to entertain, to make us *see*'. He is authentic and accurate, yet with purple passages thrown in. The essays are full of atmosphere and life. The volume includes numerous illustrations including Curzon's own photographs, some chosen for his own books and others taken from his collection lodged with the India Office.

The Book of Literary Lists. (Sidgwick & Jackson. £9.95.) This is a fascinating 'collection of annotated lists of fact, statistic and anecdote concerning books' compiled by Nicholas Parsons. He provides a wide range of information and opinion. For example, we are given lists of the most popular fiction in Britain 1578-1980, and of best sellers in America and in the United Kingdom. A number of distinguished persons give their preferences for six works in their particular fields, ranging for instance from politics, Denis Healey to crime fiction, P. D. James. There is a wealth of other facts and opinions covering the world of books, authors and publishers. Readers may well disagree with many of the conclusions but nonetheless find the volume of considerable interest.

The Politics of Consent. (Sphere Books. £2.95.) Since leaving the present Conservative government as Foreign Secretary in 1983, Francis Pym has been an outspoken critic

of government policy. He has now produced a revised and updated edition of his own approach to what should be Conservative policy. He has written a new chapter in which he looks forward to the General Election in about two years' time. Like Lord Stockton, while agreeing to the principle of privatisation of government controlled enterprises, the proceeds of sale should be treated as capital and not as income, as is now being done. These sums should be used in a 'sustained programme of public works, concentrated on housing, communications and public utilities. This programme would directly produce more jobs and would revive the decaying asset base of the country', without being inflationary. He argues in this context somewhat on the lines of the Liberal-SDP Alliance. He also stresses the need for 'the development of an effective regional policy'.

Christian England Volume 3. (Collins. £4.95.) This is a Fount Paperback edition of the final volume of the Very Reverend David L. Edwards' ecumenical history of English Christianity, covering the period from the eighteenth century until 1914. After eighteenth century rationalism, this study includes the great Methodist and Non-Conformist movements, the Catholic revival in the Church of England and the re-emergence of the Catholic hierarchy. Presumably publication was too late for reference to the recent reassessment of Cardinal Manning by Robert Gray. Mr. Edwards has compressed his vast subject with great skill, lucidity and judgment. It provides a valuable basis for more detailed study. Although there are some footnotes, a full bibliography would have been most advantageous.

HALF-YEAR INDEX—JULY-DECEMBER 1985

VOLUME 247

LS—Literary Supplement

- ABEL, Betty: LS 167, 221.
 ABRAHAM, Antoine J. (with Ahmed Abdul Majid): Third World Revolutions, 130.
 ALDERSON, Stanley: The 16+ Reform, 252.
 ARONSFELD, C. C.: The 'German Question', 243.
 BAER, George W.: Nationalism in Europe, 71.
 BECK, Peter J.: Falklands or Malvinas? The View from Buenos Aires, 136.
 BIGGS-DAVISON, Sir John, M.P.: LS 220.
 BOWEN, J. C. E.: Sources of Poetic Interpretation, 208.
 CHAN, Stephen: Mishima—against a Political Interpretation, 133.
 COLSON, Frank: Brazil after the Dictators, 191.
 CONSTANTINE, Pamela: (poems) To the Rationalist, 211. Cormorants, 324. The Sounding, 324.
 COOK, Mark: LS 53, 275, 330.
 CORRESPONDENCE: 43, 160.
 COTTRELL, Richard, M.E.P.: Greece and the European Community, 236.
 COULING, Della: LS 54.
 DE MONTMORENCY, Sir Arnold: LS 167, 277.
 ELSOM, John: Sir Keith at the Ramparts, 22. Pleasure Principle, 97. Irls Murdoch, 311.
 GAVRILOVIC, Mladen: The Balkans Block and a Peace Zone, 6. Victory for the Greek Socialists, 126.
 HALDANE, John J.: In Retreat from Historical Faith, 316.
 HARTCUP, Adeline: Hong Kong's Closed and Open Centres, 298.
 HAWKINS, Desmond: LS 110.
 HONAN, Paul: LS 165.
 JENNER, C. LEE: Theatrical Hyperrealism in the Plays of Adele Shank, 202.
 JULIUS, Muriel: The Face of Twentieth Century German Art, 325.
 KIRTHISINGHE, Bhuddhadasa: Will Sri Lanka Democracy Move to the Left? 233.
 KISHTAINY, Khalid: Sh'ism and the Islamic Revolution, 62.
 KOLENDIC, Anton: The Position of the Turks in Bulgaria, 229.
 KUMAR, Schdev: Reflections on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, 180.
 LAND, Thomas: U.N. Clash over Tobacco Cultivation, 188.
 LIEVEN, Anatol: India: the Threats to Rajiv Gandhi's Inheritance, 15.
 LINDSAY, Kenneth: LS 273.
 LINSTED, Sir Hugh: Power in the BBC, 225.
 LITERARY SUPPLEMENT: 45, 105, 161, 213, 279, 329.
 LODHI, Maleeha: The Bhutto Factor in Pakistan's Politics, 289.
 LONGFORD, Lord: LS 105, 161, 217, 329.
 LORAIN, John A.: LS 52, 107.
 LOWENSTEIN, L. F.: Drugs Misuse—a New Solution, 86. Let Them Do the Rejecting: the Treating of Physically and Psychologically Abused Children, 304.
 McHUGH, Arthur: The Bull Fight, 32.
 MAJID, Ahmed Abdul (with Antoine J. Abraham): Third World Revolutions, 130.
 MATES, Leo: Ring Out Orwell's 1984, 67.
 MILBURN, R. L. P.: Any Hope for the Trinity?, 170.
 MOLSON, Lord: Fifty-four Years of Parliamentary Life, 74.
 MULLEN, Richard: LS 277.
 NEWARK, Tim: Significant Subjects in Art, 36.
 OLSHAUSEN, Michael: At the Mid Point in the Cycle of Violence, 177.
 OWEN, Frederick D.: D. H. Lawrence's Italy: Allurements and Changes, 261.
 PATTISON, Bruce: Better Schools, 113.
 POEMS, 211.
 QUARTERLY CINEMA REVIEWS, 102, 269.
 QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEWS, 45, 213.
 RAY, John J.: Curbing Union Militancy in Australia, 143.
 ROSE, Paul: Mid Term or Terminal Blues?, 240. The Fourth Dimension, 295. LS 331.
 RUSSELL, Peter: (poem) Brainstorm, 211.
 SALLOUM, Habeeb: The Great Mosque of Cordova, 145.
 SHIPMAN, David: Cinema Quarterly Reviews, 102, 269.
 SHORTER REVIEWS, 55, 111, 167, 223, 279, 334.
 SMITH, G. Davidson: Political Violence in Animal Liberation, 26.
 SUTER, Keith D.: The Remilitarisation of Japan, 1.
 TANNER, Laurence: LS 164, 334.
 TIBBS, Molly: LS 166, 219.
 TOWLE, Philip: The End of the Second World War, 10.
 TOWNSEND, Cyril D., M.P.: The Future of the BBC External Services, 92. Why Trident is right, 121. Britain and the Law of the Sea, 247.
 VANN, Philip: Degas: the Painter as Print Maker, 39. Visual Arts at the American Festival, 155.
 VANSON, Frederic: D. H. Lawrence—the Poetry, 257.
 WADE, Rosalind: LS 45, 213.
 WEISWILLER, Rudi: A Theology of Money, 197.
 WHITTINGTON-EGAN, Richard: A New Assessment of Denton Welch: Part II. Nemesis Past Peter Pan's Pool, 149. LS 110, 218, 222, 278.
 WILSON, Gordon, M.P.: The Scottish Contradiction—a Nation in Limbo, 57.
 WINTERS, Clyde-Ahmad: China's New Religious Freedom, 319.
 WOOD, John B.: A New Image for Overseas Aid, 281.
 WRIGHT, Esmond: LS 51, 106, 108, 162, 332, 333.

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